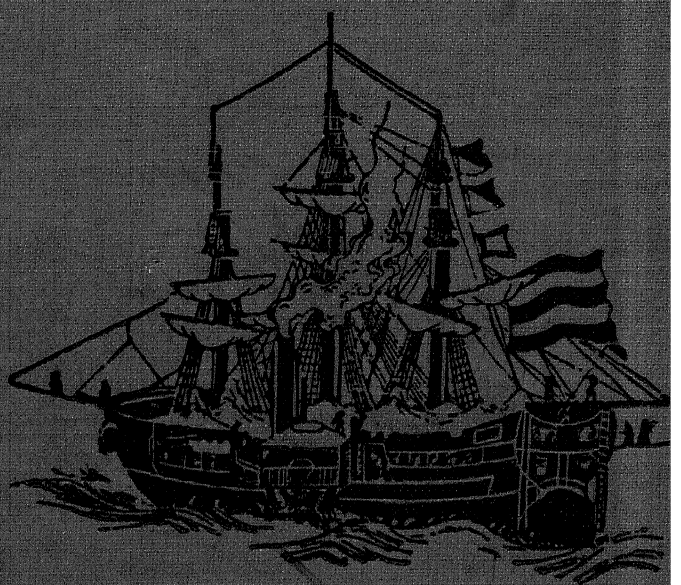


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BLACK SHIPS OFF JAPAN

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THE STORY OF

Commodore Perry's Expedition

BY

ARTHUR WALWORTH

INTRODUCTION BY SIR GEORGE SANSOM



ALFRED · A · KNOPF
NEW YORK
1946

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FIRST EDITION

TO MY FATHER

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INTRODUCTION

THE AUTHOR OF THIS INTERESTING, VALUABLE, AND TIMELY book treats the expedition of Commodore Perry primarily as the opening act in a continuing drama of Japanese-American relations, a drama in which the theme is the clash of two national cultures, the impact of American evangelism—economic, political, and religious—upon the traditional conservatism of Japan.

He is right to choose this treatment, to describe the expedition as an important and indeed a decisive episode in the foreign policy of the United States. This is no doubt where its immediate significance lies. But, for the student of general history, it has a further interest, for as well as being the opening act in a modern drama it was, seen from another aspect, the culmination of a process which has continued since antiquity.

The story of the gradual penetration of Occidental civilization is a long and fascinating one. It may be said to begin with Alexander the Great's invasion of India, an enterprise which, despite its magnitude, left but little trace upon an ancient and advanced civilization in which religious and social institutions had long ago been stereotyped. For many centuries to follow, the efforts of European peoples to establish closer relations with the great Asiatic communities resulted in little more than a trickle of trade over land or sea routes and the journeys of a few Christian missionaries to the courts of Eastern potentates. Even in the great age of maritime discovery, when Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and Eng-

lish explorers forced their way all along the shores of Asia, their trading ventures and their missionary labors had but little effect upon the essential traditions of the Asiatic peoples whom they encountered. Indeed, it may be said that, on the contrary, from ancient times until the modern age Asia has exerted a greater influence upon Europe than Europe upon Asia.

It was not until the nineteenth century that this trend was definitely reversed. Before that, although European influences continued to attack the strongholds of Asiatic tradition, they made but little impression upon its defenses. Because of some well-known features of her exclusion laws, we are apt to think of Japan as peculiarly sequestered. But we ought to remember that, until the great Occidental states brought their superior military or naval power to bear upon Asiatic peoples, those peoples all remained imperturbably confident in their own institutions. Their attitude is well illustrated by the opinions of a great Chinese monarch, the Emperor Ch'ien Lung, who flourished in the eighteenth century. He received with great courtesy an embassy from England which came to negotiate a commercial treaty. But he made it clear to the Ambassador that although it was praiseworthy of the foreigners to try to partake of the benefits of Chinese culture, it would be quite impossible for them at such a great distance to acquire even the rudiments of civilized behavior; while as for trade, he added, "China possesses all things in abundance, and we do not want your products."

This was before the French Revolution had changed the political atmosphere of the West and before the Industrial Revolution had released in the world forces which the ancient cultures of the East could not permanently withstand. Thenceforward they must either submit to those forces or endeavor to turn them against those who had let them loose. This was the challenge which confronted all Asiatic countries in the nineteenth century. The Japanese were the first to take it up with vigor and purpose; and the way in which they met it is the substance of the history of modern Japan.

It was when Commodore Perry's black ships arrived off their shores that the leaders of Japan were obliged to make a choice which for a long time they had known to be confronting them. What the Commodore may have sensed, but could not know for certain, was that internally conditions were already ripe for a change. The energies of the Japanese people, pent up within their own islands by an accident of domestic politics rather than by a freak of national temperament, were now pressing for release. They were, doubtless because of their homogeneity and their martial tradition, the first Asiatic people to be confident enough of their own powers to embark upon a considered policy of meeting Western pressure by adopting Western methods. But even they, the pioneers, were reluctant to abandon the essence of their own tradition; and it is perhaps for this reason that they have now paid a heavy price for the decision which they took when they signed the treaty of 1854—namely, to resist while seeming to submit.

Although subsequent events have proved them mistaken, it is scarcely surprising that, looking back on their past intercourse with Western peoples in a predatory era and surveying the international scene as it appeared to them in the nineteenth century, they should have chosen to promote their national fortunes by methods then in vogue among the great powers. Once they were committed to that course, the character of their own domestic institutions combined with the logic of world events to lead them on to an inevitable conflict of manifest destinies.

When the first Portuguese travelers stepped upon Japanese soil in 1542, it was their arquebuses that caused the greatest interest and excitement. Among the objects displayed by Commodore Perry to the Japanese officials with whom he negotiated, it was the engines of war that attracted most attention. Let us hope that such instruments will not in future be regarded as the appropriate means of harmonizing the cultures of the East and the West.

GEORGE SANSOM

PREFACE

THOUGH COMMODORE PERRY'S MISSION TO JAPAN IS BUT A single act in the continuing drama of Japanese-American relations, it silhouettes, more simply and sharply than any other incident, the basic issues that have arisen when the cultures of the two nations have come into contact. Social forces that were later restrained by the controls of diplomacy or overstimulated by jingoistic propaganda were, in 1853, operating naturally. The irresistible force of American evangelism—economic, political, and religious—struck an impassable wall that had the weight of centuries behind it. Both political and industrial revolution resulted; and yet the wall, buttressed now and again by superstition and fanatical hatred, still persists in the minds of many unenlightened people both in Japan and in the West. If indeed history can help men to rise above such barriers and get perspective upon the fast-moving present, the story of the Perry expedition offers a valuable base of experience at a time when forces of the West are again imposing their will upon Japan.

Unfortunately, the entire story of Perry's mission has never been told. Some of the most important American sources of knowledge of the expedition have been made available only during the last few decades; and during these years the publication of the whole truth would not have helped to steady the precarious balance of Japanese-American relations. Now, when the people of the two countries have for several years been vilifying each other with the utmost frankness, the fric-

tion generated in 1853 seems only pre-atomic and relatively harmless.

From Perry's official *Narrative*, which was thrown together hastily less than two years after his return, one can get only the point of view of the chief promoter and protagonist of the enterprise. This is only a part of one side of the story—the American side. There were also American minority reports, which were kept secret and were not submitted to the Commodore in accordance with the rigid censorship rules of the expedition: the diaries of Chief Interpreter Wells Williams, Lieutenant Preble, and Acting-Master McCauley, and the book of Clerk Spalding. Moreover, there were personal and confidential letters written by Perry himself—to the President, to the Secretary of the Navy, and to Williams—and these letters did not go into the official record. After a study of these documents, one concludes that the situation was not always so well in hand as might be surmised from a reading of the *Narrative*. And, oddly enough, these more realistic accounts of the operations of the expedition magnify rather than belittle the stature of the man who forbade the writing of them. Only through these uncensored records can one fully appreciate the irritations to which he was subject, both in relations with his own people and in dealing with foreigners.

Just as the American side of the story would be incomplete without consideration of all of the records kept by Perry's men, so the whole picture would lack balance if Japanese sources of information were ignored. Fortunately, in addition to the writings in English that have been contributed by Japanese scholars, there are excellent translations, in the works of Sir Ernest Satow and in the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan, of statements of policy by the Japanese statesmen who dealt with Perry and of their conversations with him during the making of the first Japanese-American treaty. Full use of this material has been made in the writing of this book.

The passages in this work that deal most particularly with Japan's internal history have been read by E. H. Norman and

to him I wish to express appreciation for whole-hearted cooperation. For reading the entire manuscript and making helpful suggestions I am deeply grateful to Mrs. John Lincoln Dearing, Sir George Sansom, and William T. Turner.

For advice and for words of encouragement, I am indebted also to Professor K. Asakawa, Dr. Allan B. Cole, the Honorable Joseph Clark Grew, Dr. Hu Shih, Dr. Frank E. Lally, Professor Kenneth Scott Latourette, Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, and, by no means least, to my publisher and his staff.

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BLACK SHIPS OFF JAPAN

I

SHIPS FROM THE EAST

"TO MY GATE," PROPHESIED THE FOUNDER OF THE CITY of Yedo, "ships will come from the Far East, ten thousand miles." * [1]

At least twenty-five times before, ships had come to Japan from her nearest neighbor to the east. Sailors from both coasts of North America had been seen already in Japanese ports. But now a new kind of vessel was bearing down upon Yedo (as Tokyo was then called). On July 8, 1853, the Japanese had their first sight of what they were to call "black ships of the evil mien"—boats that moved without sail or oars and belched clouds of black smoke. Early on that morning four American warships loomed out of the mists off Cape Idzu and at eight knots set their course for the mouth of the Bay of Tokyo.

For six days the squadron had been steaming northeastward from the base that had just been established on Okinawa. Using a few inadequate charts that had been bought from the Dutch for thirty thousand dollars, the Americans had sailed east of the chain of islands leading to Japan, and had moved with the "black current," the two-mile-an-hour "Gulf Stream" of the Pacific. On some days the wind had

* The sources of the passages quoted in this book are given on pp. 271–8.

died and all on board suffered from the sultry heat. And on those days life was not made easier by the commanding officer, who from his early years of naval service had insisted that his men be drilled to perfection in gunnery and in hand-to-hand fighting. He gave his crew no time to worry about the uncertainties to come, when the squadron would sail over the edge of the "civilized" world. Every day was too full of preparations for the worst. Even in the summer heat the men were regularly called to battle stations; and there was practice in landing and in repelling invaders, clearing ship for action, opening gun ports, running out and shooting guns, clearing bow and cabin portholes, and taking down and stowing stanchions.

The heavy-built Commodore was a terror to the ignorant and the lazy. A midshipman once had the boldness to call him "big-whiskered Perry," but not to his face. He had little to do with junior officers, and most of them held him in awe. He no longer let his whiskers grow, since beards had been forbidden by the Navy just the year before; but thick unruly hair and beetling eyebrows helped to blacken his countenance into a thunder-cloud when there was disciplining to be done. One of his seamen wrote: "So long as ye walked a chalk line, there couldn't be a fairer man than the Commodore, but God help ye if ye slipped off that line!" [2] His fingers, gloved in immaculate white, probed into the corners of the ship, and a trace of dirt made him fulminate like Jove himself. Flogging had just been abolished in the Navy, but a dressing-down from the Commodore was as effective. He was a bit crotchety now, in his sixtieth year—especially when he felt twinges of the chronic rheumatism that he had contracted in the Mediterranean and that eventually was to take his life.

"Old Matt," as the seamen called him, was known as "a duty man all over." Somehow his presence seemed to give a ship a sense of importance. As commander of the American fleet of fifty vessels off Vera Cruz, he had had heavier responsibility than that of the present moment, but none more worrisome. His job now was to prepare his squadron for action

at a minute's notice against a proud and resourceful people whose laws required them to use force against him. And then, beyond this naval assignment, he had been charged with a most delicate diplomatic mission. Not only must he peacefully enter the chief port of a nation whose reaction could not be predicted; he must also negotiate there, on terms of equality, with an official caste that both feared and disdained foreigners. This feat had been tried by other Westerners—Spanish, English, French, and Russians. All had been sent packing without having won any important concession from the officials of the Mikado.

Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry bore a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan. The most urgent plea made by the President in this letter was one relating to the welfare of American seamen. Shipwrecked Americans who had landed in Japan heretofore had been promptly picked up by the police and held suspect.

The suspicion that fell upon all foreign visitors had its roots in the unhappy experience of the Japanese with the Portuguese missionaries and traders who had edged their way into Japan in the sixteenth century. Suspecting these intruders of political ambitions, the Japanese rulers, with the aid of the Dutch, had massacred thousands of native Christians and finally, in 1640, had beheaded forty-eight Portuguese visitors and had sent their comrades away with this edict: "So long as the sun warms the earth, any Christian bold enough to come to Japan . . . even if he be the god of the Christians, shall pay for it with his head." [3] By having any dealings with foreigners, even by receiving letters from them, Japanese became liable to severe punishment and exposed their whole family circle to penalties. Moreover, the anti-foreign laws were made effective by high rewards for the detection of offenders.

In order to leave the door barely ajar for such trading with the West as the Japanese officials thought essential, the Dutch had been allowed to occupy Deshima, an island lying in the harbor of Nagasaki. But the conditions under which these

foreigners were tolerated were extremely humiliating. Their tiny island was surrounded by a high fence topped by iron spikes; and on the stone bridge leading to the mainland a strong guard stood always, to keep the Dutch within bounds. Many of the Japanese clerks of the merchants were government spies, and the police of Nagasaki could intrude at will and offer abuse. No praying, singing of hymns, or other evidence of Christianity was permitted in the presence of Japanese; and those native officials who did business on the island were compelled to trample upon the cross two or three times a year, as an expression of their hatred of the religion of the foreigners.

During the Napoleonic Wars the Dutch merchants at Nagasaki had run short of merchandise and had lacked ships for communication with the Netherlands East Indies. Unable to carry on trade regularly, many of the men at Deshima spent their time in teaching the Japanese about the outside world. An appetite for foreign learning developed. For a time it was touch and go whether the country would be opened voluntarily, but the die-hards carried the day. In 1825, after a series of provocative incidents, the Japanese officials decreed that any foreign vessel coming within range of the coastal batteries (except Dutch and Chinese ships) should be fired upon immediately. "Should any foreigners land," this edict said, "they must be arrested or killed, and if the ship approaches the shore it must be destroyed." [4]

The Dutch merchants had hired a few American ships during the Napoleonic Wars, and the American flag was seen at Nagasaki at that time. However, that was not the first occasion on which American ships had visited a Japanese port. In the spring of 1791 Captain Kendrick took the *Lady Washington* into Kii Channel, at the eastern entrance to Japan's Inland Sea, to seek refuge from bad weather. Knowing the reputation of the Japanese for inhospitality, Kendrick apparently thought it wise to explain why he was violating the privacy of Japan. This note, written in Chinese, was left for the Japanese officials:

"This ship belongs to the Red Hairs from a land called America. Its cargo includes copper, iron, and fifty guns. In going from Flower Country [China] to Skin Grass Country [America's northwest coast] we do not pass your land, but we have drifted here under stress of wind and wave. We shall not stay here more than three or five days. We shall remain as long as the wind continues to be adverse, and shall leave as soon as it becomes favorable. There are about one hundred persons aboard this ship. The cargo truly consists of copper and iron, and of naught else. The captain's name is Kendrick." *

Very early in the nineteenth century, enterprising Americans had begun to challenge Japan's attitude toward other nations. One of the first was Captain David Porter, who in the War of 1812 had captured twelve British whalers in the Pacific before being taken himself. "The important trade off Japan," Porter had written to President Madison, "has been shut to every nation except the Dutch, who by the most abject and servile means secured a monopoly. Other nations have made repeated attempts at an intercourse with that country, but from a jealousy in the government and from other causes, (among which may be named a want of manly dignity on the part of the negotiators) they have all failed. . . . The time may be favorable, and it would be a glory beyond that acquired by any other nation for us, a nation of only forty years standing, to beat down their rooted prejudices, secure to ourselves a valuable trade, and make that people known to the world." [5]

A dare to be the first to do something that was forbidden

* Horiuchi Makoto (ed.): *Nan-ki Tokugawa Shi,* Vol. II, p. 415; translation from Shunzo Sakamaki: *Japan and the United States, 1790–1853,* pp. 4–5. Captain Kendrick's *Lady Washington* left Lark's Bay, in South China, in March 1791, in the company of Captain Douglas's *Grace.* (See Amasa Delano: *Narrative of Voyages in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres,* p. 43; also Hoskins's Narrative in Frederic W. Howay: *Voyages of the Columbia,* p. 239.) Kendrick was on the northwest coast of America in August 1791. (Haswell's Second Log, p. 297.) Kendrick's vessel left China with several hundred skins that he had been unable to sell there. Kendrick was not noted for veracity, and it is probable that he deliberately concealed the fact that the furs were aboard in order to improve his precarious position in the eyes of the Japanese. To them the slaughtering of animals and the use of their skins were barbaric customs. Possibly Kendrick was hoping to sell the skins illegally, as he had already tried to do, unsuccessfully, in China. In any event, it seems probable that the first recorded contact between America and Japan was conceived in deceit.

appealed strongly to Yankee character. It was some years, however, before the administration in Washington had acted to challenge Japan's policy. In 1835 Edmund Roberts, to whom missions to Siam and to Muscat had previously been entrusted, had been given a letter from President Jackson to the Emperor of Japan and had been prevented only by his untimely death at Macao from attempting to land and deliver it. To the Secretary of State, Roberts had written optimistically: "I have no doubt . . . that by judicious management all the principal ports in Japan would be thrown open to the American trade. The Americans are the only people who can probably effect it." [6]

Since the American nation had not existed at the time of the expulsion of the Portuguese, there was a feeling among Americans that they should not be held accountable for the misdeeds of Europeans and should not be put in the same category by the Japanese. There was even a naïve faith that the Japanese would make this distinction.

The first great disillusionment came in 1837. In that year an American businessman in Canton named C. W. King had organized a goodwill expedition to repatriate seven Japanese seamen whose boats had drifted away from their coast and who had been picked up in various parts of the Pacific and taken eventually to Canton. King's undertaking was contrary to Japanese law. The exclusion decrees forbade the people of Japan to leave the country, under penalty of death. It was unlawful even to construct vessels large enough for long sea voyages, and junks were built with large rudders and open sterns so that they would be fit only for coastwise navigation. When shipwrecked sailors were returned to Japan by foreigners, they were under suspicion until they could prove that they had been unavoidably separated from the homeland by stress of weather.

Either King was ignorant of the edict of 1825, which required that all foreign vessels coming within range be fired at, or, knowing this, he believed with a faith characteristic of his country that the humane purpose of the voyage would

give immunity. He took along American presents and information about America for Japanese officials. To make the peaceful nature of his voyage perfectly clear, the *Morrison* was stripped of her guns and armament before she sailed, and no Christian propaganda was carried. The ship anchored near Uraga, at the entrance to the Bay of Tokyo, and remained overnight in spite of warning shots from guns that were too distant to reach her. The Americans were ignored by the officials, but were approached by small boats, from which more than a hundred Japanese came aboard. They cheerfully accepted little gifts and smacked their lips over sake and biscuits. At dawn, however, the Americans were fired upon from a battery that had been erected on the nearest point under cover of darkness. Even when the Americans hurried to get under way, the shooting did not cease. A mosquito fleet swarmed at the *Morrison*, firing bow guns, while balls from the shore battery whizzed overhead until the light breeze finally took the vessel out of range. Thanks to poor marksmanship, only one ball struck the ship, and luckily that did no serious damage.

Leaving the Bay of Tokyo, the *Morrison* had tried to put in at Kagoshima, at the southern tip of Japan. There the officials came aboard and appeared to be friendly. Two of the Japanese castaways went ashore, told their story, and were received with sympathy. A Japanese pilot was assigned to show the *Morrison* where to anchor. Water was brought out and it was promised that a great officer would appear on the following day. But when the morrow came, nothing happened. On the morning of the day following, a crowd of men were seen running about on a bluff on shore, some disappearing behind cloth curtains and some seeming to hide in the trees. A friendly fisherman pulled alongside and told the Americans that they had better go away. The wind was fading; so as a precaution King prepared to take the ship out of range of the shore. When the topsails were dropped and the ship started to move to a safer location, the Japanese, seeing their prey about to escape, hastily commenced the cannonading that they

had been preparing in secret. Fortunately their shot fell short, and the Americans again made good their escape, thoroughly indignant at this "sneak attack" upon their mission of goodwill.

With the Japanese castaways still on board, the *Morrison* had returned to China. Wells Williams, now approaching the Bay of Tokyo for a second time as Perry's Chief Interpreter, had been on the *Morrison* and had learned to speak Japanese by talking with the rescued sailors. The strength of the Japanese had impressed Williams and had made him feel that a "warlike attempt" upon Japan would lead to "fatal consequences." But King had published an account of his adventures and had urged the American government to make an issue of this insult to the American flag and to demand a treaty. From that time on, the question of the reopening of Japan had been in the air constantly.

In Japan, also, the affair of the *Morrison* had had reverberations. The highest tribunal of officials had discussed the question of permitting returned Japanese sailors to land. It was decided that those repatriated by the Dutch and the Chinese should be received, but that the strict edict of 1825 should continue to apply to ships of other nations that might try to return Japanese citizens. Vessels taking shelter from bad weather would be given supplies, but coast defenders were to exercise constant vigilance, avoid undue intimacy, and use force when ships refused to leave. When these decisions of the council were shown secretly to Watanabe the artist and to Takano the scholar, these men condemned the shortsightedness of the official policy and said that foreigners such as those on the *Morrison* should be rewarded "handsomely . . . for their kind treatment of our countrymen." [7] Though the scholar had veiled his criticism of the government by entitling it "The Story of a Dream," he and the artist were sentenced to confinement and in despair they eventually took their own lives. They had definitely established the fact that despite secret police and oppressive officials, the minds of individual Japanese work independently on public questions.

Eight years later another American attempt to return Japanese castaways was treated with more respect. The *Manhattan* (Captain Mercator Cooper) arrived at Uraga with Japanese who had been picked up at sea. Since these men had not been on the ship when she left her last port, Cooper could not be accused of deliberately using them as a wedge for entering Japan; and therefore the senior councilor, Lord Abe, overruled the vote of his council on the matter, and by special dispensation the men were received and the needs of the ship were cared for. But the vessel was towed to a place at which her armament was landed, she was surrounded by three concentric rings of guard-boats, and guards were placed aboard to make sure that no Americans went ashore. Besides this, Captain Cooper was warned that he would not be welcome again, except at the port of Nagasaki.

Meanwhile in America King's account of the affair of the *Morrison* had been read widely, and his plea for action by his government had been vigorously seconded by a merchant promoter named Aaron H. Palmer and by many Whigs who were prominent in business in the United States. Palmer, who was director of the American and Foreign Agency, made a series of proposals for a mission to Japan and, like King, advised blockading the Bay of Tokyo if there should be opposition. The project, which had been allowed to expire with the death of Roberts in 1835, was revived in 1844. After making the treaty with China that bears his name, Caleb Cushing was given full power to treat with the Japanese should he think it wise to try to extend his success; but the message from Washington did not reach Cushing until he had left China for the United States, and so America's effort to reopen Japan was again postponed.

Pressure upon Congress grew, however, and in 1845 a resolution was placed before the House calling for "immediate measures . . . for effecting commercial arrangements with the empire of Japan and the kingdom of Corea." Though the resolution was tabled, the administration actually sent a man-of-war and a corvette to open negotiations with Japan.

The command of this venture fell to Commodore Biddle. From the experience of this expedition Perry had learned how not to succeed.

Biddle had anchored in the entrance of the Bay of Tokyo in July 1846. There Japanese officials recited the old story: all diplomatic negotiations must be conducted through the Dutch at Nagasaki. Japanese guard-boats swarmed around the ships. Their purpose was to prevent communication with the shore; but when they were asked the reason for their presence their crews answered, with more regard for good manners than for the truth, that they were there to tow the American ships if that should be desired. The Commodore did not order these pests away, and soon curious Japanese were overrunning his ship and becoming too familiar with the Americans. In the eyes of the Japanese, this situation was fatal to American prestige. Biddle was rapidly losing countenance—or "face," as the Orientals put it. Soon he made another mistake. He himself went informally aboard a junk to wait upon minor Japanese officials in order to get a letter that was said to come from the Emperor. In this transaction the Commodore was twice insulted. What he received was not a letter from the Emperor, but a common document without address, seal, or date. Moreover, he stepped aboard a patrol boat, mistaking it for the official junk, and a Japanese guard—in Biddle's own words—"gave me a blow or push, which threw me back into the boat." The Commodore immediately called to the interpreter to have the man seized, and then returned to his ship. The interpreter and other Japanese expressed great sorrow at what had happened and offered to punish the culprit in any way that Biddle might choose. But the latter, being under strict orders to do nothing that might excite hostile feeling or distrust of the United States, and satisfied that the act was that of an individual without authority from the officials, left the matter of punishment to the laws of Japan and sailed away. With him he carried a letter that said: "The Emperor positively refuses the permission that you desire. He earnestly

advises you to depart immediately and to consult your own safety in not appearing again upon our coast." [8]

The failure of Biddle's mission—the first American naval expedition to Japan—had made the United States Navy the laughing-stock of the Japanese. When an American sailor who had been shipwrecked in Japan threatened his persecutors with vengeance from his country's Navy, he was ridiculed and was told that recently a common soldier had knocked down an American commander with impunity.

During the 1840's the number of American whaling ships operating near Japan had increased rapidly, and treatment given to deserters and castaways from these ships had become a burning issue. In 1846 seven American whaling-men who survived a wreck off the Kuriles were held more than a year. One of the men was killed while attempting to escape from confinement, and the others were subjected to the standard test that was applied by the Japanese police to all persons, native or foreign, whose religious beliefs were suspect. They were made to tread upon a tablet depicting the Crucifixion.

Again in 1849 three castaways from an American whaler were taken in charge by Japanese officialdom. In the long interoffice correspondence regarding the fate of these men were these sentences: "It may be possible," one letter said, "that the foreigners landed for the purpose of surveying the coast. If that should be true, the forwarding of the foreigners to Nagasaki and their repatriation therefrom, in accordance with the customary procedure, would only serve to transmit to foreign countries additional knowledge of Japan's geography." [9] After more than a year of grilling in confinement, the men had been put aboard a Dutch vessel.

In the same year the American Navy had paid its second visit to Japan. Commander Glynn went to Nagasaki in the *Preble* to get fifteen seamen who had deserted their ship on the coast of Japan. These men had been imprisoned for many months and had been severely treated, some of them having been put in cages in which they could not stand erect. (Ac-

cording to Japanese accounts, they were dealt with leniently, considering their truculent attitude and bad behavior.) The men were forced to trample on a crucifix; and one had died and one committed suicide before Glynn arrived.

The Japanese used every means at their command to block Commander Glynn. At the entrance of Nagasaki harbor the *Preble* was met by swarms of boats, which ordered the Americans away and tried to stop their progress into the bay. When Glynn succeeded in anchoring in a good location, masses of Japanese soldiers camped on high land above the anchorage and trained some sixty guns on the deck of the ship. Supported by this threat, the Japanese officials at first haughtily refused the American demand for the release of the prisoners.

Glynn had been fighting mad even before he reached Nagasaki. At Okinawa he had heard exaggerated boasts of the insult given to Biddle three years before. "This experience," he confessed, "imparted a character of 'bruskness' to my intercourse . . . that I have not regretted since." [10] So when the Japanese officials crossed the Commander, he blustered: "My government knows very well how to recover its citizens."

Then the Japanese tried to use evasive tactics.

"I want no prevarication," Glynn bellowed. "I want a straight up-and-down answer. I have already waited five days—four days too long; and now I want to know something more than 'I think.' You give a direct reply to my question, and I will do the thinking. I will stay three days,—certainly no longer,—but you must promise me now that in three days you will deliver up the men. Do you promise?"

"Yes," the answer was. "In three days you shall get possession of the men." [11]

Glynn had shaken the smug contempt in which the Japanese had held Americans up to that time. He got the thirteen survivors, who looked like ghosts, and also an American adventurer named Macdonald who had made his way ashore in Japan in a small boat and had been humanely treated by the Japanese and used by them as a teacher of English to fourteen student interpreters.

Commander Glynn had been advised by the United States Commissioner in China to sound out the Japanese authorities, if he had an opportunity, about their willingness to treat with the American government. Apparently there was no chance for this; but a year later Glynn had written to the founders of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to impress upon them the desirability of using ports in Japan. No other islands, he said, were so strategically placed; and Japan had adequate supplies of coal and excellent harbors. "The diplomatic influence of our government will be required," he wrote, "to secure the privileges of establishing a depot, . . . and it is time that something had been done." He had "seen enough to know that these difficulties could be removed by negotiation, if the business was properly managed." [12]

In June 1851 Commander Glynn visited Washington, where he talked with President Fillmore and submitted his suggestions in writing. His advice was reinforced by pleas that came independently from other Americans in the Far East. The American consul in Singapore was proposing to the Secretary of State that a joint naval demonstration be made and an ultimatum delivered on the coast of Japan by the United States, Britain, and France, since these nations already had shown serious interest in opening trade with the Japanese.

These sparks from the front line had fallen upon dry tinder in Washington. Important as was the welfare of shipwrecked Americans who landed in Japan, other matters were compelling the attention of the United States and were mentioned in the letter that Perry was bearing to the Emperor. Popular indignation was fired among the Christian sects of America by the persecutions to which their brethren had been subjected by the Japanese. Even more challenging, however, was the scorn in which the Japanese held the political faith of all Americans—democracy. Few citizens of the United States in that day had any doubts about the efficacy of democracy as a panacea for all ills. Their Constitution was to them a torch that was destined to enlighten so-called "uncivilized" nations

like Japan. The Japanese were obstructing the advance of "civilization," and it was to their advantage and in the interest of the "progress" of the world that they should be shown the folly of their ways.

There had been a new expression of the concept of Manifest Destiny, which during the preceding decades had been used mainly to justify the seizure of new lands on the American continent. Now America's surplus energy was seeking outlets in the Pacific, and through channels that were more cultural and commercial than territorial. At the same time there was a revival of the passion for geographical knowledge which had risen in the Western world with the Renaissance, had once impelled European explorers to seek the Northwest Passage, had later driven Captain Cook up and down the Pacific, and was never so strong as when thwarted by hush-hush tactics like those of the Japanese.

Yet there were sordid notes in the chorus of affirmation. In the *China Mail* the American correspondent of the London *Times* wrote that "Our aggressions and conquests on the Asiatic coast are beginning" and that Japan's "brilliant and populous capital already glares on the eye of ambition and inflames the heart of cupidity." In addition to the ideological impulses, and often confused with them in the orations and writings of influential Americans, were substantial material reasons for establishing relations with Japan. By the middle of the nineteenth century, American investment in whaling in the Pacific amounted to $17,000,000, and it had become important to find bases for provisioning the ships. It was the heyday of merchant steamers; and to feed the trans-Pacific routes a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama had been begun and lines across the United States had been projected. Furthermore, under the policy of free trade which had gone into effect in 1846 and with the aid of the commercial treaties made with China, commerce in the Pacific had grown greatly. Trade was further stimulated by the rapid growth of California during the gold boom, and enterprising Americans

were hoping to magnify their gains by doing business with Japan. In the late forties memoranda calling for an expedition to Japan were submitted to the government by commercial interests in Baltimore and New York. America felt that she was attaining her commercial destiny. Her leaders were asserting that she owed it to the less fortunate peoples of the world to share with them the benefits of invention and science as well as the blessings of Christianity and democracy.

Though, outside of California, there was little popular enthusiasm for an expedition to Japan, and the Democratic opposition feared that it might lead to war, the dreams of the expansionists had been unfolded so alluringly that action finally was taken. In 1849 Aaron Palmer, the most persistent and well-informed spokesman for commercial interests, submitted a proposal that included many of the ideas upon which Perry later built his plans. With his proposition Palmer filed an account of Glynn's visit to Nagasaki. The next year, when the Senate called for a report on the maltreatment of American seamen in Japan and on the prospects of trade with independent Oriental nations, Secretary Clayton employed Palmer to collect the information requested. And a year later, shortly before Glynn returned to Washington to urge action, Palmer prepared a revision of his earlier proposal which received the approval of Secretary Daniel Webster, with some modifications. Moreover, William H. Seward was continuing to advocate the interests of American commerce in the Far East, and Millard Fillmore, who had become President, was interested in sponsoring an expedition to Japan as part of Whig policy.

In the spring of 1851 the Pacific Ocean fortuitously delivered up the hostages that were needed to give a prospect of success to the expedition that Washington already had planned. Seventeen Japanese, including two who later became famous under the English names of Sam Patch and Joseph Heco, were shipwrecked and rescued and taken to San Francisco. In May Secretary of State Webster was writing to the Secretary of the Navy thus:

"Commodore Aulick has suggested to me, and I cheerfully concur in the opinion, that this incident may afford a favorable opportunity for opening commercial relations with the empire of Japan; or, at least, of placing our intercourse with that Island upon a more easy footing." [13]

Having expressed his interest in the opening of Japan and being willing to undertake the difficult mission that Roberts, Biddle, and Glynn had been unable to carry through, Commodore John Aulick was provided with a letter from President Fillmore to the Emperor and received a commission to negotiate and sign a treaty with Japan. Since it had been reported that the Japanese could muster 50,000 horsemen and 300,000 infantry, the Cabinet had decided to send "a somewhat formidable and imposing naval force" under Aulick. But he was given insufficient time to make adequate preparations for his mission and was forced to sail in June without an impressive escort. The shipwrecked Japanese were to be sent across the Pacific to meet him at Hong Kong a few months later. When Aulick reached the China Sea, however, he was overtaken by a curt order that bade him return to Washington to explain two breaches of decorum with which he had been charged by an enemy in the consular service. In poor health and spirits, Aulick finally took the long trip back to Washington to seek vindication, which came to him at last in a formal letter from the Secretary of the Navy.

But by that time "Old Matt" Perry had been called upon the stage. The requisites for the leader of an expedition to Japan that Glynn had given to the President were, "maturity of experience and judgment, tact, patience, intelligent obstinacy, and naval rank." Perry measured up to these standards far better than Aulick.

II

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION MOBILIZES

FOUR DAYS BEFORE PERRY'S SQUADRON SIGHTED LAND AT Cape Idzu, Independence Day had been celebrated. "Old Matt" had shown that he had a sense of the fitness of things. Though Perry had once proposed that grog be withheld from young officers in training and had restrained himself from the degree of indulgence that had swept his brilliant brother Oliver Hazard to an untimely death, the Commodore did favor the celebration of holidays in good Navy tradition. Amateur theatricals had been planned for the entertainment of the men on the Fourth, but the heat had been so stifling that these had been canceled. Each vessel had fired a salute, however, and the tars had been excused from general quarters and gun drills and had "spliced the main-brace" with an extra tot of grog.

The officers, too, had enjoyed a bit of relaxation from their daily duties. It was natural that the let-down, coming on this day that conjured up associations with home, should turn their thoughts back toward the past. The Commodore perhaps recalled his struggles with the bureaucrats in Washington, more than a year before, when he had asked to be assigned to the Mediterranean—a post befitting a senior officer like himself who in the Mexican War had commanded the largest

American naval force that had been assembled up to that time. Failing in that request, he was reconciled to this worrisome assignment for which the Navy Department, with excellent reason, thought him well suited.

Today Matthew Calbraith Perry is considered "the dominating figure of the Navy between Decatur and Farragut." [1] According to the New York *Courier*, he was in his day judged "the most distinguished and proverbially the most efficient officer in the Navy." The Commodore had proved himself the most able executive in the entire Perry clan. He had a reputation for untiring industry and for an enthusiasm for his work that swept his subordinates along. Though some thought him a martinet, his most able and faithful aides held him in high esteem and shared his pride in the honor of the Navy. Perry's name was guarantee enough of his devotion. His father, four brothers, and two brothers-in-law had been naval officers; and at one moment the rolls of the Naval Academy carried the names of seventeen Perry cousins. The Perrys always had played hard and played to win—for the United States, the Navy, and the name of Perry; but it was not always certain in just what order they honored these three causes. At Vera Cruz it sometimes seemed that Old Matt had been more solicitous for the reputation of the Navy than for the success of the American siege. And in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy written in 1851 he had not been backward about putting himself forward. He wrote:

"Advance in rank and command is the greatest incentive to an officer, and having already been entrusted with two squadrons, one of them the largest one put afloat since the creation of the Navy, I could only look to the Mediterranean for advance in that respect, as that station in time of peace has always been looked upon as the most desirable. Hence it may not be surprising that I consider the relief of Commodore Aulick, who is much my junior and served under me in my second squadron, a retrograde movement in that great and deeply fostered aim of an officer of proper ambition to push forward; unless indeed, as I have before remarked, the sphere of action of the East India squadron and its force be so much enlarged as to hold

out a well-grounded hope of its conferring distinction upon its commander." [2]

The force of the East India squadron had been enlarged—on paper. Twelve ships had been promised, five of them steamers. But when the entire fleet came together in Naha, it numbered only six vessels; and of these only four were off Cape Idzu on the morning of July 8. Of these the *Mississippi* and the flagship *Susquehanna* were steam frigates of great power, according to the standards of the day. In tow behind these two paddle-wheelers, bucking the easterly wind that prevailed off the coast of Japan, were the sailing sloops *Saratoga* and *Plymouth.*

The *Mississippi* was one of the world's outstanding pieces of naval architecture and one of the first ships in the American Navy to be driven by steam. Built in 1841, she was the outcome of experiments and tests made under the guidance of Old Matt himself during the decade preceding. Perry had commanded one of the pioneer steamships in the American Navy, had organized the first naval engineer corps, and had promoted the building of steam vessels so actively that he was known as the father of the American steam Navy. He had insisted that in the construction of the *Mississippi* the greatest care should be taken to get the best of materials and the most trustworthy of contractors; and the good ship had justified his efforts. She had logged about eleven times the girth of the globe, a distance greater than that covered by any other war-steamer afloat in 1853, and had served the Commodore well in the most important commands of his career. In the Mexican War her eight-inch guns had thrown explosive shells directly at the forts of Vera Cruz and had quickly broken the spirit of defenders who were accustomed only to fire from cannon and lobbing mortars. Perry had given much time to the handling of these "modern" guns, which were called *Paixhans*, after the French officer who introduced them in Europe; and the Commodore was now ready, should it be necessary, to show the Japanese what these new weapons

would do. Just before she left America, the effectiveness of the *Mississippi* had been further increased by the replacement of parts of her equipment; and an adjustment of her paddles had added one knot to her usual speed of about seven.

The *Susquehanna*—the other steam frigate, was a new vessel, bark-rigged and built of live oak braced with wrought iron. She carried six eight-inch guns, and without her sails made a maximum speed of some eight and one half knots. Her machinery had the reputation of being often out of order.*

Though the Commodore was far from satisfied with the force at his command, it had required great exertion of will and tact to bring the expedition even to its present size and level of efficiency. Once it had been made plain to Perry, however, that it was his duty to establish relations with Japan, the successful conclusion of the business became to him the most important thing in the world, and on it he bent all of his prodigious energy.

Even as a child, Calbraith (as Perry liked to be called) had given his best to everything that he did. When one of his older brothers had teased him, the boy called his tormentor a naughty name; and while his parents were wondering where their baby had learned such a word, the little three-year-old exploded with: "If I knew more, I would say it." And Calbraith the Commodore was equally honest in giving everything that he had to meet the challenge that the Japanese had thrown out to foreigners.

On the 24th of March, 1852, Commodore Perry had received his orders to command the East India squadron. He had taken a more far-sighted view of his mission than Aulick had held, and he quickly busied himself about the thousands of details that had to be attended to. His years of command had made the Commodore a keen observer and judge of men, but, more than this, he was a scholar. He knew how to get information from both men and books. For many years he

* Facts about the vessels under Perry's command are given in Appendix A, page 239.

had been interested in the opening of Japan and had talked with his friends about it; and during the preceding five years he had had several interviews with Aaron Palmer, the merchant promoter. Almost every aspect of Japanese life was covered by some forty books that were available in New York or in London. Perry read hungrily in these and interviewed everyone within reach whose experience might offer sound precedent. He went to Boston, New Bedford, and Providence in search of data on navigation in Japanese waters. Wishing to impress the Japanese with the products of American invention, so that they might see for themselves the benefits that would come from trade with America, the Commodore notified the Navy Department and several enterprising manufacturers of his desire to take along samples of everything from books to agricultural tools. Samuel Colt provided a thousand dollars' worth of arms; textile manufacturers gave cotton cloth; and a quarter-size locomotive, with tender, car, and track, was donated by Norris & Brothers. Gifts for the Emperor were bought through Baring Brothers. It was as if Perry were assembling an American exhibit for a world's fair in Japan.

Even more vital than intelligence and matériel was the choice of personnel, and here again Perry had shown sound sense in building upon experience and proved ability. Only steady nerves and level heads were wanted on this mission. Many of the officers selected had served under Perry in the Mexican War. One of the first to be chosen was Flag Lieutenant Silas Bent, who had entered the port of Nagasaki with Commander Glynn. Commander Henry Adams became "Captain of the Fleet"; and Commanders Buchanan and Lee accepted the commands of the *Susquehanna* and the *Mississippi.* Franklin Buchanan had been the first superintendent of the Naval Academy and a valuable ally of Perry in efforts to make it traditional for a naval officer to know more than the tar-and-dead-reckoning aspects of his profession. Aware that his expedition would be the first in the American Navy to be disciplined without flogging, the Commodore had warned

Buchanan to choose junior officers "of a subordinate and gentleman-like character," since it would be necessary "to govern *by moral suasion.*"

It had been traditional for the Perry clan to look to its perpetuation. Calbraith had begun his career at the age of fifteen as a protégé of his brother; and his advancement had not been hindered, to say the least, by the fact that his father and his brother Oliver Hazard had been prominent officers. So it was not surprising that the Commodore braved accusations of nepotism by appointing his own son, Lieutenant Oliver Hazard Perry, as his clerk. "The clan instinct," the Commodore's biographer remarks, ". . . was the only point on which he ever was able to compromise with the rigid sense of abstract justice so marked in his Quaker grandfather, Judge Freeman Perry." [3]

On the matter of censorship the Commodore had been given strict orders. Those under his command were to be permitted to give out no uncensored information about the Japan expedition, even in private letters. Journals and notes might be kept, but at the end of the venture these were to be the property of the government until the Navy Department should release them. By strict observance of these regulations it was hoped to keep intelligence about the mission from the eyes and ears of the Russians and of any other people who might be planning a similar project.

The Commodore had decided to play safe and to take along no civilian experts. They would not be subject to his censorship, and embarrassing situations might arise. Moreover, the establishment of this policy made it easier to deal with the swarms of applicants who hovered about him—the "friends of old friends," the "very good friends" of congressmen.

To complete the staff of the expedition it was necessary, finally, to give commissions in the Navy to two artists and an agriculturist. The other experts were found in the service itself. The expedition offered a good chance to educate naval officers in the technique of scientific observation. As the founder and master spirit of the Brooklyn Naval Lyceum and

a member of the board of examiners that prepared the first course of instruction for the United States Naval Academy, Perry had wrestled with the training problems of the day and had tried to improve the knowledge of officers. His own work on the tides and currents of the Atlantic had given him an insight into the methods of the scientists.

There was the matter of health to be considered, too. In his campaigns in the tropics the Commodore had fought dirt and disease as hard as ever a Perry had fought England. Believing that yellow fever was caused by night vapors, he had forbidden his men to sleep on shore and had built fires between decks on his ships. Fortunately the smudges drove away the pest-bearing mosquitoes. Scurvy had been conquered by more direct means—insistence upon a diet rich in fresh fruit and vegetables. Perry's *Shark* was the first ship to return from an African cruise without a death or serious illness aboard. This was a record to be proud of, and the Commodore made plans for as healthful a voyage to Japan.

It was well that Perry's talents had been sufficient to cope with all of this essential spadework. In those days there were no Special Service Forces, and had the Commodore depended upon his superiors to fit him out, the expedition might never have started, or might have set out, like Biddle's and Aulick's, without the equipment needed for success. William Graham, the Secretary of the Navy, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency in June 1852 and thereafter took little interest in Japan or in Perry. When John P. Kennedy took over the Secretaryship in July, the fishery dispute with Great Britain absorbed his attention. For the moment even Perry was forced to give his time to this ticklish problem. It was the most delicate diplomatic assignment that had yet come to him, with far more at stake than there had been in his earlier dealings with the African tribes or with the Mexicans. Perry went in the *Mississippi* to the Maritime Provinces, and adjusted the rights of British and American sailors in such a manner as to open the way for the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada which was signed two years later. Possibly the ex-

perience and assurance that came to him from this mission more than compensated for the months of delay that it caused in the preparations for the Japan expedition.

In September Perry had returned to Washington for final conferences with the Secretaries of State and the Navy. He found Kennedy enthusiastic about the opening of Japan. Daniel Webster, at death's door after his unsuccessful campaign for the Whig nomination for the Presidency, said: "The success of this expedition depends solely upon whether it is in the hands of the right man"; and at the same time he suggested that Perry be allowed to write the instructions for the expedition ". . . he of all others knows best how it is to be successfully carried into effect . . . It is so important that, if the expedition is to sail, it should be successful, and to insure success, its commander should not be trammeled with superfluous or minute instructions." [4]

So the Commodore, who had already acted as purchasing agent, personnel director, intelligence officer, and general manager of the Japan expedition, now became also its counselor of state and prepared a draft of diplomatic instructions. These instructions strayed far from the spirit of Webster's original charges to Commodore Aulick. Most diplomatically, Webster had raised no questions about Japanese behavior in the past, but had merely asked in good faith for the humane consideration that America needed; specifically, he requested protection for sailors in distress, the right to buy coal, and the opening of one or more ports to trade. But in Perry's instructions to himself the Japanese were set down as "a weak and semi-barbarous people" whose conduct toward shipwrecked sailors had put them among those nations which "may justly be conceived as the common enemy of mankind." Perry had instructed himself to take his whole force to some spot on the coast of Japan, to assure the Japanese of the friendly feelings of the United States, but to refer to the cases of past mistreatment of Americans and to state that the United States wanted "positive assurance" that the indignities and insults would not be repeated.

The regime that succeeded Webster in the State Department went along with Perry in his effort to put an iron hand in Webster's velvet glove. Edward Everett, the new Secretary of State, wrote a letter to the Emperor that expanded Webster's first paper and made it more imperative, reinforcing the plea for distressed sailors with: "We are very much in earnest about this." The letter explained that the Constitution of the United States forbade all interference with the religious and political life of other nations, but at the same time the President commended the Emperor to the Almighty's "great and holy keeping."

If "after having exhausted every argument and every means of persuasion," Perry's final instructions read, "the Commodore should fail to obtain from the government any relaxation of their system of exclusion, or even any assurance of humane treatment of our shipwrecked seamen, he will then change his tone, and inform them in the most unequivocal terms that it is the determination of this government to insist" upon hospitality to its citizens and vessels in distress, and that for any cruelty toward them those responsible would be "severely chastised." The instructions gave the Commodore "large discretionary powers," and "any departure from usage" or "error in judgment" would be "viewed with indulgence." *

One of the "imposing squadron" of ships promised for the Japan expedition had been the *Princeton*, a screw-driven sloop that was being fitted with new machinery. In the fall this vessel was finally declared ready, and after a grand farewell reception at Annapolis, which President Fillmore attended, the *Princeton* and the *Mississippi* steamed down the bay. But the boilers of the *Princeton* failed utterly. She was unable to go beyond Norfolk. Months later the *Powhatan* was to take her place in the Pacific. At one time two other men-of-

* For the text of the instructions from the Department of State, see Appendix B, page 240. For the text of the instructions of the Navy Department, see Appendix C, page 246. For the text of the President's letter to the Emperor, see Appendix D, page 249.

war and two sloops had been chosen to sail from America to join the vessels that were in Far Eastern waters; but when the *Mississippi* reached Norfolk these ships were not available. The Commodore dared wait no more days for vessels that might never materialize. He had "made the discovery," he wrote, that unless he sailed promptly, "he might be detained in the United States several months longer." The supplies of coal that he had had the foresight to send out in April would now be awaiting him at the Cape of Good Hope and at Mauritius. The storeship *Supply* had gone ahead in May. Already it had been a year since Commodore Aulick was recalled, and the East India squadron was still waiting for Perry. So the old *Mississippi*, overloaded so that she drew twenty-one feet instead of the normal eighteen, chugged out of Norfolk alone on November 24, soon after the election of the Democrat, Franklin Pierce, to the Presidency.

This was a disappointing end to eight months of waiting and planning, and an unpromising beginning for an American enterprise from which so much was expected by the government and by leaders in science, trade, and religion. But public opinion had not yet seen the vision that had stirred the leaders. To most Americans of the day, Japan was just one of the many outlandish Pacific islands, and the filibustering operations in the Gulf of Mexico were a more interesting speculation. The *Baltimore Sun* insisted on "abandoning this humbug, for it has become a matter of ridicule abroad and at home." And in England the London *Times* was wondering "whether the Emperor of Japan would receive Perry with most indignation or most contempt."

Though there was no popular demonstration to speed Perry on his way, he had been entertained on G Street before his departure by a club of distinguished gentlemen of Washington. After a dinner served by Wormley, the famous colored caterer, the Commodore expanded and talked freely about his plans. One of the men present wrote: ". . . the clear and well-defined plans of the Commodore's proposed operations . . . were brought out in response to the various

queries. It was apparent that all present were well convinced that the Commodore fully comprehended the difficulties and delicate character of the work before him." [5]

Once at sea, Perry reviewed and refined the plans that he had discussed so eloquently on G Street. He again lived over the several experiences that he had had in getting concessions from people of weaker armament. His thoughts went back to the harbor of Naples, in the year 1832, where he had commanded the flagship of the admiral who reinforced the efforts of the American Minister to collect claims growing out of the War of 1812. On that occasion three American warships had sailed into the harbor, one by one, before the Neapolitans began to gather cash and think of yielding. When the sixth ship of the series came in sight, a few days later, they gave in completely to the demands of the Minister. Gay with bunting and without firing a shot, six frigates carrying the best guns in the world and ranged opposite the royal castle and the densely crowded streets of Naples had presented an irresistible argument.

Then in 1843 Perry had been ordered to command the African squadron and to police the settlements of blacks that had been established in Nigeria by the American Colonization Society. Perry had decided to use a force larger than necessity required. By a "powder and ball policy," judiciously administered, he had so impressed the guilty tribesmen that the coast was made safe, the missionaries suffered no more violence, and commerce grew.

In the War with Mexico, also, the Commodore had been justified in his policy of putting his trust in keeping his powder dry—and in keeping plenty of it. It was traditional for the Perrys to insist on superior gunnery. It had been heavier armament, as well as courage, that had enabled Oliver Hazard Perry to report from Lake Erie that "we have met the enemy and they are ours." And it was Old Matt's intention to enter Japanese waters with enough fire-power to give him the upper hand from the beginning. Once his position was established, he could then parley in peace and try to direct the

curiosity of the natives toward American products while he won their hearts with courteous entertainment.

In a letter mailed to the Secretary of the Navy from Madeira, Perry had revealed a growing determination to make full use of the discretionary power that his instructions had given to him: ". . . success may be commanded by our government, and it should be, under whatever circumstances, accomplished. The honor of the nation calls for it, and the interest of commerce demands it. . . . When we look at the possessions in the east of our great maritime rival, England, and of the constant and rapid increase of their fortified ports, we should be admonished of the necessity of prompt measures on our part. . . . Fortunately the Japanese and many other islands of the Pacific are still left untouched by this 'annexing' government; and, as some of them lay in the route of a commerce which is destined to become of great importance to the United States, no time should be lost in adopting active measures to secure a sufficient number of ports of refuge."

These were strong words, and they alarmed the outgoing Whigs, the more so since Democratic senators were asking embarrassing questions about the objectives of the expedition to Japan. It had been thought wise to carry on the preparations without publicity, and the administration had insisted that the success of the American plans depended upon secrecy.

In his letter from Madeira, Perry had referred to his former commands in Africa and Mexico, where, he said, "I found no difficulty in conciliating the good will and confidence of the conquered people, by administering the unrestricted power I held rather to their comfort and protection than to their annoyance . . . and so I believe that . . . if treated with strict justice and gentle kindness . . . the Japanese will learn to consider us their friends."

Though Old Matt had inherited a sense of fair play from his grandfather Perry, it was well known also that his Irish mother had brought up the Perry boys never to turn their backs on a fight that they believed to be honorable. The ad-

ministration had good reason to apprehend that the Commodore would bombard the Japanese with the same caliber of "gentle kindness" that he had meted out to the Africans and the Mexicans. That was what a large section of the press had been predicting. "Perry must open the Japanese ports," *Punch* had gibed, "even if he has to open his own." And the *New York Herald* had been very sarcastic. "The Japanese expedition," it said, "is to be merely a hydrographical survey of the coast. The 32-pounders are to be used merely as measuring instruments in the triangulations; and the cannon balls are for procuring the base lines. If any Japanese is foolish enough to put his head in the way of these meteorological instruments, of course nobody will be to blame but himself if he should get hurt." A British journalist at Norfolk had warned that "great bloodshed and misery will probably precede the opening of Japan." Alarmed by these forebodings and realizing that he had no power to back up Perry with a declaration of war, President Fillmore had the Secretary of State write to the Commodore to counsel that the expedition be ruled by a spirit of peace. "Make no use of force," the letter ordered, "except in the last resort for defense, if attacked, and self-preservation."

III

ALONG THE CHINA COAST

THE *Mississippi* HAD BROUGHT PERRY INTO HONG KONG on April 6, 1853, after a tedious voyage that included calls at Madeira, St. Helena, Cape Town, Mauritius, Ceylon, and Singapore. Once in China, the Commodore had tried to give all his energy to the marshaling of his forces. But along the China coast he had met most of the trials of Odysseus, and had been so delayed that he could not sail on toward Japan for seven weeks.

When the old flagship had steamed round the western point of Hong Kong and into the harbor, the sloops *Saratoga* and *Plymouth* hoisted their numbers and saluted her. The storeship *Supply* also was in port. But the frigate *Susquehanna* was not in sight, and Perry soon learned, to his surprise and disappointment, that she had been requisitioned by American diplomats for a trip to Shanghai. There were some two hundred Americans residing in China at that time. As ill luck would have it, the Taiping rebellion was flaming in the central provinces at the moment, and American merchants were doing their utmost to keep their naval vessels in China waters until the threat of violence to foreigners had ceased. An appeal for protection had come from the commercial interests in Shanghai and had brought American officials there from Can-

ton. The latter had demanded that Perry make a show of naval force. The Commodore, however, discounted their statements. He knew that some of the consuls had business interests of their own in China—some of them rather disreputable—and he felt that they were in no position to make an objective judgment of the need for protection and to weigh this consideration against the requirements of the mission to Japan. Before the matter could be brought to the attention of Congress, however, where the influence of the diplomats might have caused the postponement of his expedition, Perry finally compromised by agreeing to leave the *Plymouth* in China temporarily. The decision went against the grain; but again, as on leaving the United States, it would not do to delay and run the risk that the policy-men might postpone or cancel the mission to Japan. He would lose "the favorable season for exploring the coast," he wrote the Secretary of the Navy, if he deferred his departure longer.

After calls at Canton and the Portuguese port of Macao the *Mississippi*, deeply laden with coal, staggered up the Formosa Channel toward Shanghai. Visibility was so poor that it was not possible during this run to take a meridian observation of the sun. May Day was anything but flowery. A fresh wind had blown up a heavy sea which during the night smashed the port side of the ship's head-rail. Little land-birds perched in the rigging, too benumbed to make the short flight to shore. The approach to Shanghai, intricate under the best conditions, was unmarked with lights or buoys in those days; and with mist obscuring the few landmarks, the *Mississippi* came within a foot of the bottom and the *Supply* grounded so hard on the "North Sand" that she stayed there and thumped for twenty-two hours.

At Hong Kong, several months before, the *Susquehanna* had taken aboard the seventeen Japanese castaways who had been shipped out from San Francisco to provide an immediate excuse for the expedition to Japan; but when Perry caught up with Buchanan's frigate, in Shanghai, he found that Sam Patch was the only one of the group who had been able to endure the

rough handling that the petty officers of the *Susquehanna* habitually gave to Orientals. The other castaways had left the ship.

Even in those days Shanghai was a curious compound of tawdriness and luxury. Though this hybrid city had but recently blossomed from the marshes, it had already turned fetid. One of the engineers of the *Mississippi* wrote this in his log: "Let all the villainous compounds of . . . every place in the United States famous for being offensive to the olfactories . . . be united in one delicious smelling bottle, and the compound will be attar of roses compared to Shanghai." [1] The city had suffered an earthquake before Perry's arrival, but neither this nor the Taiping rebellion had curbed the social life for which the city was even then notorious. In the foreign community, where the Commodore lodged with the American firm of Russell & Company, there was much dining-out for the officers, and one reception at the house of the Chinese Tao-t'ai reached theatrical heights. To all the Americans the city held out the usual temptations of Circe, and in addition a special opportunity for gambling was provided by the spring meeting of the Shanghai races. The thirteen days spent at Shanghai must have been busy ones for the shore patrol. But aboard the ships the work of coaling and provisioning went on; and a number of Chinese coolies were taken on as deck-hands. The Shanghai foreign community were so keenly interested in Perry's venture that the clerk on the *Saratoga* was offered a year's wages for a chance to take his place on the voyage to Japan.

Before leaving China the Commodore had transferred the broad pennant to the more spacious *Susquehanna*, with the usual ceremonies of firing salutes and manning the yards; and just before setting out he wrote to his wife that "Oliver is on board and has commenced his new duties." One of the trumped-up charges leading to the recall of Commodore Aulick had been an accusation that he had transported his son illegally on a government ship. With this in mind, Perry had cautiously sent Lieutenant Oliver Hazard Perry to China in a private ship and at his father's expense.

On May 17 the whole foreign population of Shanghai had flocked to the bund to cheer the expedition off. A large junk had been sent ahead to the Saddle Islands with a final installment of coal, but this craft ran aground and her crew was saved only with difficulty. The weather became so foul that the ships had to lie under the lee of the islands for three days until the seas had abated and the wind steadied. Soon after they finally set out, however, a streak of dazzling emerald appeared in the sea to the east, heralding escape from the muddy discharge of the Yangtze and the inclemency of the China coast. The vessels fell into line, the *Susquehanna* in advance and the *Mississippi* following on the port quarter, with the *Supply* in tow. With their sails filled by the regular breeze of the southwest monsoon, the steamers set their course for Naha, the chief port of the Ryukyu Islands.

Though the visit to China had added less than had been anticipated to the might of Perry's sword, it had brought more power to his pen. The Commodore knew his own limitations as a writer, but he thought it important that the expedition be well reported. To assure this, he made an exception to the policy that had been followed, so far, in the choosing of personnel. He took on two *civilian* men of letters. These men were to make vital contributions to the operations of the expedition as well as to its chronicling.

Knowing of Perry's decision to take only Navy men to Japan, the *New York Tribune* had gone over the Commodore's head and had requested the Secretary of the Navy to appoint their correspondent, Bayard Taylor, to accompany the expedition. Getting no satisfaction there, the newspaper then persuaded a friend of Perry to intercede for their man. When the plea finally reached Perry, the Commodore said that he did not know Taylor and feared that he might publish something indiscreet, but that he would be glad to talk with Taylor in Hong Kong, where the young man was staying in the course of a grand tour of the world.

Bayard Taylor already had laid a foundation for his reputation as an able and fluent writer. Apparently he also knew

how to sell his talents; for after his talk with Perry he wrote that "by dexterous management" he had "succeeded in bringing a good deal of influence to bear upon the Commodore" [2] and that "after some diplomacy" he had received the appointment of master's mate. "Imagine it if you can!" he exclaimed in a letter to his mother, "master's mate! with a salary of $300 a year and $6 a month for rations. Oh, what a falling off! From the attaché of an embassy to master's mate on board a man-of-war. Think of me hereafter as wearing a blue coat, a gilt anchor on the front of my cap, and a terrible sword by my side. I belong to the great American Navy—that glorious institution which scatters civilization with every broadside and illuminates the dark places of the earth with the light of its rockets and bombshells." [3]

Bayard Taylor was in the Navy now, and under Old Matt's immediate command; but neither his privileges nor his duties were very exciting. In the capacity of master's mate, he would be allowed to smoke cigars *forward* of the main shaft and to go up and down gangways on the port ladders. His duties, other than writing, were to accompany the Commodore on official visits, to act as messenger in case of need, and to answer calls to general quarters with a cutlass belted at his side. With the other special master's mates, Taylor was assigned space on the orlop deck, beside the main hatch and over the powder magazine. "A cadaverous Chinaman . . . was shipped as our steward, and an incorrigible black deck-hand appropriated to us as cook." [4] Taylor had a sense of drama that would enable him to promote and enjoy Perry's theatrical diplomacy without taking it too seriously. As a "man from Mars," unawed by naval or diplomatic tradition, he made contributions to the written records of the expedition that are both fresh and reliable. Though at first he was forbidden to write a line for publication, he was permitted later to send special letters to the *Tribune* which were censored by the Commodore. He kept a full journal for the Navy Department, which was to be of great value in the compiling of Perry's official *Narrative* of the expedition.

Doubts of the wisdom of Taylor's joining the expedition apparently were not confined to Perry. Taylor himself wrote: "It will ruin forever my small reputation as a poet, I fear, for the world believes that a poet can never be anything else than a poet, least of all a naval officer." [5] And further, to his mother: "I am beginning to get a little tired of travel, and I miss the society to which I have been accustomed. I shall not want to leave home again for a long, long time after I get back." [6]

In Perry's opinion, Taylor "became quite useful" as scribe of the expedition. His wit and good spirits enlivened the midshipmen's mess; and he was so popular with the crew of the *Susquehanna* that when he left the expedition, the men asked permission to man the rigging and give three cheers for Taylor.

The other civilian who was added to the expedition in China was also a man of letters, but of an utterly different school. He was one of the foremost authorities on Far Eastern languages; and when he consented to join Perry, it was on his own terms and after some hesitation. Samuel Wells Williams was one of the great missionary scholars of the nineteenth century. Sent to China by the American Board, he soon mastered the language, wrote a standard book on Chinese history, edited a dictionary and a vocabulary in Chinese, and supervised the printing of these. In his paper, the *Chinese Repository*, he had printed articles urging that Japan be made secure for Christianity; and with the help of the castaways whom the *Morrison* had tried to return to Japan he had prepared copies of the Gospel in the Japanese vernacular. Williams had published a commercial guide and had become a valued adviser to the officials and businessmen of the Western nations. It was perhaps on this account that Aaron Palmer had recommended him twice to Perry.

At the time of Perry's arrival in Canton, Williams was managing a printing-office and working on a dictionary in the Cantonese dialect. He was in no mood to leave work in which he was expert in order to serve as interpreter in a language

that he spoke only haltingly. He could read Japanese, but his only knowledge of the spoken language had come through conversation with the sailors who had been on the *Morrison* when that ship had made its unsuccessful voyage to the Bay of Tokyo.

"Wells went with Commodore Perry," according to Mrs. Williams, "rather against his own (and much against *my*) will, in consequence of leaving his office of Chinese printers in unexperienced hands, and feeling his own want of preparation for such a position. His reputation as a Japanese scholar is based upon the slight ground of his having studied that language ten years ago, under a sailor teacher!—nor has he since that time had the opportunity to practice a word of it." [7]

After getting Perry's assurance that he would not have to work on Sunday, that he would be given comfortable quarters aboard ship, and that no fighting was in prospect except in case of a Japanese attack, Williams agreed to do his best as interpreter. He lacked Taylor's professional facility in description and, according to a letter of his wife, had "*no* thought of writing on the subject of Japan. . . . Mr. Williams is not the kind of man to write a popular account which is meant to take for a time and then die. He would only write after reading and studying well." [8]

However, this scholarly missionary wrote every day during the visit to Japan in a journal which is the most intimate record of Perry's diplomacy. Very little happened on the flagship or in conference on shore without the direct knowledge of the Chief Interpreter; and since Perry made an exception to the censorship restrictions in the case of Williams and did not examine what he wrote, the latter set down just what his stern conscience dictated, however uncomplimentary to the Commodore it might be. Others reacted to the censorship order with typical Yankee independence. Lieutenant Preble of the *Macedonian*, a ship that was to join the squadron later, wrote to his wife that he was going to keep a secret diary, "principally because Commodore Perry has issued his edict

. . . an infringement of private rights we are not disposed to tolerate." [9]

Williams had no illusions about the purpose of Perry's enterprise. To his brother he wrote this about the demands of the President upon the Emperor of Japan: "These are our ostensible reasons for going to this great outlay and sending this powerful squadron to Japanese waters; the real reasons are glorification of the Yankee nation, and food for praising ourselves." But Dr. Williams had dedicated his life to doing good, and so his conscience could not rest there. True to his missionary background, he believed that "in the beginning was the Word." And so his conscience searched for the Word, and to his brother Williams interpreted it in this way: "Behind them and through them [the worldly motives of the Perry expedition] lie God's purposes of making known the Gospel to all nations. . . . I have a full conviction that the seclusion policy of the nations of Eastern Asia is not according to God's plan of mercy to these peoples, and their government must change them through fear or force, that the people may be free." [10] With Williams aboard, Perry's might would be confirmed and supported by a spokesman for righteousness.

Moreover, in the absence of professional botanists and geologists, Williams was to serve in these capacities; and on several occasions his experience in dealing with Orientals enabled him to temper the Commodore's will with tact and common sense. The intellect and integrity of Williams were to win the respect of the Commodore so completely that he was to volunteer these sentiments at the end of their association: "I say little when I declare that your services were almost indispensable to me in the successful progress of the delicate business which had been entrusted to my charge. With high abilities, untiring industry, and a conciliating disposition, you are the very man to be employed in such business." [11]

During the short run from Shanghai to Naha the Commodore, with his son and Bayard Taylor now working directly under him, had reviewed his policy and perfected plans for

carrying it out. He had clearly defined the course of action which is described in his *Narrative:*

"The policy of the Commodore . . . was to assume a resolute attitude toward the Japanese government. He was determined, before reaching the coast, to carry out strictly this course in all his official relations, as he believed it the best to ensure a successful issue to the delicate mission with which he had been charged. He was resolved to adopt a course entirely contrary to that of all others who had hitherto visited Japan on a similar errand—to demand as a right, and not solicit as a favor, those acts of courtesy which are due from one civilized nation to another; to allow of none of those petty annoyances which had been unsparingly visited upon those who had preceded him, and to disregard the acts as well as the threats of the authorities, if they in the least conflicted with his own sense of what was due to the dignity of the American flag." *

The question of landing by force was to be decided by the progress of events. In Shanghai it had been rumored that the Japanese, assisted by the Dutch, were preparing to defend themselves against all aggressive acts of violence. Perry's instructions ordered that he should not use force unless "in the protection of the vessels and crews under his command, or to resent an act of personal violence offered to himself, or to one of his officers." [12] In order to be prepared for anything, steps were taken to keep the ships in perfect readiness and to drill the crews as thoroughly as in time of active war. A general order was issued requiring that lookouts be kept in port as well as at sea, that all ship movements be reported to the officer of the deck and by him to his superiors, and that in navigating, more attention be given to safety than to speed. Sentinels were posted, with loaded muskets and six rounds of ball-cartridges. Ambulances were made in the various ships; and all small boats were equipped for sudden action. Indeed, the outfitting of these boats was hardly less complete, though far more crude, than the equipping of the invasion fleets of 1945. In addition to the gear basic to any boat, there were

* Quoted sentences for which no source is cited have been taken from Perry's *Narrative of an Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan,* Vol. I.

two spare oars, oar-muffles, battle-axes, wood-axes and saws, sheet lead and nails, spyglasses for officers, a musket, pistol, and cutlass for each man, a full cartridge-box, a screwdriver, wrench, and crowbar, cleaning rags and oil, blue-lights, rockets, candles primed, match-ropes in tin boxes, a lantern, boat's colors and signals, water and provisions, cooking apparatus, flashpans, awnings, lead-lines, and bandages and laudanum for the wounded. Few details had escaped the foresight of the Commodore.

There were daily calls to general quarters, an exercise that, according to Bayard Taylor, was "a combination of a review and a sham fight."

"Every one of the ship's company has a place assigned to him, and at the well-known *rappel* and fife call, officers, seamen, marines, and boys fall into their proper places, the rolls are called, and the formalities of a naval engagement are practiced. The guns are run in, loaded, and run out and fired; the seamen, armed with cutlasses and boarding pikes, trot fore and aft, crowding the rail on alternate bows and quarters, to repel imaginary boarders; the marines, behind them, load and discharge noiseless volleys in rapid succession; the bell gives the signal of fire, for the ship has been ignited by an intangible hot shot; the pumps are rigged, and by great exertions the invisible flames are extinguished—and, last of all, the hostile flag strikes, and the band plays 'Yankee Doodle' in token of victory. My station was first on the orlop-deck, over the magazine, to superintend the passing-up of immaterial powder-cans, but I was afterward transferred to the quarter-deck, where I spent the hour in watching the performance of our great pivot-gun. There was also target practice, in which the officers usually joined, and I was struck with the large proportion of good shots among the ship's company." [13]

In addition to the general order requiring preparedness, another was issued to caution the men that they were to go among the Japanese as friends. Though guarding against treachery, the Americans were to extend every kindness to the oppressed and deluded people of Japan. They must receive no gifts unless those who gave them were willing to take presents in return; and they must in no way molest or impose upon the native people.

The Commodore himself expected to follow these rules of conduct. Furthermore, because of his official position he felt that he must put himself upon a pedestal at least as high as those upon which the highest Japanese officials fancied that they stood. Hence he ordered that no Japanese should board any of the ships except those officers who might have business with him; and even these visitors, after they had declared their rank and business, would be admitted only to the flagship and must deal with the great American through his officers. Perry deliberately resolved to confer personally with no one but a functionary of the highest rank in the Empire. His experience had taught him that, "with people of forms, it is necessary either to set all ceremony aside, or to out-Herod Herod in assumed personal consequence."

Perry was well cast in the role that he must fill. He was experienced in commanding, and he loved a good show. His natural liking for pomp and circumstance helped him to stage-manage a performance and to make it succeed. In the role of an American Mikado, or Lord of the Forbidden Interior, he would have his lieutenant act as privy counselor and go-between. He would produce an original drama that would leave no doubt in Japanese minds about the power and prestige of the United States.

These tactics were un-American, to say the very least. The hale and hearty jack-tars and the open-hearted midshipmen had not been taken into the Commodore's confidence. It was no wonder that they were to mutter (strictly among themselves) about despotism on board an American ship. Even Wells Williams was to have his doubts, and to express them before reaching Japan: "As to . . . the plans of Commodore Perry, I have less confidence since I have seen more of his character. . . . Let us hope, however, for the best till we see the worst. . . ." [14] Only a great leader, fortified by the prestige of many successful campaigns, could have led an American crew to play the game that policy required, winning the confidence of officers and men alike as the expedition progressed. Fortunately for the success of his mission,

the Commodore did not reveal his policy until he was too far from Washington to be checked by a congressional investigation of his "imperialistic" leanings.

Calbraith Perry had always been a bit pompous when in uniform, though records of his family life tell us that off duty he was a most genuine soul, without false dignity. "A queer strain of shy sensitivity," his biographer informs us, "always demanded he have an official excuse for bursting forth in glory." [15] The Great Commodore's love of personal importance was equaled by his reticence about himself as a man afterward. In keeping the log of one of his first ships, he had failed to record an incident of which he was the hero; and he had never exploited a wound that he once received in line of duty. But when given a valid reason for playing the part of a grandee, the Commodore would not have been a Perry if he had failed to make the most of it, regardless of what his associates might think about his manners, or even about his sanity.

The Ryukyu Islands were an ideal stage for a dress rehearsal. Politically, these islands were almost as great a mystery to foreigners as Japan itself.* It was thought that they paid tribute both to Japan and to China.

The Commodore believed that contact between the Ryukyus and Japan was so close that the Japanese would hear of any concessions that he might be able to get at Naha; and this would be all to the good when he reached Japan. He would make his main effort at Tokyo, but if that should fail, he would then hope to take the largest Ryukyu "under surveillance," not as a conquered land, but as a "material guarantee for the ultimate concession of the American demands." Perry had written to the Secretary of the Navy to express the opinion

* There was not even agreement on the spelling of the name of these islands or of the name of their chief city. In his *Narrative*, Perry referred to the islands as the *Lew Chews*, and the old (Chinese) name also has been written *Liu Chiu*, *Lu Chu*, and *Loochoo*. The islands were conquered by the Japanese Prince of Satsuma in 1609, named Ryukyu, and incorporated into the Empire as a province. They were annexed by Japan in 1879. The name of the capital is variously written *Napha*, *Naha*, and *Napa*. Great Lew Chew Island, on which the capital is situated, is known as *Okinawa* (Great Naha).

that the occupation of the Ryukyus "would be a measure not only justified by the strictest rules of moral law, but what is also to be considered by the laws of stern necessity";[16] and the Secretary approved the occupation of Ryukyu harbors *provided* that ports could not be obtained in Japan. To make Naha a good port of resort, the Commodore intended to encourage the natives to use better methods of agriculture and better seed, so that they might the more easily supply American ships with the diet that they needed to prevent disease. This suggestion also had the approval of Washington.

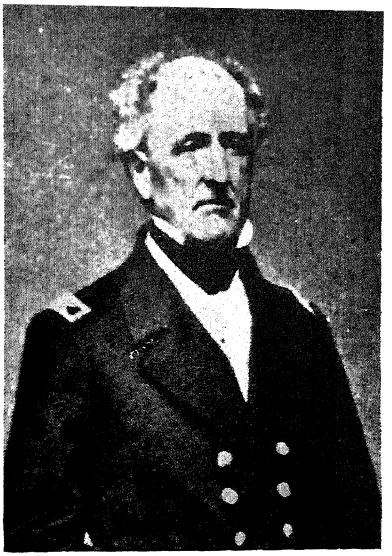
The response to Perry's requisitions had been less ready, however. Additional stores ordered from the United States had not arrived, and the squadron already was feeling a shortage of officers that was to prompt this dispatch to the Navy Department: "We have large sick lists, and I fear unless recruits, especially of Passed Midshipmen and Midshipmen are sent out, many of those who are now zealous in the performance of their duty will break down. The services of good officers are in the present lax state of discipline of the Navy still more necessary." [17]

The Commodore already had decided that he would make two voyages to Japan: the first to register the proposals of his government and to find out the attitude of the rulers; and the second in the following spring with a larger naval force to support the making of a treaty. A good base at Naha would serve as an anchor to windward and as a convenient port of call between the two voyages.

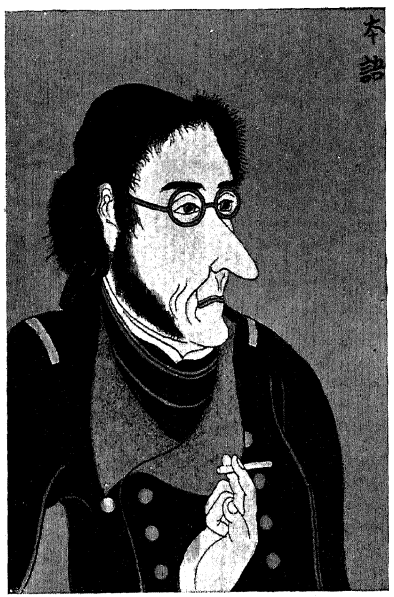
Three days out from China, on the morning of May 26, a long island rose gradually from the sea, twenty miles ahead. Thanks to the piloting of Lieutenant Bent, who knew the waters off Naha as a result of a previous visit, the vessels wriggled through the coral reefs safely. The Americans were heartened to see the *Saratoga* waiting to enter the harbor with the squadron. She had brought Wells Williams directly from South China. Save for the *Plymouth*, which was to arrive soon from Shanghai, the Japan expedition was at last assembled and ready for operations.



BAYARD TAYLOR



FRANKLIN BUCHANAN



Chief Interpreter S. WELLS WILLIAMS. *From a Japanese print of the period.*



Chief Interpreter S. WELLS WILLIAMS. *From a later American portrait.*

IV

DRESS REHEARSAL

BAYARD TAYLOR HAS GIVEN US THIS IMPRESSION OF Okinawa, the largest of the thirty-six Ryukyus, as it appeared to the Americans approaching from the west on the rainy afternoon of the 26th of May 1853:

> The shores were diversified with groves and fields of the freshest verdure. The rain had brightened the colors of the landscape, which recalled to my mind the richest English scenery. The swelling hills, which rose immediately from the water's edge, increased in height toward the center of the island, and were picturesquely broken by abrupt rocks and crags which, rising here and there, gave evidence of volcanic action. Woods, apparently of cedar or pine, ran along the crests of the hills, while their slopes were covered with fields of grain. To the northward, the hills were higher, and the coast jutted out in two projecting headlands. . . . A cape called Abbey Point projected in front of Naha, its extremity crowned with an isolated group of crags. . . . The hills were dotted with white specks, which I at first took to be dwellings, but which were tombs of limestone rock.

On an overhanging point of rock north of the capital town of Naha perched a house; and near it, as the Americans entered the harbor, a British flag was run up. Two people could be seen at the base of the flagstaff, watching the movements

of the squadron. Within a few hours after the ships anchored, one of these people came on board the *Susquehanna*, beside himself with joy over the arrival of the first foreign vessel to visit Naha in a year and a half. The only white man on the island, Dr. Bettelheim, was an English Jew who spoke with a German accent. He had been trying for five or six years to preach the Christian gospel to the natives. He had made only one convert, and that man was stoned to death when he professed his faith in public. But the doctor and his wife had won the friendship of many of the people by ministering to the sick of all classes. As a result the officials had become jealous of them and had made their life very difficult. The Bettelheims had been followed and hooted at in the streets, and the doctor once had been separated from his wife and had been beaten. When a British war-steamer had paid a visit to Naha, the authorities said that they were so sorry and that they would treat the missionary with more respect. They had indeed adopted less violent methods. Spy-houses were built opposite Bettelheim's gate. When he preached to a crowd in the street, the police gave a signal and everyone ran away. When he distributed tracts at night, the police brought them back the next morning, carefully tied in bundles.

Bettelheim complained bitterly to Perry of the conduct of the officials; and the Commodore could see that the doctor would be of little use to the expedition as a public-relations officer. But Bettelheim had mastered the language, which differed from both Chinese and Japanese, and therefore he could be of help to Williams while the Americans were in port. The Commodore listened patiently and ordered that grog and biscuits be given to his visitor's boatmen. They partook so freely that in their exhilaration, when they started for shore, they carried the missionary three miles up the coast beyond his landing-place.

The officials of Naha did not ignore the American squadron long. The ships had been at anchor only two hours when two natives braved the rain to come out in a small boat. They wore white sandals, loose robes tied with blue sashes, and the ob-

long caps of bright red and yellow that distinguished the mandarin caste on the island. Their long black beards were typical of the islanders. Their cast of countenance and complexion were Japanese. After much bowing, they presented a red card about a yard long on which formal greetings were written. But the Commodore would not see these men, letting it be known that he could receive no one but a dignitary of the highest rank.

No naval force half so large had ever been seen before in Naha; and it was not surprising that the Americans could see frightened people under white umbrellas hurrying away toward the hinterland, and others standing and staring at the ships from high points of vantage. Several Japanese junks were at anchor. On the next day some of these moved near the squadron, as if to satisfy their curiosity, and then set sail in the direction of Japan. Soon the Japanese would know the exact strength of the American force. Only the date of their approach to Japan could now be kept secret, and this unfortunately must be postponed until Naha could be made into a base on which the Commodore could fall back in case the Japanese should fight.

Early on the 27th of May four boats came out to the *Susquehanna*, one of them bearing the two officials who had been rebuffed the day before. They presented another card, probably listing the presents that they brought: a bullock, a goat, pigs, fowls, vegetables, and eggs. The gifts were peremptorily refused, and those who brought them were not allowed to come aboard. Soon they returned to town, with anxious looks. What would their master, the Mayor of Naha, say when they threw his gifts back in his face? The white lord surely was pushing the Old Master hard, challenging him to come himself to parley on the ships! Just in case the rulers should have any doubts as to what was expected of them, Williams and Flag Lieutenant Contee were sent ashore to pay a formal visit to the Mayor. They made it clear that officials of the United States did not take presents and that the Commodore could receive no visitors of inferior rank.

This strategy brought results the very next afternoon, when word came to the *Susquehanna* that the highest official of the Ryukyus was to honor the Commodore with a visit of state. The marines put on their dress uniforms, the band prepared to play, and the Commodore retired to the dignified seclusion of his own cabin. When the decorated barge of the Regent came alongside, two captains escorted the old gentleman across the deck. A salute of six guns was fired, and some of the Regent's suite went down on their knees in fright. Only two of his aides accompanied the ruler and Wells Williams into the cabin, to be greeted with great ceremony by a Commodore who had dressed and posed carefully for his part. The islanders were told that their visit was received as a mark of kind respect, that the American nation entertained the most amicable feelings toward Ryukyu, and that the present visit was to open further intercourse with it. Williams gave this eyewitness account of the meeting:

"Refreshments were handed around and all partook, wine and cake being articles intelligible to all, and the Regent's attendants brought in pipes, the Commodore taking one with him. He seemed half stupefied at times, but it was probably amazement at his novel position, for he was frequently speaking to the interpreter. . . ." [1]

Whether the pipe contained opium or tobacco, it was a bitter pill to the Commodore. But to live up to a naval officer's code of courtesy, he could endure any punishment. Often he had grimly held a cigar in the vise of his teeth, unlighted, until a guest had finished smoking.

While the great lords exchanged compliments in the cabin, the islanders who came aboard with the Regent were satisfying their curiosity about the fittings of the ship. The tiller ropes attracted their attention; and they were shown a barometer and a revolving pistol, among other things. In the opinion of Williams, "the decorum of these islanders . . . did them credit." [2] The natives left after a visit of about two hours; a few of them seemed to enjoy it, "but such a melancholy set of faces, fixed, grave, and sad, as though going to an execution, the *Susquehanna* probably never saw before." [3]

The gloom of the visitors deepened when the Commodore announced that he would do himself the honor of returning the visit on June 6 at the palace of the Regent in the city of Shuri. This caused consternation and much whispering among the islanders. What should they do with these barbarians who had no respect for the holy of holies? Stretching out their hands, they said: "America is a great nation. Lew Chew is no larger than the points of the fingers scarcely separated—what does America want with Lew Chew?" [4] The Commodore sensed their perplexity and put an end to the discussion by stating bluntly that he was fully determined to go to the palace and that he would expect a reception worthy of his rank and position. No course remained but for the Regent and his suite to withdraw in silence, still keeping the grave dignity and reserve that they had maintained all through the conference. But before they went, the Americans had made sure that they saw enough of the *Susquehanna* to appreciate her power.

In Perry's cabin the Regent had suggested informally that the Commodore attend a feast in Naha, and Perry casually had declined. Either the Regent misunderstood the Commodore's reply, or he refused to take it seriously. Perry learned later that the feast actually had been prepared and that he had been expected to appear. He flew into a rage and demanded to know why the invitation had not been put in writing and delivered to him formally. The tact of Williams was strained to soothe the Commodore and to make adequate apologies to the Regent; but somehow he succeeded in remaining on speaking terms with both.

From that point on, negotiations degenerated into comic opera. If the Regent were to receive the Americans at the palace, how should he excuse himself to his Japanese overlords? But on the other hand he could not offend the visitors: he had seen their might and heard their guns. There was only one way out. He must receive the Commodore in a way that would satisfy him; but it must also be a way that would not seem official. A formal reception in the palace was impossible.

So first he invited Perry to come to Naha rather than to the royal palace at Shuri. When this did not interest Perry, a more ingenious plan was proposed. Perry was invited to a great feast in the house of the Mayor of Naha. But the Commodore smelled a rat. He found out that the Regent planned to appear at the feast and to preside, so that by attending the function Perry would be officially returning the Regent's visit to the flagship. The Commodore politely declined. But the feast was held, nevertheless, and dishes from it were sent out to the Commodore on the *Susquehanna* in an effort to compel him to take part. The Commodore dodged this move by withdrawing to his cabin and refusing to eat dinner.

But there was still one more trick in the bag. The Regent explained that the Queen Dowager was ill at the palace in Shuri, because of a shock received when a British naval officer entered the sacred premises the year before. This made it necessary to beg the Commodore to come to the palace of the young Prince. To this proposal Perry answered that the Queen's condition was indeed to be regretted. Perhaps, he suggested, she would be restored by a little American music from his band; or possibly his own physician would aid her. But, on the other hand, she might prefer to move to the palace of her son the Prince during the American visit to the Regent.* In any event, Perry said, the fact that a British officer had visited the palace made it more imperative than ever that he also call there.

And call there he did, on the very day that he had appointed for himself, and in a manner so grand that he felt sure every detail of the event would be reported to the Japanese. For the occasion the carpenter of the *Susquehanna* made a sedan chair, "large and stately, deeply indebted to paint and putty, not quite as polished as a turnout from Newark or Longacre, but . . . the most imposing sedan the Lew

* Perry's *Narrative* says: "No one believed a syllable of the story about the Queen Dowager's illness; indeed, there was no evidence to the Americans that there was a Queen Dowager." However, the death of the Queen was reported by the Americans when they returned to Naha about a year later.

Chewans ever saw." Following tall flag-bearers, two pieces of brass artillery, the band, and a company of marines, four coolies bore the Commodore in the sedan chair while two marines and a page marched beside it. The other officers rode on shaggy horses or in ordinary sedans. Servants brought up the rear, carrying presents of arms and calicoes sewed up in red cloth.

Under the eyes of hundreds of islanders, the party landed just north of Naha and about two miles from the palace at Shuri. Marching over a paved and graded road of coral rock, the Americans passed enormous banyan trees. The walls lining the road were well built, and trees and plants peeped over them, "giving the whole a home-ey sort of look," one of the young officers later wrote, "as if there might be something inside the establishments that would be found good for the inner man." [5] Under Lew Chew pines the natives gathered to see the show; they crowded the sides of the narrow lanes so closely that rattan was laid over the backs of some by the police. A few energetic onlookers, demanding an encore, left their places after the parade had passed, and cut across lots to head it off and watch it go by again. The Commodore had produced a popular show, though some of the men toiling in the fields along the route were alarmed and bolted. One man swam a muddy stream to get away and did not dare to look back until he had crawled out on the other side.

At the gate of Shuri the procession was met by the venerable Regent, with his staff and a large train of attendants. Without halting, the whole party passed through the central arch, observing the instructions inscribed in gilt above it: "This is a small island, but observes the rules of propriety; distinguished persons will pass through the center opening, others through those at the sides." The main street, leading to the palace, was nicely paved with rolled gravel. Perry was impressed. "Never have I seen a city or town," he wrote, "exhibiting a greater degree of cleanliness." The street was lined by well-built walls, which here and there were cut by side alleys. Most of these, like the main street, had been cleared

of people by the police, but one alley had a dense crowd at its entrance. On this corner was the final trap that the Regent had set to divert the Commodore from his resolve to visit the palace. The Regent's own house was not far from the spot, and here he requested that the procession should turn up the alley to his residence and enjoy the refreshments that had been provided. Williams, however, paid no attention to this suggestion, and the Americans marched on toward a palace that was closed and without preparations for receiving them. The Regent trotted alongside, totally ineffectual and losing face with every step. Apparently he had felt sure that his last stratagem would work.

When it became clear that Perry was still intent upon doing just what he said that he would do, a messenger was sent at full speed to make the palace ready to receive the Americans. Upon reaching the entrance, the artillery and the marines were drawn up in line, and the Commodore and his staff walked past them into the palace. The troops presented arms, the flags were lowered, and the band played *Hail, Columbia,* while the American officers were escorted through an outer court to a gateway that had two arches. In respect to the rank of the Commodore, he was taken through the right-hand arch to the hall of reception—"the elevated enclosure of fragrant festivities," it was labeled in an inscription on the wall.

The ensuing formalities certainly were not festive; and as on the *Susquehanna,* the faces of the islanders showed that for them the occasion had no fragrance. What would the Japanese overlords say, they were wondering, when the spies reported that the foreign barbarians were entertained in the royal palace itself. Heads might be lopped off for this! The Commodore was given a chair at the head of the room; but the only refreshments that could be served at such short notice were cups of very weak tea and twists of very tough gingerbread. Perry invited the Regent and his aides to visit the *Susquehanna* and they accepted. He then offered to supply any articles that the Regent might need, provided they were available on the ships.

After about an hour of bowing and scraping, the Americans were glad to accept the Regent's invitation to go to his house for a feast. Neither the Queen Mother nor the boy Prince had appeared in the reception hall of the palace, and it seemed futile to wait longer. Perry felt certain that the Queen (if she existed) already had seen all that she wanted to see of the Americans through peepholes in the screens; and he was so sure that she would survive his visit that he ordered that a handsome mirror and some French perfumery be sent to her. Presents for the Prince, the Regent, and other dignitaries were left on the matting floor of the hall of reception before the visitors re-formed their procession and marched to the central hall of the Regent's residence. Here the islanders, relieved of the fear of Japanese spies that had haunted them when the Americans had invaded the palace, gave their guests a sumptuous banquet and a jolly time. Black lacquered tables had been set with chopsticks, and, in the center, earthen pots had been filled with sake and surrounded with cups of three sizes. On each table also were about twenty kinds of hors d'œuvres, sweets, and condiments. The first round of drinks was tea, followed by tiny cups of sake; the first course, soup containing balls of meat and dough. Sharp sticks were provided to spear the balls and remove them from the soup, but some of the barbarian guests mistook the sticks for toothpicks.

After seven more courses of soup came four courses more substantial: gingerbread; a salad of bean sprouts and onion tops; balls of sugary pulp covered by a rind of dough; and a compound of beaten eggs and a white root. Twelve was the prescribed number of courses for royal entertainment; but the Americans were told that there were twelve more to come, to honor them doubly. This hospitality was too strenuous for them. They could take no more and made ready to retire, regardless of the fact that Oriental etiquette requires the guest to show enjoyment of all that the host provides.

Sake had circulated freely during the soup courses and had been used also for the drinking of toasts. The Regent had appeared greatly pleased when the Commodore rose and pro-

posed the health of the Queen Mother and the young Prince, and then added: "Prosperity to the Lew Chewans, and may they and the Americans always be friends." This toast was drunk standing, with Lew Chew honors, which consisted in draining the cup at one gulp and turning bottoms up. "It was pleasant to the taste," one of the American officers wrote, "and yet the after-math was not; it had some of the *goût* of champagne, and then it was turnipy." [6] But at least it was stimulating enough so that some of the young blades were moved to try to ride four wild ponies down the hill to the bay. The other Americans marched down in ranks to join their comrades waiting on the shore and to assure them that due honor had been shown to Old Matt. By the middle of the afternoon everyone was on board ship again and the first of the bloodless battles of the Japan expedition had been won.

In the days that followed, Americans who went ashore on special missions, or out of sheer curiosity, met the same kind of passive resistance that had challenged the Commodore. A walk through the town, to Williams, was "like going with Dante through the flitting throngs of . . . purgatory." [7] When Americans approached, shops were closed and homes shuttered. Few women were seen except old hags, and even these ran away or hid their ugly faces in dirty tattooed hands. Hundreds of eyes peered over walls and popped out from behind bushes. The natives yielded the path wherever the Americans turned, "seldom touching us," Williams wrote, "and never speaking above a whisper, or making a footfall that can be heard." [8] When the foreigners tried to walk inland, there was always a native official on hand to tell them by gestures that they should go back to the shore; but when they pushed on, nothing happened except that the official tagged along and repeated his suggestions at intervals. When the landing parties actually did embark to return to their ships, the shore came to life with hundreds of gaping natives, "wondering to the last," according to Williams, "and presenting to our view a base line of bare and dusky shins, a middle stratum of blue rags, and a crust of bare heads, each adorned

with two copper pins glancing in the sun, every man riveted to the spot so long as a boat remains to be seen." [9]

One day Perry sent two officers to procure a house in which Americans might find shelter and refreshment when ashore. Utterly impossible, said the official to whom they talked. His excuses were many and ingenious. But the officers pressed their quest. They went to a public house and asked whether they might sleep there that night. "You cannot," replied the official. So the Americans did just what their Commodore would have done; Williams and the other officer lay down on mats and stayed for the night. They were not annoyed by the natives surrounding them.

The next day a sick officer was brought to the place by his servant, and he remained there, on good terms with the native patrons. Other Americans who went to the house were kindly and honestly treated; but they were watched closely by police spies and were requested to leave. It was the only place for assembling, they were reminded, the only place for meetings to debate local affairs, as well as a place where the young were taught. All right, Perry replied, he would vacate if they would find another hostel. So the officials finally assigned another house, one that might just as well have been granted at first, the Americans thought. They believed it to be a building once used by a captain of the British Navy. They had insisted that America receive equally favorable treatment and had won their point. As long as Naha remained a base for the expedition to Japan, Americans stayed in the house, or offshore to watch it.

Williams was not at all proud of this conquest. He wrote: ". . . a more high-handed piece of aggression has not been committed by anyone. I was ashamed at having been a party to such a procedure, and pitied those poor defenceless islanders who could only say *no*." [10]

Meanwhile the Commodore, perhaps to soothe that troublesome Quaker conscience which he had inherited from his grandfather, was writing reassuringly to the men in Washington whose first concern was peace. "I am only waiting here,"

he said to the Secretary of the Navy, "to establish a good understanding with these people before my visit to Japan, that information of our friendly demonstration toward the Loo Chooans may precede us, and assure the Japanese that we have no hostile intentions. . . . I have already made considerable progress in calming their fears and conciliating their friendship." [11]

Certainly the islanders had been so "conciliated" that they were convinced of the futility of argument. When the Commodore sent a party under the command of Chaplain Jones to explore the island, the natives did not resist even passively. But they sent a portly old gentleman and two assistants to advise the expedition and to keep a close watch upon its members. "Nothing could have exceeded the vigilance with which they watched us," wrote Bayard Taylor, who accompanied the party. "We might separate into as many divisions as there were men, and yet each of us would still retain his native convoy. We could neither tire them down, nor run away from them. When, by chance, we suddenly changed our course, we still found them before us. And though this was the result of a jealous and exclusive system, yet they managed to give it the appearance of being done through respect for us. . . . All with whom we accidentally came in contact saluted us politely but with a settled air of melancholy which I ascribed to the surveillance exercised over them by an unnatural government, rather than any ill-will toward us."

The exploring party was ordered particularly to look for coal, and to make other scientific observations. They took a tent and provisions for six days, and armed themselves with cutlasses and carbines, to show the natives that they were able to defend themselves and to be prepared to procure specimens of birds and animals. In the course of their trip to the east coast and back, there were few adventures and no coal was found. But Taylor was so impressed by the landscape that he wrote that the island was "one of the most beautiful in the world, and contains a greater variety of scenery than I have ever seen within the same extent of territory." [12]

After the squadron had been at anchor at Naha for only four days, Williams noted that "the general feeling on the whole among the people seems to be more favorable to us, and they are learning a few things gradually." [13] From the room that had been prepared for the Chief Interpreter on the taffrail of the *Susquehanna*, he could look down upon boatloads of visitors thronging about the flagship and he noted that the crew were glad to show them this and that. To Williams the people of the island were "schoolboys who need some threatenings and coercion for their own good." [14] He explained the furtiveness of the islanders by the fact that "the oligarchy of the gentry tyrannize over the people by means of moral suasion," [15] "a motion of a fan or a wink" being "as effectual as a blow." [16] But he had a word of sympathy for the officials, also: "Pressed on either side by fear of China and Japan, urged to change by what they begin to see is a power more irresistible than either, and yet not seeing their way to do so very clearly, the rulers here deserve more consideration." [17]

Certainly the islanders lacked any means of asserting their rights that could be effective in the eyes of the Commodore. Their only weapons were polite pleas of poverty and insignificance. It was rumored that a small garrison of Japanese was kept at Naha and at Shuri, but the Americans found nothing to confirm this report. As for fortifications, there were only the ruins of two old castles. During his exploring trip Taylor "never saw a single weapon of any kind." "I saw no arms during our stay," one of the officers wrote. "In fact, except a hoe and a clumsy knife for cleaning fish, I did not see anything that could be used as a defensive weapon." [18] When a gun was fired by Heine, the expedition's artist, the bystanders marveled that it could go off without the application of fire. Apparently they had seen nothing but Japanese matchlocks.

While the exploring parties were discovering the helplessness of the natives, the American force had grown stronger. The line of communication had been strengthened by the ar-

rival of the supply ship *Caprice*, which came in from Shanghai on May 30, with leaks sprung in her deck by a severe storm. She was able to leave for Shanghai, however, on June 1.

On the 9th of June the *Susquehanna* got under way, with the *Saratoga* in tow, and, rounding the southern tip of the island, set her sails before the southwest monsoon on a course for the Commodore's next objective—the remote and little-known Bonin Islands.

V

ISLANDS WITHOUT PEOPLE

THE BONINS ARE "SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON." They come and go, like the sailors who had visited them off and on through three centuries. About five hundred miles south of the Bay of Tokyo the floor of the Pacific rises and falls in volcanic heaves. Shore lines change rapidly; islands appear and disappear. Several earthquakes occur annually, some of them violent enough to raise tidal waves. It is not surprising that when Perry approached the Bonins he had found all of the ninety-seven islets uninhabited, with the single exception of the largest one—Peel Island.

The first recorded visit of man to these fantastic mountains in the depths of the Pacific was made by a Spanish explorer in 1543. But a Japanese warrior named Ogasawara claimed to have been the discoverer of the islands in 1592. Japanese lived on the islands before the exclusion policy forbade men of Japan to go overseas, and even visited them during the centuries when it was unlawful to do so. The archipelago was given the name of Bunin Shima (islands without people), from which *Bonin* evolved.

At the time of Perry's voyage the chief contenders for control of the Bonins were the Russians and the British. In 1828 a Russian naval officer had landed and staked his claim by a wooden sign nailed to a tree, in spite of a copper plate that

had been left by English claimants the year before. Neither claim had been followed up vigorously, however, though in 1853 a Union Jack that had been left by a British warship two years before still flew occasionally on one of the hills of Peel Island. Perry made light of this by explaining that "it is now considered merely a signal to be hoisted on the arrival of a vessel." "The only show of English sovereignty at the time of our visit," according to Taylor, "was a ragged flag left in charge of a Kanaka, who hoisted it the day after our arrival." [1]

In his *Narrative* the Commodore wrote acidly about the claim put forth by what he called "the annexing government" of Great Britain. He was still a Lion-baiter, this Perry who had fought in the War of 1812 and whose father and brothers had won fame in fighting Britain.

In dispute of the British claim to the Bonins the Commodore now flung out this sarcastic challenge:

"The islands were visited by Captain Beechey [of the British navy] in 1827, and, with the proverbial modesty and justice of English surveyors, named by him as if they had been then first observed . . . utterly regardless of the fact thus stated by himself: 'The southern cluster is that on which a whale ship, commanded by a Mr. Coffin, anchored in 1823, who was the first to communicate its position to this country.' . . . Captain Coffin, whose nationality is not mentioned but who, from his name, was probably an American * . . . visited and gave his name to that part of the group so singularly and modestly christened by Beechey as the Bailey Islands."

The Bailey Islands form the southern of the three groups into which the Bonins naturally divide; and Peel Island, on which Perry landed, is in the central group. After landing, the Commodore wrote, to discredit the British claim still further: "No government is recognized by the inhabitants, who declare that they have no need of any foreign control, as they can take good care of themselves."

Actually, the thirty-one residents of Peel Island were leading an idyllic pastoral life and had learned from bitter ex-

* Captain Coffin commanded the American whaling ship *Transit.* A further check made later convinced Perry that he was an American.

perience to beware of outsiders. The Prospero of the island was Nathaniel Savory of Massachusetts, who in 1830 had come from the Sandwich Islands with four other white men and some twenty-five Hawaiians and had established squatter sovereignty. The spirits under this Prospero's sway were alcoholic, and his revenue had come chiefly from the sale of rum and farm produce to visiting ships. A few of the sailors on these ships were so entranced by life on the island that they remained there and became good citizens; but one gang of scoundrels had won the old man's confidence and, after spending several months with him, had run away with his money and possessions and with his wife and another woman. Some of the eight white men on Peel Island had taken Kanaka wives and were rearing children. The colony was able to live in comfort on the yield from a hundred very fertile acres. Why should it become embroiled in the whirlpools of power politics?

But the Commodore had not made this long side trip just for a sail over sunny seas and to eat lotos among the lovely coral strands and the craggy hills of Peel Island. More exactly than Japan, the Bonins were on the great-circle route from the Sandwich Islands to the ports of South China. They could become an ideal port of supply, and because of their nearness to Japan they could become a stepping-stone on the path to Tokyo. Perry had been dreaming dreams about the Bonins, and these were a part of his far-sighted vision of American interests in the Pacific. In a later dispatch to Washington he reported: "Every day of observation strengthens the opinion, so often expressed in my communications to the department, that the large and increasing commerce of the United States with this part of the world makes it not only desirable, but indispensable, that ports of refuge should be established at which vessels in distress may find shelter. . . . I assume the responsibility of urging the expediency of establishing a foothold in this quarter of the globe, as a measure of positive necessity to the sustainment of our maritime rights in the east." [2]

As a beginning, the Commodore had a survey made of Port Lloyd's harbor, the submerged volcano-crater on Peel Island in which the squadron had found safe and commodious anchorage. Under a bold rock on the south of the harbor's entrance Taylor rowed through a series of marine caves in which the water was several fathoms deep. Later some of the Americans went ashore, "crawling through impenetrable forests and scaling impassable precipices," [3] in an effort to explore Peel Island from end to end. They found that good firewood was plentiful and that the supply of water was adequate though slightly tainted by the coral rocks from which it sprang. A few animals were left on shore and garden seeds of many kinds were given to the settlers, who were encouraged to hope that farm implements and more animals might come to them in the future. As a site for offices, wharves, and coal-sheds Perry bought a piece of land along the water-front for the Navy Department. "This is the first possession the Americans have acquired in Asia," the *New York Tribune* reported. The Commodore explained that though he made this purchase in his own name, it was with "not the slightest idea of personal profit," but "to withhold the only suitable position in the harbor for a coal depot from the venality of unprincipled speculators, who might otherwise have gained possession of it for purposes of extortion."

Before leaving Peel Island, Perry raised the American flag, drew up an American code of law, had Savory elected chief magistrate, and recommended that the Bonins be annexed to the United States. An old seaman named John Smith was left ashore to assist Savory and to keep a record of the events on the island and particularly of the business and movements of all ships that called. When the *Plymouth* made a visit to Port Lloyd later in 1853, she found that the inhabitants were carrying on a municipal government under the name of "the Colony of Peel Island."

Perry's dream for the Bonins was not to leave him when he returned to the United States after visiting Japan. In his writing and in his speeches he was to continue to challenge

his countrymen to develop this virgin land. "In no part of the earth," he said in 1856 to the American Geographical and Statistical Society, "can be found a more prolific soil than in those parts of the Bonins that have been brought into thorough cultivation. Should it not be the duty of commercial nations to encourage . . . the formation of Christian settlements upon those remote islands, where communities . . . can rear up new homes and hold out to the wanderers of the ocean the certainty of welcome and succor? . . . lands can be taken up without disturbing anyone's rights, or purchased from the few settlers there . . . here a missionary station could be advantageously formed, whence to send men into Japan and the Lew Chew Islands, so soon as the proper time shall arrive to begin anew the conversion of the people of those . . . countries. By these means the interior of Japan may again be penetrated . . . and the missionaries, profiting by a knowledge of the unpardonable faults of the Jesuits in former times, might, by the exercise of sagacious and gentle measures, acquire an influence over those well-disposed people even greater than that once possessed by the injudicious followers of Loyola."

Even his anti-British feelings were submerged by the passion with which Perry interpreted his vision. "Make it a free port," he urged, "and the whole commercial world would be benefitted . . . it would be . . . of little importance whether the islands were occupied by the English or Americans . . . yet, let it be so arranged that the wearied and care-worn sailor, of whatever nation, shall find on entering their ports an equally kind and generous welcome." [4]

It was a noble dream. It would soon be all but forgotten, but it might come true a hundred years afterward. Meanwhile the Japanese were to have their day. Only eight years after Perry's visit they sent two officials and forty colonists to take possession of the Bonins. To emphasize the justice of their claim, they renamed the islands after the first Japanese discoverer—Ogasawara. Peel Island became Chichi Jima (Father Island). Some of the craggy hilltops were flattened

by gun emplacements, and Japan had a minor Pearl Harbor.

From this land of opportunity, which appealed so strongly to the Yankee pioneering spirit, the Americans turned back on June 18 toward the spying and intrigue of the Ryukyus; and five days later the two ships, after passing Disappointment Island and the Borodinos closely enough to observe the conditions of navigation offshore, anchored at Naha beside the *Mississippi*, the *Plymouth*, and the *Supply*. There had been only two "casualties" in the "raid" upon the Bonins: a sailor had deserted from the *Saratoga* to join Savory's colony, and an old Chinese assistant to Williams had died of opium poisoning.

Homeside mail was awaiting the men at Naha. Bayard Taylor had considered the homesteading possibilities of the Bonins; but when he read in a letter from home that his father had bought eighty acres of good New England soil on his account, he was so excited that he cracked his skull against one of the timbers of his orlop-deck quarters almost without being sensible of the blow. "One must drink deep of absence and exile," he had written, "to learn the tenderness of that regard for his native land which lies latent and unsuspected at the bottom of his nature." [5]

During Perry's absence from the Ryukyus the poor old Regent had been deposed. It was rumored that he had lost so much face at the hands of the Americans that he had "ripped himself up," to quote Williams's flippant allusion to the fine art of hara-kiri. The American officers suffered pangs of conscience until two of them saw the old gentleman in the flesh at Shuri. Perry finally reached the conclusion that the Regent had resigned in favor of a much younger member of his family; and the Commodore hastened to renew the invitation for dinner that he had extended on the occasion of his visit to the palace several weeks before. In the best Oriental style Williams wrote to inform the new Regent that the Americans on the flagship "had prepared goblets and awaited the light of his presence." [6]

When he came aboard with his suite on the appointed day,

the new ruler proved to be a small man of about forty-five years who had a slight cast in his left eye. He seemed ill at ease in his new purple robe and among such unfamiliar surroundings; in fact, the Americans felt that he was less at ease than anyone else in the company. With his position he apparently had inherited the dread of Japanese spies that had weighed upon the old Regent. The dinner was very good indeed: preserved oysters, turtle soup, goose, kid curry, and melons brought from the Bonins. In appreciating the quality of the soup, Perry recorded, the treasurer and the Mayor of Naha "were not unworthy rivals of a London Alderman." The cabin was sultry, and as the guests grew warm in their feasting, they took off their hats and bade their servants wave fans over their gold-pinned topknots. The Regent had brought sake and sweetmeats and these had been laid on the table; but they were lost sight of in the torrent of liquor that gushed from Perry's international cellar: Madeira and sherry, French and German wines, Scotch and American whisky, Holland gin, and, finally, smooth, strong maraschino, over which the islanders smacked their lips and shut their eyes at each sip, "almost equalling Christendom in genteel dissipation." Actually the guests held their liquor better than one of the prophets of Christendom, if we may believe the assertion of the sober Williams that Bettelheim, the missionary doctor, talked and gesticulated "in a strange way." The conscience of the Chief Interpreter pricked him to wish that "more pains had been taken to inform these officers than to guzzle them." [7] He could not help noticing that, although contentment sat enthroned on the shining face of the jolly old Mayor and although the wrinkled countenances of the two old treasurers had flushed and filled out, the Regent through all his toping had kept his silent, anxious demeanor. He appeared cordial and friendly only once, and that was when the Commodore offered him an assortment of American seeds and vegetables. He promised to plant these and cultivate them carefully, and also to look out for the cattle that had already been landed in Naha.

The Regent rose two or three times to leave, but was motioned down. Darkness came on and it was raining heavily. But apparently the Commodore had forgotten that at Shuri he had left the old Regent's feast long before it was over, with little regard for good manners. Perry was determined that his "guests" should see *his* show through. He ordered some of the more talented members of his band to play solos. Coffee was offered to the islanders under the name of "American tea"; but they did not relish it and resorted once more to their pipes. The health of the guests and their country was drunk; they proposed nothing in return. The Regent was interested only in getting away, and finally he was permitted to do this under a salute of three guns. Obviously the Americans had not succeeded in dining and wining their way into the Regent's heart.

From his efforts at entertainment the Commodore turned to business. One matter that had to be settled before departing for Japan was that of payment for goods that had been taken from the people of Naha. Perry insisted upon a reckoning that would be fair in the eyes of the most scrupulous merchant. At first much of the business of the squadron had been done through Dr. Bettelheim, but the missionary had not gained the confidence of the Americans. When he preached at a Sunday service on the *Mississippi*, the jack-tars made fun of his thick German accent. Some of the officers criticized him for openly saving money out of his missionary work and sending a good sum to Shanghai for deposit. He had asserted his rights as a British subject, according to Perry, "not always with discretion"; and Williams felt that this scholar whose linguistic skill was so valuable had contrived "to heap a deal of ill-will and contempt upon himself by his conduct." [8]

When it became time to make a final settlement, Lieutenant Contee and Williams were detailed to go ashore with the pursers. The islanders had no current coin and were accustomed to trade by barter; but Perry had provided for this situation by taking aboard five tons of Chinese coins at Shanghai. The treasurers on the island were persuaded to accept

this currency in payment for all that had been provided, and in addition to receive presents of American cotton goods and other articles. The Commodore believed this to be the first occasion on which foreigners had succeeded in breaking the native custom of not receiving pay for provisions furnished to vessels. This was an important achievement: the Japanese had kept Commodore Biddle and Commander Glynn in a position of inferiority by giving provisions to these two earlier visitors to Japan and by refusing to accept payment. Perry, however, had succeeded in putting himself on terms of equality with the officials of Naha.

After the return to Naha from the Bonins, the American officers had still further opportunities to observe the life of the islanders. One of the men composed an idyllic picture of a Ryukyu village:

> . . . it appeared to be a thick swamp of green brushwood. Not a house nor anything of the kind was to be seen. It looked like one of those long, low, marshy thickets in which I hunted for blackbirds' eggs in my boyhood. But on reaching it, after crossing a wide, clear field of grass, we passed into and through one of the sweetest little villages I ever entered, completely embowered with thickly matted tops of the tall and swaying bamboo, artistically laid off in squares, with level streets of red sandy soil overarched with the branches of the bamboo that formed hedges on either side. Through these, at regular distances, were openings into the gardens surrounding the dwellings of the inhabitants, highly cultivated with a variety of vegetables. I had neither read of nor seen a town like this.

Entering some of the homes, this observer found men squatting on the matted floors, their shoes left at the doors, smoking their pipes and sipping tea while the womenfolk, half-naked, delved with hoe or spade in the adjacent gardens under a scorching sun. In the laboring class, however, the men as well as the women slaved for a pittance. The Commodore estimated that the cultivator of the soil received not more than one fifth of his produce: three fifths went to the owner and one fifth to management. And yet, in spite of the lack of incentive to the laborer, by the wise use of irrigation and in-

tensive methods a yield was secured that was astonishing to the Americans.

From the reports of his staff the Commodore compiled a vast amount of information about the ethnology, religion, language, and education of the islanders; and in his *Narrative* this was later presented with scholarly humility. "All the facts we may learn," he wrote, "are but contributions on a subject yet open to and demanding more thorough investigation. We throw what we can gather into the common heap."

The Americans found that the learning of the Ryukyus was from China and that their books were in Chinese characters. The officials at Naha told Perry that their people had been proud to rank as one of the "outer dependencies" of China ever since the days of the Ming dynasty; and tribute was sent annually in Chinese junks to the China coast. But later Japanese officials were to tell the Commodore that the Ryukyus were a "distant dependency" over which Japan had "limited control." Perry felt that this control was the chief reason why foreigners were so unwelcome at Naha. He blamed Japanese influence particularly for the intolerance of the island officials toward Christianity. He was aware that when the Bishop of Victoria had visited Naha in 1850, one of the local savants had politely explained that his people could take on another religion only at the risk of religious indigestion; but to Perry this was just another Oriental excuse and not a valid reason. The Japanese had hardened the hearts of the islanders, he felt sure. Williams, at the end of his stay at Naha, still thought of the islanders as lost sheep. "May they soon be made willing to receive the gospel," [9] he wrote.

As the novelty of the scene wore off and the summer heat became oppressive, the Americans were impatient to be off; and a decrease in the flow of provisions from shore to ships suggested that the islanders would not be sorry to see them go. As for the native officials, they had never ceased hoping that their self-invited "guests" would leave. The Mayor of Naha was so eager to know the date of departure that he tried to pump Williams on the subject. But he did not get the in-

telligence that he sought. "Perhaps my answers would hasten the dispatch of the Japanese junk lying off the Roads," [10] the canny Chief Interpreter thought.

During his stay in Naha, Old Matt had not been lulled into careless ways by the ease with which he had enforced his will upon the rulers. He knew that, as surely as the local officials were spying on the people and on the Americans, Japanese were in Naha to spy upon the Regent and the other high officials. If the Regent owed allegiance to the Japanese Prince of Satsuma, as was supposed, the chiefs of Japan would soon know, perhaps already knew, about the American visit to Naha. They would realize that only force could surely be depended upon to make the barbarians keep their distance; and no one knew just how much force they might be able to muster at Tokyo. So drills and exercises were held daily on the American ships. Marine and howitzer divisions were landed, without benefit of special landing-craft, for maneuvers on the level salt-beds; and the newly built ambulance cart—probably the first wheeled vehicle that the natives had ever seen—was tried out on shore. In the harbor, officials reviewed the fleet's seventeen small boats, five of which carried twelve- and twenty-four-pounders.

It was obvious that the Commodore was preparing for action. There was a final grand review of men and ships. The *Supply* was to stay at Naha and maintain the *status quo* until the squadron returned. Finally, on the morning of July 2, with everything readied to the last marlinspike, the four warships cast off and started for the Bay of Tokyo.

VI

POKER DIPLOMACY

AT DAWN ON JULY 8, VAPORS FROM THE SEA WERE VEILING the sacred landscape of Japan from profane eyes. Soon after sunrise, however, lava-scarred Cape Idzu rose like a ghost out of the mist. The tops of precipices were seen faintly, stretching toward the north; from the green hills cliffs of white chalk gleamed; and to the east several islands came into view.

Steaming straight through the capricious currents that run in these waters, with sails furled and yards squared, the Americans crossed the mouth of Sagami Bay and approached the next headland to the northeast, Cape Sagami. Rifts appeared in the fog; and framed in these against a blue sky, the disembodied cone of Fuji stood up, as detached and remote as the Emperor himself. The sun burst through the mists with dazzling intensity and the sails glistened on the few fishing junks that were in sight. Two of these turned back toward the shore, as if to announce the arrival of the squadron. One junk was overtaken by the steamers. Its crew, in a flutter of fear, dropped the sails and manned the oars to pull away quickly from the splashing wheels of the smoke-breathing demons that had come out of the night. But some of the junks continued to fish, using their large square sails to make them

sideslip to leeward and in that way drag the seine that was secured to bow and stern.

On the shore, knee-deep in the oozing rice-fields, farmers looked up from their tilling to gaze at the smoke-belching ships that seemed to menace the idyllic peacefulness of the countryside. The frigates seemed sullen, masterful, full of pent-up force. The Japanese wondered whether the barbarians had succeeded in floating volcanoes. Perhaps it was one of those mirages that were created, according to the folklore of their childhood, by the breath of clams. Prayers were held at household shrines; and priests at the temples took the occasion to remind backsliding parishioners that the gods were sending the "ugly barbarians" to destroy the "holy country" as a punishment for neglect of the altars.

Near noon the American ships came to off Cape Sagami for a halt of about ten minutes. Preparations for battle already had been made, and now the men stood at their posts while the captains went on board the flagship to get their final orders from Perry.

As the Commodore turned from conferring with his officers to scan the prospect into which the squadron now headed, he might well have been reminded of the native lair of the Perrys, in Rhode Island. In size and shape the Bay of Tokyo is similar to Narragansett Bay. Its entrance, wider than the narrows leading into Narragansett and not obstructed by islands, is flanked by landscapes that have a variety reminiscent of New England, though the hills rise more sharply and to greater altitudes. Cape Sagami, close on the left, and Cape Shirohama, some ten miles away on the right, stand up sharply from the sea. On the shores of the strait that leads into the bay, huddled closely on strips of alluvial land between projecting cliffs, small villages came into the view of the Americans. Behind these the land rose in undulating hills that were green with crops and tufts of forest. Along the ridges dark evergreens, twisted by the winds, squirmed as if in perpetual torture. While the mists had been lifting, these weirdly wooded ridges had floated in space with that other-worldliness

which Oriental art was later to make familiar to the Occident.

Lacking adequate charts and navigating without any markers, the Americans proceeded at reduced speed. Sounding-leads had been hung from spars that had been rigged at the end of the bowsprit of each steamer, and these were used constantly in addition to the leadsmen in the "chains." To avoid the Ingersoll patch—a sunken rock with only a fathom of water over it—the ships kept well out from the shore. When they came within two miles of the land, a fleet of large native boats pushed off, as if to intercept them. These craft seemed to be unarmed, but they were fully manned and were flying banners that looked official. They had not counted on the speed with which the steamers could move against the wind, and were left hopelessly behind. The number of fishing junks increased; and many of these made for the American ships and crossed their bows, only to withdraw quickly when they saw the power of the revolving paddle-wheels.

"Have no communication with shore; allow none from shore," the flagship signaled. Now was the time to stand firm against the familiarity that had led to the failure of Commodore Biddle when he had sailed into the entrance to the Bay of Tokyo in 1846. As Biddle's ship had felt its way on soundings, Japanese had swarmed aboard and had been cordially welcomed and wined with cherry bounce. But when Biddle had asked when and where he might go ashore, the Japanese officials had said that was impossible—except that he might go to a certain cove to land his guns and ammunition, since of course he would need those no longer!

The strait leading to the inner Bay of Tokyo varies in width between five and eight miles. Toward the northern end of the passage the waters bulge on the left into the bight of Uraga. The Americans proceeded to this point, through a tide running at about two and a half knots, coming within a mile and a half of Kamisaki, the headland on the left of the inner entrance to the Bay of Tokyo. They were now less than thirty-five miles from the capital—a mile nearer than any foreign warship ever had gone before. No challenge came from the

shore. But suddenly two gunshots were heard, and a ball of smoke went up from a rocket. Apparently the Japanese signal corps was passing along the news of the arrival of the barbarians.

On the shore of a narrow, fiord-like harbor with Fuji as a background, nestled Uraga, a customs station with about 20,000 people. From the camouflage of a high bluff near the town a swarm of Japanese guard-boats suddenly darted out in pursuit of the American ships. These long, sleek boats, with sharp prows ornamented by black tassels, were manned by large, brawny men.

One of the Japanese mosquito-boats caught up with the *Mississippi* and tried to board her on the port bow. The Americans stood to their posts and clasped their weapons. The Commodore had expressly ordered that *no one* was to be permitted to come on board any of the ships except the flagship, and only three officials at a time there. On the boat approaching the *Mississippi* an official who wore two swords was shaking a document at the Americans and moving as if to board the warship. When a sentinel with a loaded musket made it plain that this would not be allowed, the officer turned almost white with anger, while his men babbled noisily. With their support he tried again to board where the *Mississippi's* rail was down. But here an array of pikes stared them in the face; and as the paddle-wheels were still revolving and threatening to swamp the guard-boat, the Japanese drifted aft to the port gangway. Finding no better access there, the visitors put off for shore, pointing to the ship's anchor and shaking their heads, and reinforcing their gestures by presenting a scroll on which was written large, in French, a warning that if the foreigners anchored there, it would be at their peril.

The Americans were now so close to shore that they could see fortifications on the headlands and hundreds of soldiers scurrying about, apparently preparing for action. But the ships boldly moved in and anchored in line, broadside to the shore and commanding the Japanese positions. For a few minutes there was bedlam ashore and afloat. As the engines

grew quiet, the Americans could hear a great clamor all around the bight—the clang of war gongs and the cries of soldiers and civilians. The anchor cables ran out with a terrifying clanking that echoed from the hills. The *Plymouth* intensified the din by letting out a blast from its whistle. At this, the crew of a Japanese guard-boat jumped overboard to the last man.

When the anchors were secure and the wheels had stopped churning, the fleet of guard-boats again tried to close in. Their beauty—remarkably similar to that of the yacht *America,* according to Perry—won the admiration of the Americans. These mosquito-boats skimmed over the water and came in swiftly, equipped with sleeping-mats and provisioned for a long stay. But they were mistaken in thinking that this particular barbarian would allow himself to be hemmed in by them, as other visitors had been. As fast as the Japanese boatmen could secure lines to the ships, the Americans cast them off. Some, rat-like, tried to climb up the anchor cables until they saw that the foreigners were in earnest about using their weapons. A rap over the knuckles of one aspiring fellow made him drop from the hawser into the water, howling. The Japanese officers stood their ground and shouted in indignation.

Finally the boat of the chief functionary reached the gangway of the *Susquehanna.* Williams tried to convey to him, in Japanese, the idea that the Commodore would not receive anyone but an official of the highest rank and that this boat might as well go back to shore. But the Japanese of Williams was very rusty. Fortunately, just when negotiations seemed to be reaching an impasse, a man in the guard-boat said, in very good English: "I can speak Dutch." So Portman, Perry's interpreter for that language, went into action. Among many other questions Portman was asked whether the ships had come from America. It was evident that this intelligent Dutch-speaking Japanese was not present at Uraga by accident, at five o'clock on the afternoon of July 8. The ships from America apparently were expected by Japanese officialdom, and a

Dutch-speaking interpreter had been brought from Nagasaki for the occasion.

Actually, Perry's entry into the Bay of Tokyo was well heralded. Far in advance of the arrival of the Americans the Dutch at Nagasaki had told the Japanese officials what was afoot; and in passing along this information they hinted at "very serious difficulties" if the inhospitable laws of Japan could not be relaxed for this occasion. Moreover, the Japanese had more immediate information about the movements of the Americans from their spies in the Ryukyu Islands. Reports of Perry's conduct in the islands had been brought to Japan and left no doubt about the type of man with whom the rulers in Tokyo would have to deal.

The Japanese spokesman in the guard-boat persistently urged that he be allowed to board the *Susquehanna*, and Portman just as stubbornly refused. Finally he made it known that one of the men in his boat was the *Vice*-Governor of Uraga and claimed that this official certainly was of enough importance to be allowed on board. No indeed, said Portman; why hadn't they brought the Governor himself? The laws forbade that he go aboard ships in the roads, explained the Japanese, so could not the American lord appoint an officer of corresponding rank who could confer with the Vice-Governor? We shall see, answered Portman, who then disappeared into the cabin of the invisible American lord for an interval long enough to impress the Japanese with the seriousness with which the great American was considering the favor that was being asked. He reappeared with Flag Lieutenant Contee, who, he explained to the Japanese, had been appointed to receive the Vice-Governor. The gangway ladder was lowered and Nagashima Saburosuke, the Vice-Governor, and Hori Tatsnosuke, the Dutch-speaking interpreter, came on board and were received in the captain's cabin. The Commodore kept himself secluded in his own quarters and communicated with the Japanese only through his aide.

These were the first Japanese officials ever to be received on American ground and on American terms. Relations were

now definitely established on a basis of equality and on a level of diplomacy. For the moment, at least, fighting had been avoided. The American officers told Nagashima that they came on a friendly mission to Japan, that they were bearing a letter from their President to the Emperor, and that they wished to give *a duplicate copy* of this letter to an official of suitable rank, so that arrangements might be made for formal delivery of the original of the letter. Nagashima explained what Perry already knew—that Japanese law required that all foreign business be done at Nagasaki. Old Matt said bluntly that *he would not go to Nagasaki,* that Uraga was nearer to Tokyo, and that he expected the letter to be properly received where he then was. There was sound logic behind his firmness. Uraga was almost defenseless, but at Nagasaki the famous Egawa had supervised the building of fortifications that might have offered effective resistance. Furthermore, if the Commodore had entered Japan through Nagasaki, it would necessarily have been on the unequal and humiliating terms to which the Dutch were subjected. Moreover, he would have had to depend upon what he called "the very doubtful friendship" of the Dutch. Finally, there was the consideration of time: it would take perhaps two months to receive a reply to a message sent to Tokyo from Nagasaki.

In the ensuing pourparler, according to the report of it that was written to his wife by the official go-between, Lieutenant Contee, the Commodore parried all of the Japanese thrusts and held the offensive:

"We insist that no boats shall hang around our vessels to watch them.

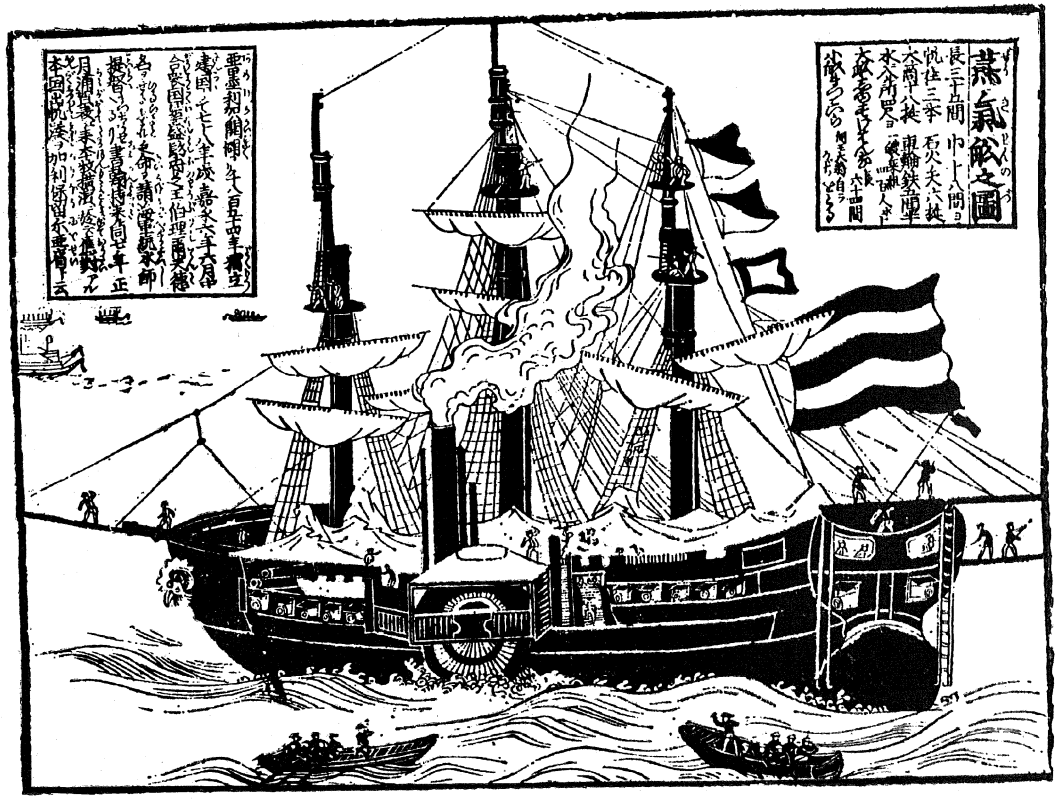
"This was not palatable. They said: 'It is Japanese custom, law, and we must carry them out.'

"Says I: '. . . we too have our customs, and with men-of-war one of the laws is that no boat is allowed to come within a certain range.'

" 'What is the name of the ship, how many people, guns, etc.?'

" '. . . we are armed ships, and our custom is never to answer such questions.'

"I again alluded to the boats which were still clustering around our ship and the other ships; told him that it was absolutely neces-



THE SUSQUEHANNA entering the Bay of Tokyo in July 1853.

A Japanese artist's conception. Courtesy of Alexander Vietor.

sary that they should be kept off; that this must be done. 'We shall be sorry, with our kind and friendly feelings to you, to do you any harm or to come into collision with you; but if you do not order your boats off, we shall fire into them and drive them off. Our boats are now armed and ready, and we cannot allow you more than fifteen minutes to give your orders and to keep them off. At the end of that time you must suffer.' " [1]

Nagashima and his staff reacted quickly. They tried to lift the sixty-four pound shot, put their heads into the muzzles of the cannon, looked up and down the stern array of marines—and were convinced that the barbarians were not bluffing. The "Vice-Governor" waved his fan to disperse the guard-boats.

Most of the craft scurried to shore, but a few hung about in clusters; and to drive these away it was necessary for a boat to put out from one of the ships and show its armament. By sunset not a native craft was seen near the squadron. This was an important gain for the Americans and it was to spare them much annoyance in the future. In previous dealings with foreigners the Japanese had not left ships so free from interference. Yet the Americans were kept under surveillance. Nagashima himself took the range of the big Paixhan on the stern and examined the locks of the guns near the gangway. Then he departed, promising that in the morning a higher official would come and would probably answer the demands of the Americans. The Japanese continued to keep a watchful eye on the squadron from the shore and from boats that floated at a respectful distance.

The Americans also kept on the alert. In the evening, orders were issued to keep the smokestack protected and to leave plenty of coal in the bunkers around the engines. The fires were banked and steam was kept in the boilers. The guard was doubled and heavily armed. Signal lights were prepared for communications between the ships in case burning junks were released upon the squadron or some other form of treachery should be used.

Before dark, several rockets went up from the shore on the far side of the strait; and when night came on, beacon fires

were lighted on every hilltop. The nine o'clock gun of the flagship caused commotion ashore, and the fires went out. Colored Japanese lanterns, swinging in the stern of the guard-boats moored along shore, formed a necklace of light. A sweet and deep-toned bell tolled like a tocsin at intervals during the night. What these signals portended, the Americans could only guess. To his wife Lieutenant Contee wrote: "We lie down tonight in the neighborhood of ten million men, brave, enterprising, ready, never conquered. It behooves us to be watchful." [2] It was not a night for sound slumber.

But nothing broke the enchantment of the starlit scene. "The towering ships slept motionless on the water, and the twinkling light of the towns along the shore went out one by one . . . the rattling cordage of an occasional passing junk, the peal of a distant temple bell that came rippling over the bay . . . —these were . . . the only signs of life in the sleeping empire . . . the only excitement was of a becalmed and badly frightened junk that came drifting athwart our bows, and with an immense deal of jabbering had to claw off as best she could." [3]

It is during such a crisis as this that men are most susceptible to the power of superstition. In the hours after midnight a meteor appeared in the southwest, illuminating the spars, sails, and hulls of the ships as sharply as if a bonfire were burning on each vessel. The large blue sphere, with its wedge-like tail of red sparks, swept across the sky and fell into the sea. This display in the heavens got under the skin of even Old Matt. "The ancients would have construed this . . . as a favorable omen . . . ," he said. "It may be so construed by us, as we pray God that our present attempt to bring a singular and isolated people into the family of civilized nations may succeed without resort to bloodshed."

On July 9 the first rays of the sun disclosed activity afloat and ashore. Scout boats were circling the squadron at a safe distance. One craft came close to the *Susquehanna*, and, aboard, artists could be seen making sketches. Festoons of rising mist draped the bare gray rock of the Uraga cliffs.

Through a glass, soldiers in scarlet uniforms could be seen marching here and there, some bearing flags and some carrying lanterns on tall poles. These men, like the crews of the guard-boats, wore loose coats that were unfastened in front and were marked in back with the insignia of their overlord. Some were clad in a kind of war corset of silk, iron, and paper. Several fortifications were in view on the bluffs extending north to Cape Kamisaki. Farmers, fishermen, chair-bearers, women, and children had been impressed into work on the forts. Sod was carried to the parapets in baskets of rope matting, slung from carry-poles. The main fort, still under construction, was on the north side of the entrance to the harbor of Uraga. Here there was a battery some eighty feet above the water, an elevation from which the Japanese might hope to hit ships as much as seven hundred yards away. Between this fort and the water, perpendicular steps had been cut into the ground, to intercept shot that might otherwise ricochet up to the battery. From time to time the Japanese would throw up strips of canvas to proclaim officially that military business was afoot and to display the insignia of their unit. The Americans thought that the purpose of the screens was to make a show of force and to bluff them. When each new screen appeared, the old quartermasters of the *Susquehanna* reported to Buchanan: "Another dungaree fort, sir!"

The day before, the "Vice-Governor" of Uraga had told the Americans that Japanese law prevented the Governor of the province from going aboard ships in the roads. If actually there was such a law, it was conveniently adjusted overnight, for at seven o'clock in the morning "Governor" Kayama Yezaemon was on the deck of the flagship, eager to talk business. This large, youngish man was announced by the Dutch interpreter as the personage of highest importance in the city ("the learned scholar who rides," according to his official title); and his rich silk robe, with its border of silver and gold and its pattern resembling peacock feathers, marked him as a man of rank. Ashore, Kayama was accustomed to ride

in style, on a panoplied horse. Now he was ill at ease, standing in simple sandals among men who were taller than he in spite of his lacquered helmet.

The Americans looked at this Japanese official attentively and decided that he was not up to the level of their lord and master; and therefore negotiations were conducted with the inner sanctum through the mediation of the American officers. Perry was told first that it would be impossible under Japanese law to receive the President's letter at Uraga. In the next breath, however, Kayama said that even if the document were received there, the answer would go to Nagasaki. He was weakening, and the Commodore made the most of it. Perry continued to insist upon delivering the letter where he was. If a suitable person was not appointed to receive him, the Commodore would go on shore with sufficient force and deliver the missive to the Emperor himself, be the consequences what they might.

Further to impress Kayama Yezaemon, the Americans showed him the President's letter, in all its rich and elaborate wrappings. Why so many ships to bring such a small cargo, Kayama asked suspiciously. When told that the large squadron had come out of respect for the Emperor, "his countenance indicated doubt in no doubtful manner." [4] He was impressed, none the less, by the official document and by its gold seal; and for the first time he now offered food and water to the Americans. But until the letter was delivered Perry would accept nothing. The Americans agreed not to go ashore and the Japanese undertook to ask Tokyo for instructions. The Commodore allowed just three days in which to produce an answer to his demand that the letter be received on shore by an official of rank next to the Emperor's; and he made it clear that no Japanese official would be welcome aboard the flagship until he could bring a satisfactory reply.

Before leaving, Kayama made a protest against the activities of the small boats that had been sent out from each ship to survey the bay and harbor of Uraga. They were violating Japanese law, he said. Ah, but they were responsible to Amer-

ican laws, he was told, and surely they were as much bound to obey the law of America as he was to obey the law of Japan. Williams later made an effort to elicit information about the geography of the bay region from the Japanese officials. "They were rather skittish," he recorded, "refusing to tell by pleading ignorance even of the town north of the point, of the name of the opposite town across the bay, and such like matters." [5] The geography of Japan was sacred.

In the conversation with Kayama Yezaemon the Americans paid strict attention to forms of speech. The Japanese, for example, were asked to change their designation of the President so that it would correspond exactly with that used for the Emperor. "By diligent attention to the minutest and apparently most insignificant details," Perry explained, "the desired impression was made upon Japanese diplomacy."

The surveying boats to which the Japanese objected had been sent out under the command of Lieutenant Bent of the *Mississippi*. The Commodore "purposely sent the *Mississippi* and the boats on this service, being satisfied that the very circumstance of approaching nearer to Yedo with a powerful ship would alarm the authorities and induce them to give a more favorable answer to my demands." [6] The boats were well armed and were kept within range of the ships' guns and within sight of the lookouts. At their bows they carried white flags to proclaim their peaceful intentions. During the day the boats compiled detailed reports on the waters around Uraga, and approached near enough to the fortifications to see that the parapets were mere earthwork, and the barracks and magazines built of wood. The embrasures were so wide that the few cannon were much exposed; and some of these reminded the Americans of a Dutch traveler's tale, in which a Japanese guard-boat capsized in Nagasaki harbor and most of the guns floated.

On the approach of the survey boats, soldiers showed themselves in great force, bristling with spears and matchlocks, their lacquered caps and shields flashing in the sun. They retreated behind the walls when the boats came closer. One of

the American officers went within a hundred yards of the shore and leveled a spyglass at three Japanese officers standing upon an embankment. They quickly ducked out of sight, suspicious of this evil eye and perhaps thinking that they were being shot at. Japanese soldiers in boats along shore motioned to the American officer to keep off and themselves moved to intercept him. But when the officer ordered his men to rest on their oars and adjust caps to their carbines, the Japanese kept away.

Two days later, while the Commodore was still awaiting the reply of the Japanese, the survey boats were sent through the inner entrance and far into the Bay of Tokyo. The *Susquehanna* shortened her cable and got up steam, to be ready for an emergency; and the *Mississippi* was dispatched to follow the boats and to protect them. The frigate passed close in under the headland of Kamisaki, beyond which no American ever had been permitted to go. Though the shore batteries seemed to be bristling with men, the fort on this headland did not open fire on the frigate beneath. But opposite, on the sand spit that projected from the eastern shore of the strait and completely shut off the landlocked inner bay from the view of the American squadron, hundreds of soldiers swarmed down to the beach and put off in boats in the direction of the survey party. Soon more guard-boats approached from the direction of Tokyo. When Lieutenant Bent's men tried to go to the head of a deep inlet in the western shore, they were enveloped by about forty-five of the Japanese craft. Bent ordered the Americans to stop rowing and to fix bayonets; and their two little brass howitzers were displayed. This time, however, the Japanese would not be brushed off. Bent was forced to change his course and to dispatch a boat to get aid from the *Mississippi*, which was about two miles astern. The warship approached and the Japanese kept their distance. This was the narrowest escape from bloodshed so far.

The Americans were deeply impressed by the magnificence of this bay which heretofore had been hidden from the view of their compatriots. Particularly they admired the western

shore, its bold bluffs, with villages nestling between, and its deep coves. Streams leaping down from the mountains had sculptured the land into lines that were varied and intricate. The waters were shallow and almost unnavigable. In the narrow valleys and out on the flood plains the beds became broad and lay between natural and artificial levees.

The survey boats pushed on far into the bay. They found a mud bottom, and deep soundings all the way; and it was their judgment that the squadron might navigate to a point within a few miles of the capital. Opposite a high bluff of sandstone, which they named Mississippi Bluff, the surveyors turned back and the frigate took the boats in tow. One smart Japanese official tried to copy this maneuver by attempting to make his own line fast to the stern of one of the American craft, asking in English: "Are you going back?" When he was shaken off, he howled angrily.

For some time the *Mississippi* was out of sight of the flagship, and it was a relief to the officers at the anchorage to see her come round the headland with the boats safely in tow. They knew that the Commodore had had more than one reason for risking the sortie into the inner bay. He wanted soundings, obviously; but also he wanted the Japanese to think that he was preparing to move toward Tokyo, and he wanted to see what their response would be. In his report to Washington, Perry wrote that he "had done enough to work upon the fears of the Emperor without going too far." [7]

Kayama's reaction was immediate. He came aboard the *Susquehanna*, ostensibly to say that the American letters would be received on the following day, but actually to find out what the *Mississippi* and the survey boats were up to. When finally he asked about this, Perry directed that he be told that unless their demands were satisfied during the present visit, the Americans would be obliged to return in the spring with a larger force, and that they would then need an anchorage nearer to Tokyo so that they could communicate with the court more conveniently.

Truly the foreign lord was bearing down. Yesterday, on

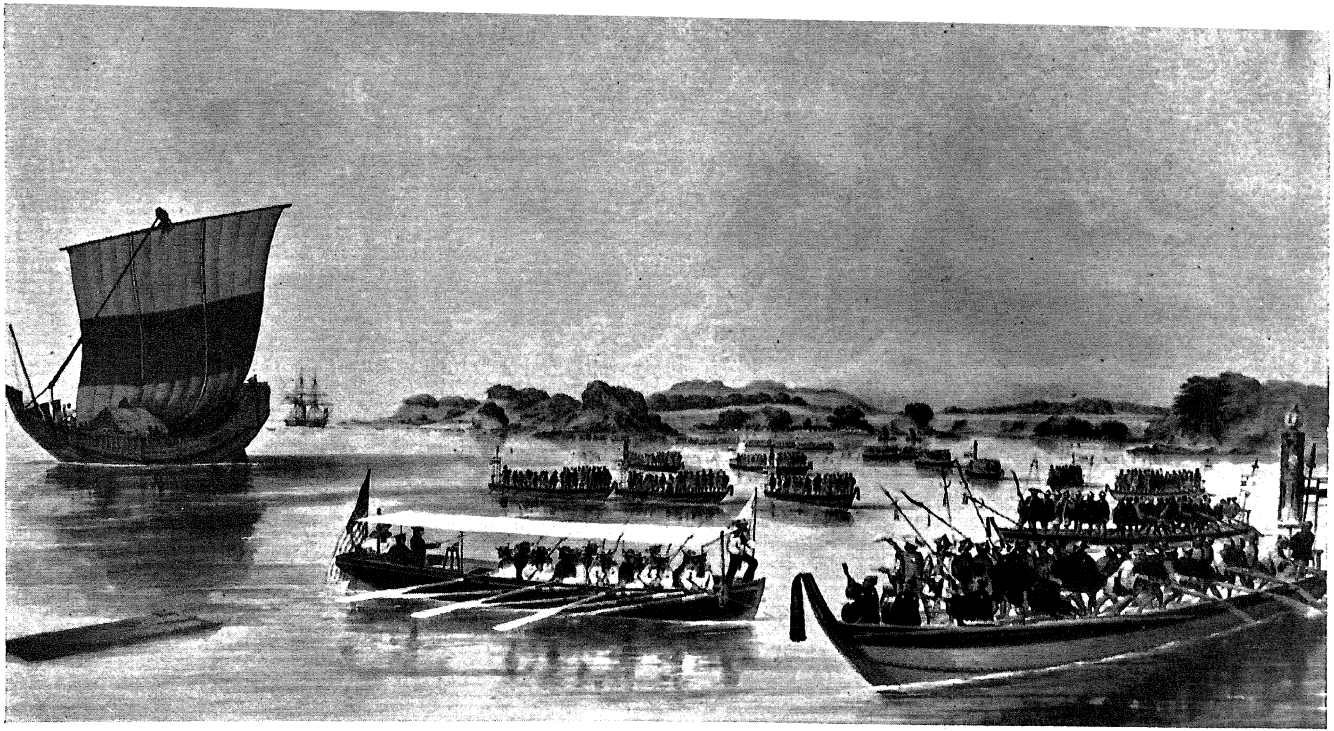
the American Sunday, there had been a great roar of voices from the ships, accompanied by brass from the band. It had proclaimed power and confidence. If Kayama could have understood English, he would have made out these words:

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.

Kayama left the flagship with the American's threat to approach Tokyo burning in his ears. The city's position indeed was unhappy. For their food supply, the 1,200,000 people of the capital depended largely upon the junk traffic in the bay. How easily the black ships might destroy the junks and starve Tokyo! Then perhaps they would be forced to eat the sacred turtles and carp in the temple pond at Kame-ido, or the chickens and pigeons that had been brought alive to Asakusa by devotees who had bought them from near-by trappers.

Reports of the arrival of the American ships were magnified in passing from mouth to mouth, and when the rumors reached Tokyo, the sixty guns of the squadron had become six hundred. The capital was thrown into panic. Mothers ran about with children in their arms, and men with mothers on their backs. The streets were filled with shrieks and cries, with the tramp of warhorses and the tolling of bells. People flocked to the shrines to pray—and packed their valuables for safe-keeping. Many left their homes, on horses and in sedan chairs, to go to the country to live with relatives.

Although almost half of the people of the city were of the military class, they had little or no experience in combat; and of what avail was manpower when the fortifications around the bay were unsubstantial and when even the best of them had only nine-pound guns and less than ten rounds of ammunition? A report from Uraga had warned the officials at Tokyo that an American assault on the forts would at once expose the utter uselessness of the whole system of coast defense, with the most disastrous consequences to the Empire. The foreigners were described as very calm and very con-



GUARD-BOATS CHALLENGE THE AMERICAN SURVEYORS. Lithograph from a sketch from life by W. Heine. Courtesy of H. Stuart Hotchkiss.

fident, and their vessels "were really not easily to be dealt with." [8]

It was a pretty mess. The Tokugawa Shogunate, which for two and a half centuries had awed the clans into peace, now felt the reins slipping. The exclusion policy was one of the means upon which it had depended for keeping the people subservient. If the public were to see their officials become the laughing-stock of the Red-Beards, the Shogunate would be so discredited that some ambitious vassal might succeed in replacing the Shogun as the manipulator of the Emperor and of the moral power that stemmed from him. Fortunately, the Emperor himself was tucked away in Kyoto, surrounded by the Shogun's spies and well beyond the reach of the foreigners. But the Shogun was in Tokyo, so ill that he could not be told about Perry's arrival. What if the Americans should storm into the capital and find no Emperor there, but only a sick Shogun and an impotent council? Then the game *would* be up! No wonder that the chief officials went to the castle in war dress and deliberated far into the night. It devolved upon Lord Abe and the other councilors of state to deal with the Americans and to keep them at a respectful distance from Tokyo and from the high officials who governed there.*

The council took what measures it could with the forces at hand. The clans along the shores of the bay had been ordered to guard the most strategic positions against any acts of violence by the foreigner; several thousand troops had been dispatched in junks to man the forts; and the priests had been urged to call upon the gods for help. The samurai, painfully out of condition if we may believe the contemporary cartoons that poked fun at them, unpacked their armor and tried to compress their soft flesh into its confines. They scoured the rust from their spears and feathered their arrows. Target ranges were put into action and much powder was burned in practice with matchlocks.

One of the problems which the council had to face immedi-

* For a fuller explanation of the political situation in Japan, see Chapter xi.

ately was that of choosing a scapegoat to degrade himself by talking with the barbarians. Kayama, the prefect of police at Uraga, and his assistant Nagashima already had made a good beginning; and their "face" was not of such importance that it could not be sacrificed for the cause. So they had been temporarily promoted to hold the ranks of governor and vice-governor until this distasteful business was concluded. The real Governor was in turn promoted to fill another role, a few days later.

Perry, still having no reason to believe that Kayama was other than the bona fide Governor, accepted him as such when he came aboard on the last day allowed by the Commodore for the delivery of a reply to the American demands. However, the American lord continued to keep himself out of sight, and the conversation was conducted through Commander Buchanan and Lieutenant Contee. They found it still difficult to pin down the Japanese to definite commitments. Kayama said that the President's letter would be received, but that the answer would be transmitted through Nagasaki.

So again the Commodore laid down the law. "The Commander-in-Chief will not go to Nagasaki . . . ," he wrote in a memorandum. "He has a letter from the President of the United States to deliver to the Emperor of Japan, or to his secretary of foreign affairs, and he will deliver the original to none other:—if this friendly letter . . . is not received and duly replied to, he will consider his country insulted and will not hold himself accountable for the consequences."

There was another point also on which the Japanese were hedging. The Commodore intended to deliver only a duplicate copy of the President's letter at Uraga, in the hope that he could force the officials to receive the original in Tokyo. This intention had been clearly explained to Kayama in the first interview with him. But now, when it was again alluded to, he said that he had misunderstood and that the Japanese could not consent to the delivery of the duplicate alone. The original must be delivered with the copy, he insisted. Appar-

ently Kayama *had* understood the Americans in the first interview, had consulted his superiors ashore, and had been strictly ordered to persuade Perry to surrender both documents at the same time; for when Contee told him again that the Americans were determined to deliver only the duplicate, "the change that came over him was plain. The fear of receiving permission to rip himself up (the hara-kiri) was evident in his face." [9]

However, Kayama lived to come back in the afternoon, after discussing the Commodore's ultimatum with his chiefs in Uraga. The Japanese now agreed that on the morning of the second day a high official of the realm, with written credentials from the Emperor, would be on the shore to receive the American letter. Perry met this concession on the part of the Japanese by consenting to deliver both the original and the duplicate at the same time, thereby giving up hope of being received in the capital now. Kayama's life was saved, and the Commodore's poker diplomacy was making better progress than the Americans had dared to expect. "This prompt and unlooked-for concession," Taylor recorded, "astonished us all, and I am convinced it was owing entirely to the decided stand the Commodore took during the early negotiations." [10]

After this agreement had been reached, the Americans put themselves out to give the Japanese a good opinion of the United States. Laughing heartily, now that the burdens of official business were thrown aside, the guests enjoyed whisky and cherry brandy. Kayama took his liquor sweetened, and smacked his lips with gusto. His interpreters jokingly suggested that he was taking too much. "His face is already growing red," they said.

The Japanese proved themselves both well educated and well bred. "These first interviews were a constant surprise to us; we found them so well-informed," the clerk of the *Saratoga* wrote. "We found that the Japanese printers were in the habit of republishing the textbooks prepared by our mission-

aries in China for use in their schools." [11] On a globe that was put before them the Japanese immediately put their fingers on Washington and New York. They asked whether tunnels had been cut through mountains in America, and whether an engine like the ship's engine was not used for traveling on American roads. They called the guns by their name—Paix-han. They recognized coal and said that it was produced in many places in Japan. Even the principles on which the ship's engines operated were not unfamiliar to them. It was seven o'clock in the evening when Kayama and his interpreters finally bowed themselves off the ship. After they entered their boat, it was observed that their stately courtesy was not "company manners," put on for the occasion of their official visit. They continued to address each other with the most formal politeness.

While the negotiations with Kayama Yezaemon had kept the Commodore occupied through the day, the survey boats had continued their observations. When they went out to reconnoiter on the next day, they gave particular attention to the little bay about two miles to the south, where the Japanese were to receive the President's letter on the next morning. Several vessels loaded with soldiers crossed over to the Uraga side, and the brisk trade of the bay went on as usual, as many as sixty-seven junks passing up the strait during the day.

The weather had held fair and unusually clear. In the evenings Fuji's solitary cone had been defined in pale violet against the rosy flush of sunset; and in the morning, when the light fell full upon it, the Americans had been able to see the scars of old eruptions and the ravines of snow on the north side. It had been hard for the men to keep their agreement to remain aboard the ships and to forgo the pleasure of exploring the alluring groves of deep green that shaded the land. But even on the vessels the summer heat had been tempered by breezes from the sea, and the health of the company had been excellent. On the eve of his first appearance before Japanese eyes the Commodore could look back on the past five

days and feel that the gods had been kind and that his policy had been justified by the progress that had been made. Without shedding a drop of blood he had pried the door ajar and had his foot in the crack. The morrow would tell whether or not he had stepped into a trap.

VII

CONTACT

On the morning of July 14 all was bustle aboard the American ships. The men were alert early, making themselves ready for fighting or fraternizing, as Fate should decide. Officers and men were selected by lot for shore duty. The officers chosen donned official dress and armed themselves with cutlasses and six-shooters; the marines decked themselves out in full uniform; and the sailors put on blue trousers, white frocks, and natty blue caps that were ornamented with thirteen stars. Even the Chief Interpreter had put on a uniform and a sword.

The sound of hammering had come from the shore through the still night air and had worried men who were already wakeful with forebodings. But as the bright July sun seared the morning mists and played upon the gay costumes and shining armor, spirits rose and the men steadied their nerves with jest and bravado. Perhaps the Japanese had been using their hammers to build cages for Americans, someone suggested, remembering that shipwrecked American sailors had once been caged in Japan. "No, sir; no caging tomorrow," exclaimed Major Zeilin, Marine veteran; "it will be fight to the death!" A flag-bearer was warned not to let the Japanese get the flag away from him. "Well, sir," was his retort, "they may do it, but the man who takes it won't be able to carry it." [1]

The Japanese had asked that the ceremony be held early, to escape the heat of the day. So before eight bells in the morning watch had struck, the *Susquehanna* and the *Mississippi* tripped their anchors and moved slowly down the strait toward the sea. Simultaneously six Japanese boats sailed in the same direction, but closer to the shore. Striped flags indicated that high officials were aboard two of the boats; the others flew red banners and carried a guard of soldiers.

On doubling the fortified point below Uraga, the frigates came in sight of the preparations that the Japanese had made on the shore of Kurihama Bay. The scene was a fantasy of feudal pomp. The land bordering the head of the bay was gay with cloth screens, set in a long line and painted with official crests. Around nine tall standards flew a crescent of bright-tinted flags; and from the standards, pennons of rich scarlet hung down to the ground. Regiments of soldiers stood in fixed order in front of this display, arrayed to impress the Americans with the military power of the Japanese. Around the bastions along the shore, also, ornamental screens had been set up to exaggerate the size of the fortifications. Back from the center of the curved beach a building rose in three pyramidal roofs high above the surrounding houses. It was clear that the Commodore was meeting a worthy rival in the art of pageantry, and that this rival had many more supernumeraries than Perry could command.

On the left the Americans saw the village of Kurihama—a straggling group of two hundred huts lying between the beach and high ground that ran upward in green slopes to the distant mountains. On the horizon stood Fuji's cone of blue, streaked with patches of snow.

Near the opening of the bay, two Japanese boats came alongside the *Susquehanna*, and Kayama Yezaemon and his two interpreters came aboard. They were followed immediately by Nagashima Saburosuke and an officer in attendance. The visitors were received at the gangway and taken to seats on the quarter-deck. They were wearing elaborate official costumes. Their silk brocade was very rich and gaily colored,

turned up with yellow velvet and highly embroidered with gold lace. On back, sleeve, and breast were displayed the arms of the wearer. Nagashima's trousers were very broad and very short. When his legs stood still and together (which was not often) the trousers looked much like a slit petticoat. His black woolen socks only partly covered his legs. In spite of his elaborate toilette and finery, Nagashima more nearly resembled the police officer that he was than an emissary of the Emperor. The Americans nicknamed him "the Jack of Trumps."

The ships now were ready to swing into their battle stations. The Commodore felt "no serious apprehension of any warlike termination to the ceremonies of the day." None the less, he was taking every precaution against treachery. He knew that the Japanese had parleyed with the unarmed *Morrison* only to provide time to run their guns into position to open fire, and he had no valid assurance that the Japanese would not ambush him on shore if they felt that they could do it effectively and safely. The Commodore had sent a scouting party into Kurihama Bay the day before, to take soundings and to observe the fortifications on shore; and on the basis of their reports he had laid his plans. His best chance for security, he was convinced, lay in an impressive display of power.

When the frigates reached the entrance of the bay, they anchored across it, with their guns primed and aimed and with springs on their cables so that they would command the landing-place with broadsides. In addition, howitzers were placed in boats that were to be held alongside the frigates when the men went ashore, ready for action at a moment's notice. The *Plymouth* was ordered to command the town of Uraga, and the *Saratoga* the town of Humai and the forts surrounding it. There was no wind to take these sailing ships close to shore.

At a signal hoisted on the *Susquehanna*, the fifteen launches and cutters that were to go ashore came alongside. In them were some hundred and ten marines, forty musicians, and

more than a hundred sailors. Everyone was armed with a sword, a pistol, or a musket, and most of the firearms were loaded. There were fully a thousand charges of ball in the party, in addition to the contents of cartridge-boxes. When the order to cast off was given, Commander Buchanan led the way in his barge, flanked on either side by the boats of Kayama Yezaemon and Nagashima Saburosuke. These dignitaries acted as masters of ceremony and piloted the Americans. In the cutters the bands of the frigates played cheerfully, as if this were just another dress parade and not an amphibious operation in the face of shore batteries that might open fire without warning.

The boats sped through glassy water, over long leaves of seaweed that grew near the surface. As was their custom, the Japanese scullers hissed ardently with each stroke. Their skill and power put the Yankee oarsmen on their mettle. If the Japs could fight as they could row . . .

But it was too late now to draw back, every man knew. If their spirits sagged, if their eyes drooped, if their lips quivered, it might be all over, save for the memorial that their countrymen might erect, some day, to mark the spot.

Buchanan was the first to jump ashore in the ankle-deep sand. Standing on the Emperor's sacred soil, inside the wall that had stood inviolate for centuries, he tramped upon the ground as if it belonged to all good sailors. He confronted the Japanese minions as resolutely as he had defied congressmen when as an instructor at the Naval Academy he had dared to dismiss alcoholic midshipmen who had political influence. Standing beside him with drawn sword was Major Zeilin. Next came the purser of the *Susquehanna*, who later remarked that "there was not a Yankee who did not feel that with one broadside, one war-whoop, and a rush upon them with cold steel we could scatter as many as could stand before us." [2]

The first wave of marines—a hundred strong—marched up the wharf and formed into line on either side, facing the sea. Then came the sailors, in rank and file, and the two bands

bringing up the rear. Carrying out their orders, some eighty men remained in the boats and pulled off about fifty yards.

The Japanese had made plans to receive their unwelcome guests in the grand manner. The satellites of the sun-goddess could not afford to be outshone, before their own people, by a barbarian from overseas. And then, too, it would be well to have plenty of manpower at hand, just in case the American lords should get angry and rough. Along the shore lay hundreds of boats, each with a crew of twenty-five or so. At least five thousand Japanese soldiers were near at hand and probably many more were standing by in the forts along the shore. Their line extended the whole length of the beach, from the edge of the village to the abrupt slope of the hill that bounded the bay on the north; and many soldiers were massed under cover of the cloth screens that stretched along the rear. In sharp contrast with the large and athletic figures of the Americans, the Japanese were squat and effeminate-looking. Their loose order suggested a lack of strict discipline. The uniforms were much like the ordinary Japanese dress; and the soldiers were tolerably well equipped, being armed with swords, spears, bows, brass-mounted muskets with long bayonets, and matchlocks with ready fuses coiled on their right arms. Those in front were all infantry, archers, and lancers; and large bodies of cavalry were behind them as if held in reserve. The troopers had fine horses and trappings, which, the Americans admitted, "at least presented a good show." The Japanese officers, armed with two swords apiece, sat on stools in front of their men. Each unit of troops flew the flag of the prince to whom it owed fealty.

As background for this medieval scene, standing along the base of the rising ground behind the village, was a large gathering of civilians. Among them was a group of women, gazing through openings in the military lines upon the outlandish visitors, marveling at their long noses, their stiff legs, and here and there red hair. There had been a stir among these folk, and also among the troops, when the guns of the *Susquehanna* boomed and echoed among the hills. But they

had looked around, had seen no casualties, and had been reassured. The salvo had been fired merely to announce that the great American lord was entering his barge.

It was habitual for the tidy Commodore to spend hours before his mirror in efforts to tame his curly, unruly hair. On this day of his debut as an American lord he had been even more meticulous in making himself up and costuming himself for his role. All the decorations and gold braid to which he was entitled were carefully laid on. The other officers had played upon the Commodore's vanity when they were confronted with the ordeal of parading in full dress under the July sun. Commander Buchanan had gone to Perry and suggested that if all the officers should wear their full dress, minor distinctions in uniform would not be noticed by the Japanese. Seeing so many men of rank, they would not be impressed by Perry. So the Commodore had agreed that the other officers might wear undress uniforms, while he trussed himself up to suffer in full dress, buttoned to the throat, with chapeau, sword, and all. Beneath a façade that radiated power and confidence the Commodore concealed any anxiety that he might feel about the gamble that he was about to take with the lives of his men.

Actually, the Commodore had no reason to fear a massacre, even if the Japanese should surprise him by using force, or if one of his own men should be too quick on the trigger and precipitate a fight. Once before, in Africa, he had landed in a lair of pirates in an effort to face them down, had had to fight his way out, and had sustained only a few losses. And in Mexico sailors under his orders had fought successfully on land. Here at Kurihama the odds would be more one-sided—more than ten to one against him—but he had full confidence in his men and in the weight of his ordnance.

No time now for qualms or regrets. Under the Commodore's broad pennant, at a dignified distance behind the escort, the barge moved toward the shore. It came alongside the small jetty made of rice-straw and sand. "Present arms!" The oarsmen held their sweeps erect. A staunch figure rose—gold

braid and buttons gleaming—and majestically stepped ashore. For five days the audience had been curious to see this all-powerful foreign lord. The band burst into *Hail, Columbia!* Without firing a shot, Perry had breached the age-old wall of Japan.

The American officers formed a double line along the landing-place; and as the Commodore passed between, they fell in behind him. The procession marched away from the shore toward the house of reception that the Japanese had prepared. Kayama Yezaemon and his interpreter led the way. The United States flag and the broad pennant were borne by two stalwart seamen who were armed with revolving rifles. On either side of Perry marched a tall, well-built Negro, armed to the teeth. Two boys preceded the Commodore, bearing his credentials and the President's letter. These were beautifully inscribed on vellum of folio size, unfolded, and bound in blue velvet. A seal for each paper lay in a box of fine gold that was attached to the document by cord of interwoven gold and silver, with hanging gold tassels. Each of the documents, with its seal, was in a box of rosewood, with lock, hinges, and mountings all of gold. The boys carried the boxes in envelopes of scarlet cloth.

All of this, Perry's official account explains, "was but for effect." To perpetuate the effect for posterity, however, he had ordered his artist, Heine, to sketch the landing with the Commodore in the *center* of the scene, regardless of the rules of perspective.

The Japanese had offered to shut in the route of the parade, from shore to reception hall, with screens that would shield the American lord from the stares of the vulgar; but Perry had declined this honor, possibly because he did not recognize it as a mark of genuine respect and smelled a rat "behind the arras," but more probably because, having worked hard to put on a mammoth pageant, he craved a large audience. He wanted all of the Japanese people, and not merely the officials, to be impressed by the might and splendor of his country. From the point of view of the officials with whom he

was dealing, this end could have been best reached by holding himself at a distance, out of sight most of the time. Perry's showmanship had betrayed him this once and led to a minor diplomatic error. Not only had Perry refused to have his line of march shielded from public view: the Americans went out of their way to follow a circular route that would show off the escort to the best advantage. It was only a short march, however, to the entrance of the hall that the Japanese had erected especially for the ceremonies.

The officials had taken every precaution to make their dealings with the barbarians as unofficial as possible. They were unwilling to allow the foreigners to contaminate a permanent public building in the customs port of Uraga; but a temporary hall, open on one side and thatch-roofed, could be erected quickly out in the country and could be disposed of inconspicuously, with the hope that the people's remembrance of the American visit might be obliterated with the building.

The Americans noted marks of hasty construction. The rafters were numbered, as if they had been brought to the spot all ready for joining. In front of the building were two brass cannon, old and apparently made in Europe; and on either side of the entrance stood a straggling company of Japanese guards, clad in dull colors and armed with muskets.

The Commodore and his suite entered a tent of painted canvas that served as an anteroom. Beyond this they walked over a carpeted path to an inner hall where the reception was to be held. The floor of this room was somewhat raised and was entirely covered by a carpet of red cloth. Violet hangings of silk and fine cotton were suspended from the walls, and around the room were paintings of cranes flying over trees and bushes. The American officers were guided to the right-hand side of the hall, and the Commodore and two others were seated in armchairs, facing three Japanese dignitaries who rose from their stools on the left and solemnly bowed to their guests.

Of these men, Toda, introduced as "Prince of Idzu," was

the dominating figure. A man of about fifty, he was better-looking than his associate, Ido, the "Prince of Iwami"; and his large forehead, regular features, and amiable expression contrasted favorably with the more wrinkled, pox-marked, and less intelligent face of his fellow official. Both were armed with swords and were dressed in garments of heavy silk brocade that contrasted oddly with their bare legs and coarse socks with big-toe divisions. Had they squatted on the floor in the usual Japanese manner, their legs would have been folded beneath them. But these men sat on camp-stools, looking as uncomfortable as if they were doing penance. With the most punctilious hospitality, the Japanese had given arm-chairs to the "guests"; but the Americans could not know that the chairs had been brought at the last moment from a near-by temple, where the Buddhist priests were in the habit of using them in conducting funeral services.

There were to be no funerals today, however, much as the Japanese officials may have wished to speed the departure of their visitors. In the face of the force and determination that the Americans had shown, the Japanese thought it wise to use more subtle means of protecting their dignity. They were now compounding the deceit that they had already practiced upon Perry during the preceding days, when Kayama Yezaemon, the petty officer of police, had introduced himself as the "Governor" of the province of Uraga. Kayama had done this to save the face of the real Governor, to spare him the indignity of conversing with a barbarian. The real Governor of Uraga was Toda, the handsome gentleman now sitting opposite Perry in the reception hall. But the Commodore did not know it. Toda had been introduced to him as "Prince of Idzu" and "First Councilor of the Empire." Only the day before, Kayama had given the Commodore a document bearing the seal of the Emperor which said:

"*Letter of credence given by the Emperor of Japan to his highness, Toda, Prince of Idzu:*

I send you to Uraga to receive the letter of the President of the United States to me, which letter has recently been brought to Uraga

by the Admiral [Perry] upon receiving which you will proceed to Yedo, [Tokyo] and take the same to me."

To Perry this was evidence enough that he had finally buttonholed a pooh-bah who was important enough to talk to. He could not know that the Shogun, and not the Emperor, handled all affairs of state and used the Emperor's seal as he thought wise, and that, to impress the Americans on this occasion, the Japanese negotiators were appropriating for the Shogun a title that did not belong to him—that of *Taikun* or Supreme Ruler. Moreover, the Commodore was ignorant of the fact that the Shogun's councilors at Tokyo, thrown into panic by the challenge of the Americans, had decided to shield their faces by delegating to two minor officials, Toda and Ido, the duty of facing the foreigner and receiving his documents. Actually, the two men were provincial governors and not princes. They stood rather low in the Japanese hierarchy, more than a score of ranks below the "Councilor of the Empire" with whom Perry intended to treat. Ido had just come from Tokyo, where he had been active as a censor until a few weeks before.

Japan was indeed a strange land where things were not as they seemed. Through Dutch and Portuguese observers the world had learned much about the daily life and customs of the people; but the secrets of government had been so well kept that the Commodore was not prepared by his preliminary studies for the trick that was played upon him. He did not expect to meet police officers masquerading as governors, provincial governors impersonating princes of the realm, or a Shogun posing as an Emperor.

It was curious that Perry did not see this possibility; for he was playing the very same game himself! He had discovered that the Japanese were more impressed by the title of Admiral than by any other honorific of the outer world, and so, in all conversations with the Japanese officials, the Commodore posed as *Admiral* Perry. Probably the Japanese were no more aware of this prevarication than Perry was of their maneuvers.

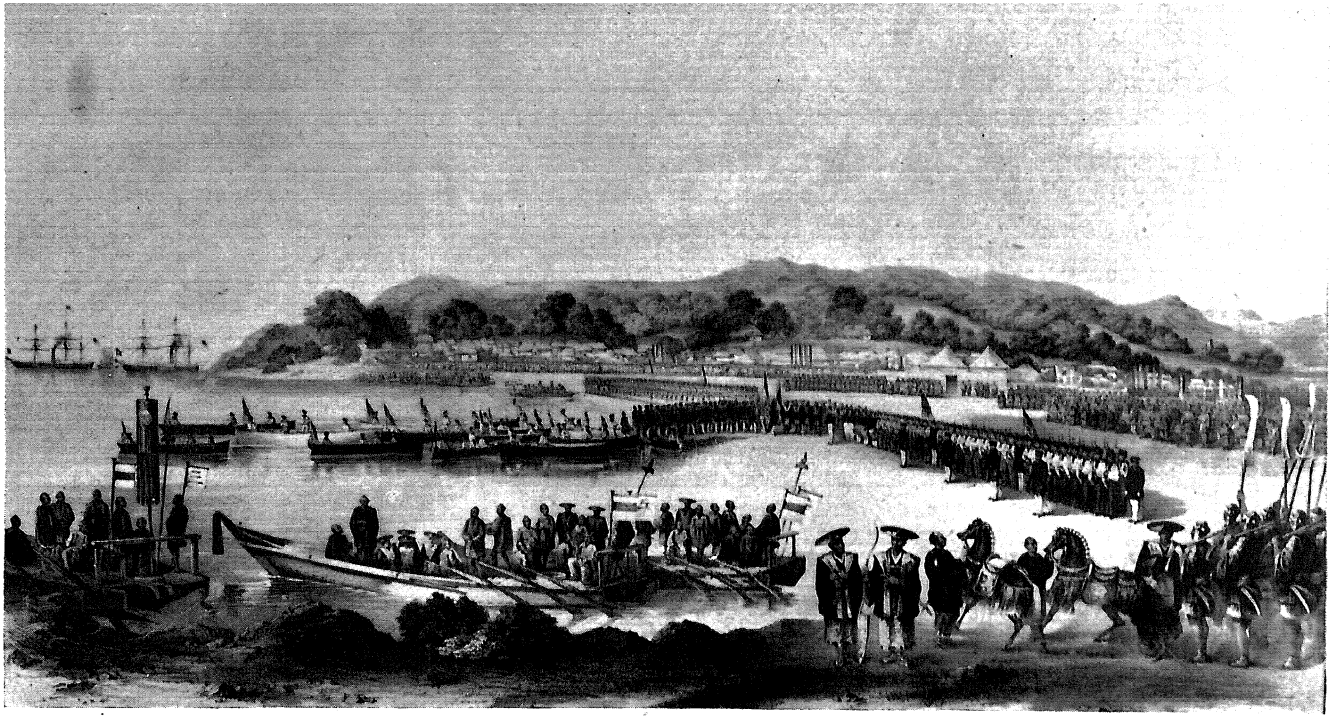
In carrying out the degrading assignment that the officials

in Tokyo had given to them, the two governors acted as if Perry were bringing the plague instead of official papers. "I got the impression that they had pursed themselves up to an attitude," Williams wrote.[3] By keeping a frigid silence they observed the letter of the law that forbade conversation with foreigners. Save for formal bows in recognition of the entrance and exit of the Commodore, they gave no sign that they were aware of the presence of the barbarians.

Kayama Yezaemon and his interpreters acted as masters of ceremony. At the upper end of the reception hall they knelt beside a scarlet lacquered box that stood between the American officials, and the Japanese interpreter was the first to speak. He seemed to prefer to work in Dutch through Portman, Perry's Dutch interpreter, rather than try to trust to the limited Japanese of Chief Interpreter Williams. The interpreter asked whether the letters were ready for delivery, and said that Prince Toda was prepared to receive them and that the scarlet box was the receptacle for them. The Commodore responded by beckoning to the two boys who stood down the hall. They quickly came forward with the handsome boxes that contained the President's letter and the other documents. Following closely, the Negroes marched up to the scarlet receptacle, took the boxes from the hands of the boy bearers, opened them, took out the letters, and, displaying the writing and seals, laid them upon the lid of the Japanese box. All this was done deftly and in complete silence.*

Accompanying the letters were translations into Chinese and Dutch. Portman, by the Commodore's direction, described the various documents to the Japanese interpreter; and in response the interpreter and Kayama Yezaemon, still kneeling, bowed their heads. Then the latter rose and approached Ido and, prostrating himself on his knees, received a roll of papers from the hands of the "Prince." Crossing over to the "Admiral" and again falling on his knees, he delivered the roll. Portman asked what the papers were. "They

* For the text of the American letters, see Appendix D and Appendix E, pp. 249–53.



THE AMERICANS LAND AT KURIHAMA. Lithograph from a sketch from life by W. Heine. Courtesy of H. Stuart Hotchkiss.

are the Imperial receipt," was the answer. The message in this document was:

"The letter of the President of the United States of North America, and copy, are hereby received and will be delivered to the Emperor.

"It has been many times intimated that business relating to foreign countries cannot be transacted here in Uraga, but at Nagasaki; nevertheless, it has been observed that the Admiral, in his quality of ambassador of the President, would feel himself insulted by a refusal to receive the letter at this place, the justice of which having been acknowledged, the above-mentioned letter is hereby received, in opposition to the Japanese laws.

"As this is not the place wherein to negotiate with foreigners, so neither can conferences nor entertainment be held. Therefore, as the letter has been received, you can depart."

There were a few minutes of silence while the "Admiral" digested this more than gentle hint. Finally Perry said that he would leave with the squadron in two or three days. He would go to the Ryukyu Islands and to Canton, and would be glad to be of service to the Japanese government if it wished to send any messages or dispatches to those places. The Commodore also let it be known that he intended to return to Japan in the coming spring, perhaps in April or May, to get Japan's answer to the questions raised in the President's letter. When the interpreters conveyed these messages, the Japanese gave close attention. They asked that the sentences be repeated. Then they wanted to know "whether the Commodore would return with all four vessels." "All of them," Perry threatened, "and probably more, as these are only a portion of the squadron." ("Four of the smaller ones," he had bluffed in his letter to the Emperor.) Here *was* a how-de-do! When could they hope to be rid of this tartar?

Allusion was made to the revolution in China, and the Japanese interpreter asked its cause. "Dissatisfaction with the government on the part of the people," was the Commodore's blunt reply. The interpreter reflected awhile and then remarked that he could not say anything to his Prince about

revolutions. Wells Williams wrote in his journal: "I thought it very malapropos to bring in such a topic." [4] Officials of the Shogunate were quaking even then. The American visitation was undermining their prestige and adding to the social pressure that finally was to erupt in the Japanese Revolution of 1868.

Even during the very moments when these stilted formalities were taking place inside the hall, the people of the two nations who stood guard outside were beginning to pass the time of day in the manner of free men. A few simple sentences were exchanged in Dutch. Offers to swap swords were made. All fraternizing on the part of the Japanese ended, however, whenever one of their officials appeared.

The ceremonies inside the hall lasted only thirty minutes. After Kayama Yezaemon had drawn the fastenings around the scarlet box, the "Admiral" was bowed out by the two "Princes," still as mum as wooden Indians. As soon as the barbarian was out of sight, they relaxed and seemed to be greatly relieved.

At the entrance of the building the Commodore and his suite had to wait for their barge a short time. Kayama, whose time had been largely occupied for five days now in efforts to keep the Americans moving, was worried by this delay and he asked some of the Americans why they were waiting. They explained the reason, and nothing further was said.

The Japanese officials kept their patience until the Americans re-formed their procession and escorted Perry to his barge. Going to the shore, the foreigners passed down a line of Japanese soldiers, some of whom were scowling and glaring. Over their shoulders the Americans tossed out familiar greetings, as "Jack, give us a chaw of tobacco!" The Japanese officers looked as if they "were perhaps thinking how agreeable a thing it would be to hold one of those Americans on the end of one of their blades, as a fork, and hack him with the other as a knife; if they only dared to try." [5]

Because of the smallness of the landing-place, which was now flanked by some sixty or seventy Japanese official boats,

there was delay in embarking all of the party. Meanwhile the Japanese soldiers crowded in; and had they tried to do so, they could have entirely hemmed in the Americans. But there was no overt act. The foreign lord was leaving the battlefield unbloodied and he had made much face.

It was the first occasion in more than two hundred years on which a foreign ambassador had been received on Japanese soil.

". . . Thus closed this eventful day," Williams wrote, "on which the key was put into the lock and a beginning made to do away with the long seclusion of this nation." [6] "It was the meeting of East and West, the circling of the world's intercourse, the beginning of American interference in Asia . . . the violation of the sanctity of Japanese soil, and to me alone, a full revenge for the unprovoked firing on the defenceless *Morrison*, which took place not over half a mile from this spot, sixteen years before." [7]

VIII

SAYONARA

During the proceedings on the shore at Kurihama, it had been touch and go between God and the devil, between the Yang and the Yin, as the Orientals would have it. The positive, friendly intent of the leaders finally had carried the day and had restrained the more sordid impulses of some of the men on both sides.

As a man of God, Wells Williams had worked valiantly to make goodwill prevail. By constant practice during the preceding five days he had grown more fluent in Japanese; and as he passed through the Japanese ranks at Kurihama he "did considerable side talking." While the Americans were slowly getting into their boats, Williams conversed with the bystanders with the same warmth of spirit that would have impelled him to be friendly after the Sunday church service with the brethren and sisters back home in New York State. He asked why the Japanese had used no music in the reception of the Americans: they answered that their music was very poor. One man wanted to know whether the women of America were white. Another asked how he could learn strategy. "Only by going abroad or letting us come here," the Chief Interpreter replied.

"This part of the interview was far the pleasantest to both parties," Williams wrote in his Journal, "and I suspect the

Japanese were sorry to see the show end so soon. . . . I invited two of them on board to see the steamer." [1]

On the return trip to Uraga the Americans took along Kayama Yezaemon, Nagashima Saburosuke, and their interpreters. These men saw the *Susquehanna's* engines in operation and asked many questions. One of the interpreters, noticing some of the Chinese deck-hands who had been shipped at Shanghai, asked with an expression of great contempt and disgust: "Is it possible that you have Chinese among your men?" Kayama was particularly curious about the revolvers in the belts of the officers; and when Buchanan obligingly fired his from the quarter-deck, his guest watched the discharge of all six barrels with astonishment and without a trace of alarm.

Nagashima, however, behaved with less dignity than Kayama, and began clowning. He "greatly amused us," Williams wrote, "by going through the manual with a gun he took off the stand, his face pursed up as if he were a valiant hero. This man is altogether the most forward, disagreeable officer we have had on board, and shows badly among the generally polite men we have hitherto had, prying round into everything and turning over all he saw. At our request the party remained on board while we steamed up to Uraga, and then bid us good-bye, having made themselves conspicuous in every part of the ship by their parti-colored dresses. Some refreshments were given them in the cabin, and they went off in good humor." [2]

Perry had not been entirely satisfied with his reception at Kurihama. Though the Japanese had made a great concession in receiving him in opposition to their laws, their conduct fell far short of the hospitality that Western nations felt they had a right to expect from one another in time of peace. The Commodore was particularly ruffled by the last sentence of the formal message from the Japanese government: ". . . as the letter has been received, you can depart." "To show these princes how little I regarded their order for me to depart," he reported to Washington, "on getting on board I immediately

ordered the whole squadron underway, not to leave the bay as they doubtless expected, but to go higher up." [3]

The Commodore paused at Uraga only long enough to drop his Japanese passengers, and then kept his course up the strait and sailed round the headland of Kamisaki and into the inner Bay of Tokyo. About ten miles from their former anchorage and a mile and a half from the western shore the ships finally dropped anchors in a small bay that had been surveyed several days before by the boats of Lieutenant Bent. Near by were two beautiful islands, wooded by scattered groves. From the shore of the mainland rose steep white cliffs festooned with vines that were rooted in the rich soil on top. Into caverns at the base of the cliffs the waters of the bay surged. White smoke curled up from a wooded headland about six miles to the north and suggested the presence of a military encampment. A mile of the shore was lined with government boats flying the usual red banners. To this historic spot the Commodore gave the name of American Anchorage.

Immediately after anchoring, Perry ordered his boats out on a surveying expedition. This caused some commotion among the Japanese craft and the shore batteries, but there was no interference. Very soon, however, an official boat darted out and dashed up alongside the flagship, and from it Kayama Yezaemon and his staff hurried up the companionway, in a state of great anxiety. The interpreter blurted out: "Why do your ships anchor here?"

Actually, Perry had explained to Kayama, when he left him at Uraga just a few hours before, that the ships would proceed up the bay to a better anchorage and that they would remain for two or three days, until they were ready to go to sea. The Japanese were reminded of that now. It was explained to them that the strait off Uraga was too rough, that the winds occasionally blew there with great force, and that when the Commodore returned the next spring, it would be necessary to have a secure mooring for many more ships.

But, the Japanese objected, the Americans had promised to leave the bay as soon as the President's letter was received.

Ah, the American officers explained, the Commodore had promised only to leave *the shore* and had distinctly stated that he intended to advance farther up the bay.

The fact was, the Japanese insisted, that the people were excited, and if the survey boats approached any closer to shore there would be trouble. The Americans must leave, and on their next visit they should go no farther than Uraga, where there was everything needed for conducting negotiations. The government was favorably disposed and would give careful consideration to the letter from the President.

Kayama was again assured that the Americans came as friends and that it was unreasonable to oppose their attempt to find a suitable anchorage. If the Japanese sailed to the United States, they were told, they would find the ports of the country open to them and they would even be allowed to go into the rich gold-fields of California. Finally Kayama concluded that there was nothing more that he could say or do, and he and his companions seemed content to abandon their efforts and to turn to the enjoyment of refreshments that were provided in the cabin. The Japanese relished the bread and ham so much that, after they had been put at ease by several draughts of whisky, they not only filled their paunches but even hoarded morsels in their sleeves. As night approached they went ashore, flushed with the hospitality of the Americans.

The next morning the Americans went on with their surveying. Three of the boats entered an inlet and went up a river that wound among picturesque villages and highly cultivated gardens. People thronged to the banks and brought drinking water and green peaches; men from the Japanese guard-boats joined the American officers in a pipe or two; and the foreigners amused their hosts by exhibiting and firing off their revolvers. But at the same time there was still an undercurrent of hostility. Motions were made as of cutting throats; and just when the men of the two nations were becoming well acquainted, a frowning official approached and beckoned away his countrymen.

The Americans were in raptures over the beauty of the landscape and the hospitality of the people, and it irked them to be restrained by the promise that they had given not to land. Curiosity was not all on the side of the Japanese. "It is truly a disappointment," Williams wrote, "to lie off so inviting a country day after day and be obliged to only spy it through the glasses and guess what this and that thing is . . . the people who come on board seem so chary of telling the name of a single place that one cannot feel confident that they tell it right when they do give it. . . .[4] I showed the map of Yedo [Tokyo] I had; they asked no questions relating to it and were disinclined to answer many. Geography seems to be a delicate subject whenever alluded to in any way." [5]

In the afternoon the Commodore transferred his pennant to the *Mississippi* and steamed toward Tokyo. The town of Kanagawa was observed, on the west shore; and beyond it Shinagawa, the port of the capital; but the low buildings of Tokyo, some ten miles away, were completely hidden behind a projecting point. About four miles beyond the spot at which the *Mississippi* put about, a spit of land was marked by a white tower that had the appearance of a lighthouse. The soundings showed that the Commodore might have gone still closer to the capital, but he felt that he had done enough to impress the authorities and that further progress might serve only to stiffen the backs of the officials against the requests made in the President's letter. There was no show of opposition to the *Mississippi*, and when Perry came back to the American Anchorage he found that Kayama Yezaemon had visited the *Susquehanna* with boxes full of presents. The more closely the Americans approached to Tokyo, apparently, the more hospitable the Japanese became.

In the absence of the Commodore, Kayama had not been permitted to go aboard the *Susquehanna* or to leave the presents. On the next morning, however, the American squadron moved to a new anchorage about half-way down to Uraga, and there the Japanese came again with their gifts: lacquered cups, embroidered silk of fine texture, and small tobacco

pipes. There were fans also, those most useful implements which served the Japanese as parasols, writing-desks, dinner-plates, and whips for servants.

Kayama was told that American laws required reciprocity in the giving of presents, and that the Commodore could not accept the gifts unless he could present a few things to the Japanese in return. At first Kayama said that Japanese law forbade this; but when he saw that the Commodore was resolute, he at last agreed to receive whatever the Americans wished to give him, with the sole exception of arms. When the American presents were brought out, however, the Japanese complained that they were of disproportionate value and that they dared take only such articles as they could conceal about their persons. But the Americans insisted that if their presents could not be received openly and with good grace, they would throw Kayama's offerings back into his boat. So finally the Japanese took off all of the Commodore's presents except three swords. "I have no doubt they kept the whole themselves," Williams commented, "concealing the transaction (as an exchange on equal terms) from their superiors." [6]

In the afternoon Kayama and his interpreters were back again, bringing a few boxes of eggs and wicker cages that contained game-fowls of bright plumage. The Japanese good-naturedly accepted presents that Perry sent out for their wives, as well as a large box of assorted American seeds and some cases of wine. They lost no time in doing justice to the wine; and after farewells had been drunk in champagne, Kayama professed deep affection for his American friends and said that he would not be able to restrain his tears when they departed. The interpreters were less bibulous. In a confidential mood, they showed a memorandum in Dutch to the effect that a duplicate of the President's letter which had been sent through Nagasaki had been received and they whispered that the Americans had a very fair chance of getting a satisfactory answer to the President's letter. When Buchanan remarked that the Commodore intended to leave the Bay of Tokyo on the next day, the chief interpreter put down his

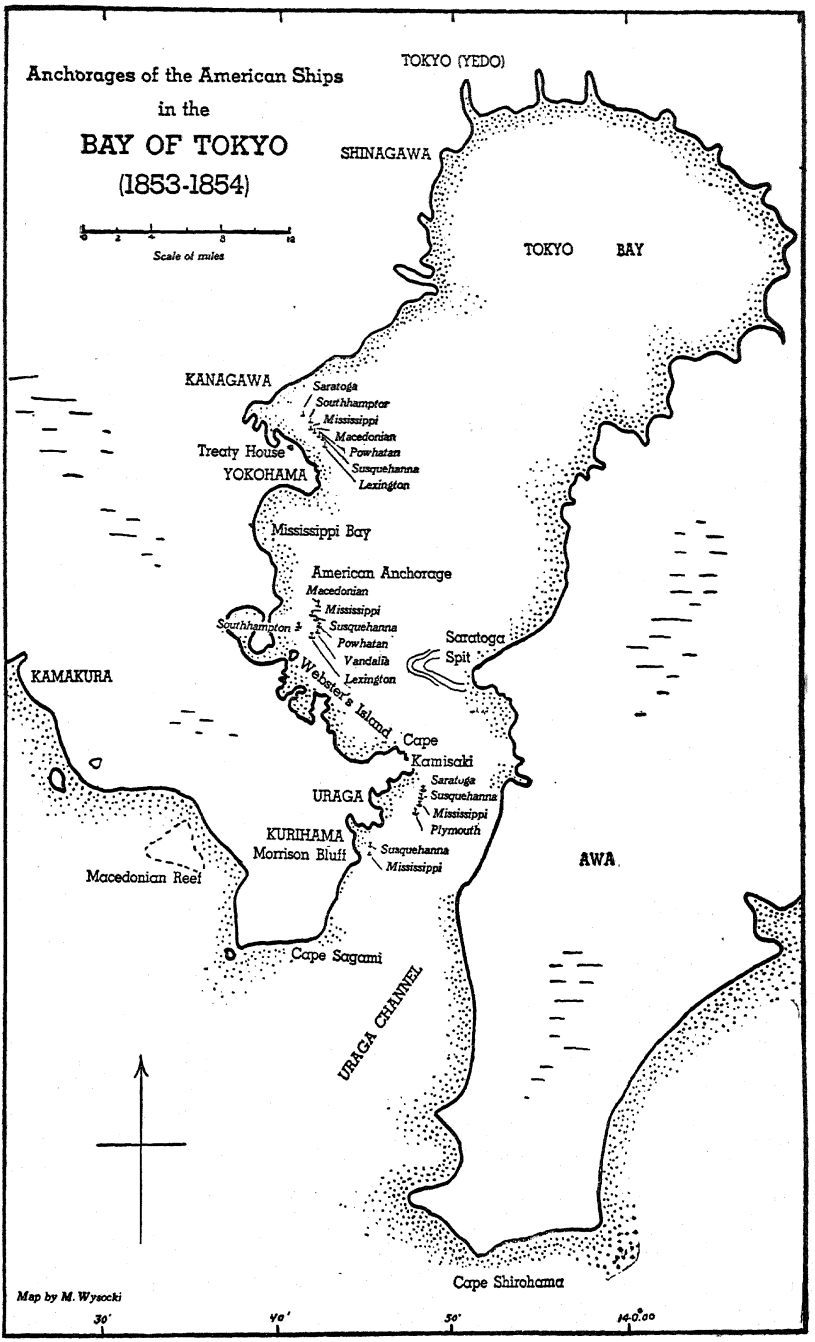
glass and was all business. Please put that in writing, he asked. But Buchanan proudly refused to respond to this implication of doubt in his word.

Now came the hour for parting. The Japanese thanked their hosts most courteously for the treatment that they had received. With profuse *sayonaras*, they shook hands with each of the officers and went bowing and smiling over the side of the ship into their boats. No sooner were they seated on their mats than a case of wine was opened, and Kayama took a bottle and knocked off its neck. He soon disappeared round a promontory, drinking the health of his American friends.

The Americans had kept this efficient liaison officer constantly on the run during their eight days in the Bay of Tokyo. He had been aboard the *Susquehanna* at least once each day. To his genius for diplomacy the Commodore's success had been in large measure due. Williams jotted down this tribute to Kayama Yezaemon: "In all his conduct he has shown great propriety, apparently never getting out of humor, and exhibiting no hauteur or acerbity toward his inferiors; listening to whatever was told him with courtesy, whatever its purport." [7] His services were appreciated by his own people also; for his interpreters had whispered to the Americans that he would be rewarded by promotion.

When the Japanese had gone, the Commodore emerged from the seclusion in which he had kept himself whenever guests were aboard, and made plans for departure on the morrow. In the morning the two frigates steamed down to a new anchorage, but the wind was light and baffling and the sailing ships did not arrive from the American Anchorage until evening. One of them had drifted afoul of the other and had carried away a flying jibboom.

On the following morning (Sunday, July 17) the steamers took the sloops in tow and without a yard of canvas set, moved rapidly toward the open sea. The ships were carefully spaced, so that from the shore they seemed equidistant from one another and in regular line. The curiosity of the Japanese had not yet been satiated: thousands of soldiers and civilians


Anchorages of the American Ships
in the
BAY OF TOKYO
(1853-1854)
Scale of miles
TOKYO (YEDO)
SHINAGAWA
TOKYO BAY
KANAGAWA
Saratoga
Southhampton
Mississippi
Macedonian
Powhatan
Susquehanna
Lexington
Treaty House
YOKOHAMA
Mississippi Bay
American Anchorage
Macedonian
Mississippi
Susquehanna
Powhatan
Vandalia
Lexington
Southhampton
Saratoga
Spit
KAMAKURA
Webster's Island
Cape
Kamisaki
URAGA
Saratoga
Susquehanna
Mississippi
Plymouth
KURIHAMA
Morrison Bluff
Susquehanna
Mississippi
AWA
Macedonian Reef
Cape Sagami
URAGA CHANNEL
Cape Shirohama
Map by M. Wysocki
30'
40'
50'
140°00

flocked to the shores, and hundreds of boats put out into the strait to get a closer view of the naval procession.

The ships stood well out from Uraga and went down the strait about three miles from the verdant and gentle slopes of the opposite shore. Contrasting with the wild and rugged mountains in the distance, the landscape in the foreground inspired Taylor to write: "outside of England there is nothing so green, so garden-like, so full of tranquil beauty." [8] By noon the squadron was opposite Cape Shirohama. Looking back toward the west, the Americans caught a glimpse of Fuji through rifts in a pile of fleecy clouds. To the south the bold, convex outline of Oshima appeared, but its summit was lost in the overcast. One by one, other islands came into view as the ships turned southward. Vulcan was conspicuous, with its volcanic summit and its slopes of cooled lava; and Japan's penal island was barely seen at dusk. To the Americans these offshore islands seemed grand and imposing. Their sides were scarred with lava and rose precipitously into cones; and their shores were surrounded with jutting rocks and offered few landing-places. In contrast with the barrenness of some of the landscapes, other islands were richly mantled with green vegetation. "I counted eight islands around us at one time," Taylor wrote, "some bold and strongly defined . . . others distant, blue, and floating in a vapory atmosphere, like the phantoms of islands. . . ." [9]

As the Americans left Japan behind and gained perspective upon their eight days in the Bay of Tokyo, certain definite achievements stood out like the mountain peaks. Commodore Perry had gained for the United States several advantages that had previously been denied to other nations. He had navigated in the Bay of Tokyo without hindrance from the Japanese guard-boats, which had hitherto always surrounded foreign ships and confined their movements. He had opened diplomatic relations with officials of Japan on a basis of equality and mutual respect and, as a symbol of this achievement, had succeeded in making the Japanese accept presents of a value at least as great as that of the gifts received from

them. And in addition to these triumphs in diplomacy the Commodore had proved that it was practical for large vessels to sail very near to Tokyo and he had gathered data for charts that would facilitate navigation in the bay.

Moreover, all of these results had been brought about without loss of life or property. Through the tactful mediation of Buchanan, Contee, and the other officers and the wise choice of words by Williams, Portman, and their assistants, the negotiations with the Japanese spokesmen had been conducted with precision and courtesy; and in spite of differences in policy, personal relationships with individual Japanese had been established on a level of friendship and understanding.

Bayard Taylor, who had made light of the purpose and policies of the expedition when he had joined it in Shanghai, now wrote: "The universal feeling on board was one of honest pride and exultation. Knowing the cunning and duplicity of the people with whom we had to deal, it was a satisfaction to find all their arts of diplomacy completely shattered by the simple, straight-forward, resolute course adopted by Commodore Perry. Nothing could have been better managed from first to last." [10] ". . . The final success of the expedition was owing to no fortunate combination of circumstances, but wholly to the prudent and sagacious plan prearranged by its Commander." [11]

In reporting to Washington on his first visit to Japan, the Commodore again expressed his faith in the policy that he had followed from the beginning and that had now proved effective. "It is very certain," he wrote, "that the Japanese can be brought to reason only through the influence of their fears, and when they find that their seacoast is entirely at the mercy of a strong naval force they will be induced, I confidently hope, to concede all that will be asked of them." [12] Again Washington was alarmed, and the Secretary of the Navy replied, too late to reach the expedition before its return to Japan the next year: "The President . . . desires to impress you with his conviction that the great end should be attained, not only with credit to the United States, but with-

out wrong to Japan. I need not remind you that your mission is one of peaceful negotiation, and that . . . no violence should be resorted to except for defence . . . as Congress alone has the power to declare war, too much prudence cannot be exercised." [13]

But the rays of enlightenment that had been generated on the shores of the Bay of Tokyo did not penetrate far. Prejudice and superstition still held sway in the interior. When it became clear that Perry was ready to leave Japan, the Imperial court at Kyoto invoked the sun-goddess and other gods to whip up the Kamikaze—the divine wind—so that the invaders might be dispersed even as the Mongol ships had been scattered centuries before.

The prestige of the ancient gods was greatly enhanced by the fact that a typhoon from the east struck the squadron on its third day out. The day before, the sea was rough enough to threaten to part the towing-hawsers, and so the sloops were cast off. The *Saratoga* was signaled to make the best of her way to Shanghai; and the *Plymouth* was ordered to proceed to the destination of the two frigates—Naha. By noon of July 20 the gale was so severe that topgallant masts were sent down, topmasts housed, and storm-sails bent. The frigates scudded along with only the trysails set. At three o'clock the *Mississippi* pitched away her head-sounding-spars and sprung her bowsprit; and later the captain's gig and another boat were washed overboard. The *Susquehanna* also lost her sounding-spars, and in addition her fore and main trysail gaffs; and she rolled heavily enough to expose her bottom down to the keelson. At night the seas piled up still higher. Having burned out a large part of their coal, the steamers rolled deeply and heavily. To hold it in place, the large pivot-gun on the poop of the flagship was so secured with lashings and bindings that it looked like a cast-iron babe in swaddling bands. For the men of letters, life became miserable. Williams, in his cabin over the rudder, "was so seasick as to be unable to do any work." He "could get little comfort from Mr. Taylor who was, if anything, rather worse." [14]

By July 23 the gale had moderated though the barometer still continued low. The ships hoped to make port at Naha on the evening of the next day, but when they reached the southern end of Okinawa the weather was so thick that the Commodore cautiously bore away to the south and west. On the morning of the 25th the ships got up steam early and ran into Naha harbor. The precaution of delaying the entry overnight had led to the consumption of a quantity of coal worth $500. According to Williams, Perry was "almost the only one in favor of it. However, none under him had the responsibility." [15]

The Americans had hoped that at Naha they would find the steam frigate *Powhatan*, which had just come out to China. But only the *Supply* was in the harbor, rolling like a log in the swell left by the storm.

IX

RETURN TO BASE

Several considerations had influenced Perry's decision to depart from Japan promptly and to set the following spring as the time for receiving an answer to the President's letter. The squadron had provisions and water for only a month. Kayama Yezaemon had frequently explained that his government always was slow in deciding upon matters of foreign policy, and the Commodore foresaw that, if he demanded an immediate reply, the Japanese might put him off until it would be necessary to leave without an answer and with great loss of face. Also, the Commodore knew that his few ships would be needed in China for some months to make American interests secure. Moreover, all of the presents provided for the Emperor had not yet arrived from the United States, nor had the ships come that were to reinforce the squadron. Taking all of these things into account, it seemed wise to visit China now and to plan to return to Japan the next spring.

Before going on to the China coast, the Commodore felt it necessary to strengthen his position at Naha. During his absence the supply of provisions from the shore to the Americans anchored in the harbor had been kept up and payments had been accepted. Emboldened by the success of his diplomacy thus far, the Commodore now pressed the officials of Okinawa for more concessions. He demanded that arrange-

ments be made for the storage of American coal on the shore at Naha, and that Americans be allowed to trade freely in the markets and to go about without being shadowed by spies.

The Commodore found, however, that the Ryukyu officials had lost none of their ability to use the only weapons available to them—delay and equivocation. When Captain Adams and Williams went ashore to lay the demands before the Mayor of Naha, they were politely referred to the Regent. Accordingly, arrangements were made for an interview between the Regent and the Commodore, to take place at Naha on the second day.

When Perry landed, he was taken to a building on the main street, about a quarter-mile from the shore. The Regent received him at the door and conducted him to a table that had been set for a feast. After tea had been served, the Regent expressed the hope that the Commodore had returned in good health and invited him to enjoy some food while waiting for a reply to his demands. Old Matt, however, had no intention of waiting. Americans preferred business first and refreshments afterward, he said. The requests made were fair and simple, and he was dissatisfied with any delay in the granting of them. He was now on friendly terms with the Japanese, and hoped to be friendly with the people of the Ryukyus also. Americans were persons of few words, but they always meant what they said.

After Williams, at the Commodore's request, had related the experiences of the expedition in Japan, and at the end of seven courses of soup, the written reply of the Regent was brought in and presented by him to Perry, with a show of submission and humility. The island was small and poor and its products few, the Regent pleaded. Dr. Bettelheim's presence had provoked much trouble in the past, and the erection of a shed for coal might lead to more difficulties in the future. If the citizens chose to shut their shops and markets when the foreigners approached, the officials could not interfere. As for the men whom the Americans imagined to be spies, they were merely officers who had been appointed to guide the

visitors and to protect them from annoyance by the people. However, since the Americans had not found them to be of service, they would be ordered to cease their efforts to be helpful.

The Commodore would not listen, and ordered that the reply be returned to the Regent. The United States was asking for no more than was granted them by other countries, he explained. The Americans had traveled all over the island and knew that the soil was rich, the people thrifty, and supplies of all sorts abundant. Since they paid for everything that they received, their presence was an advantage to the people in that it offered them a good market for their produce. The islanders should be satisfied, by this time, that there was no intent to injure them; and if they persisted in their spying tactics, the Commodore could not answer for the consequences.

The Regent in his turn ventured to say that there were several difficult points in the American demands, and that he and his advisers had deliberated long and carefully before writing their reply; and he then tried to come forward and again present the document that Perry had read and rejected. At this the Commodore rose to leave, declaring that if he did not get a satisfactory answer to all his demands by noon of the next day, he would land two hundred men, march to Shuri, take possession of the palace there, and hold it until the matter was settled. The Regent escorted him to the gate, and he went aboard the flagship to await a reply.

Perry was bluffing now. He did not expect to use force, and his government probably would not have supported him in the use of violence upon such slight provocation. But the Commodore thought that a threat of force would be enough to gain his point. To make his ultimatum the more convincing, he sent Adams and Buchanan ashore to press the Mayor of Naha for categorical replies to the American demands. At the same time he made another move that may well have spurred the officials to a favorable decision. He dispatched his carpenter to look over the regal sedan chair in which Perry had been

carried to Shuri a month before. The chair had been left in the building on the shore that the Americans had taken over; and when the bystanders saw the carpenter enter the building and examine the chair, word undoubtedly was carried rapidly to the Mayor.

The Mayor assured Captain Adams that a definite answer would be given on the next day; and on the following morning he came aboard the flagship to report that all of the American proposals were accepted and would be carried out as far as the people could be controlled. But there were trivial objections still. The severe typhoons might sweep away the coal depot, and if they did not, the natives probably would steal the coal. These excuses were cut short when the Commodore announced that the government would be held responsible for every lump of the precious fuel. As for access to the markets of Naha, it was objected that the women of the city did not want to do business with strangers; and so a compromise was made and a special bazaar was set up for the sale of such goods as the Americans might desire. The bazaar was opened on the morning on which the squadron sailed for China; and the merchants of Naha soon proved themselves as human as their patrons by supplying what was demanded and by charging all that the traffic would bear.

Taylor became convinced that the ignorance of money which the islanders had professed was feigned and merely one of the disguises of what he called their "marvelous cunning." He found, too, that their history proved that they were not so ignorant of war as their innocence and present lack of weapons would suggest. There once had been three kingdoms on Okinawa: the central, the northern, and the southern. After civil wars, the last two were absorbed by the first. The palace of the present Regent at Shuri had been the stronghold of the central kingdom; and the ruins of the fortress of the northern kingdom had been discovered by Taylor on his exploring trip in June. To locate the castle of the southern kingdom, Perry now sent out Taylor and other officers. They finally discovered the ruins of a fortress about four miles southeast of

Naha, on the summit of a precipitous cliff that commanded a view of an extensive and beautiful landscape. The place was called by the natives Timagusku. It had been so despoiled that only two gateways stood intact above the deserted ruins.

An incident recorded by Taylor shows that the officials of Naha did not immediately make good their offer to call off their spies.

"A number of us went ashore the day after the concessions were made, to test their good faith. We entered Naha, and set out for the market-place, keeping a good watch to see whether any spies were lurking about. . . . We had scarcely reached the middle of the square, when the crowd began to scatter as if a bomb-shell had fallen among them. The superannuated old women who could not get out of the way, crouched behind their umbrellas, and if we approached them, turned their heads aside or stuck them under their arms, that they might not see us. Except by them, and a few men of the lowest class, the place was soon deserted. We looked in all directions for the source of this dispersion, and at last caught a glimpse of the head of a spy, peeping cautiously around a corner. We instantly gave chase, but he escaped us. Wherever we went, we saw them dodging us in the distance, and if we turned on our steps and followed them, they took to their heels. But there was one—an ill-favored, one-eyed gentleman in a robe of yellow grass-cloth—who persisted in keeping close to us. At last a spirited midshipman started in chase of him. Away they raced through the pork market, the people scattering on both sides before them, yet looking on with evident amusement. The one-eyed gentleman spread his robes on the wind, but the midshipman gained on him, and finally grasping him by the back of the neck, gave him a shaking that made his remaining eye quiver in its socket. He did not return, and we had the satisfaction of purchasing some cucumbers in the market." [1]

By August 1, the day set for Perry's departure, the government had erected a frame for a coal-shed which was to be rented to the United States for ten dollars a month. The building had a capacity of five hundred tons, but was later enlarged by the addition of two wings. To oversee this storage depot and to maintain the relations with the shore that had been established, the *Plymouth* was left at Naha in charge of Commander Kelly. In accordance with orders from the Commodore, this ship during the fall months explored the entire

coast of Okinawa. A survey was completed that corrected errors in the work of earlier English and French surveyors. Kelly also made a voyage to the Bonins, where the southern group of islands were formally claimed for the United States under the name of Coffin, the American whaling captain who discovered them. A plate inscribed with the claim was affixed to a sycamore tree, and official documents were buried in a bottle. During the *Plymouth's* visit to the Bonins, the Japan expedition suffered its greatest casualty, when a lieutenant and fourteen men who were fishing off Peel Island in one of the ship's boats were lost in a sudden typhoon.

During his stay at Naha, Perry gave evidence that the intense strain of the negotiations in Japan and the buffeting of the storm that had struck him on the run to Naha had worn upon his nerves. Perhaps also his haste to be on his way to China had made him treat the officials of Okinawa with even less restraint than on the occasion of his first visit. To Washington the Commodore proposed a startling solution of his difficulties: he suggested that the United States seize both the Ryukyus and the Bonins, fortify them, and use them as a base for an ultimatum to Japan. As naval strategy, this plan forecasted the one that proved effective in 1945; but as diplomatic policy in time of peace, it was unacceptable to Washington. By direction of the President, the Secretary of the Navy explicitly warned Perry against carrying out this aggressive proposal and urged that peace should be the first consideration in dealings with Japan. That put an end to all talk of annexation, though Perry continued to advocate peaceful colonization of the Ryukyus by Americans.

Much as he had been thwarted and annoyed by what he considered to be Oriental obstructionism, however, the Commodore could look back upon his week in Naha as fruitful of results. Trading with foreigners actually had been authorized by the authorities, in contradiction of the fundamental law of the land. Moreover, the people seemed to be more reconciled to the presence of the Americans though the spies were hardly less annoying.

Toward evening of the first day out of Naha, the Americans made out a sail in the distance and soon they saw red flashes from the hull. It was the sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, only five months out of Philadelphia. She had recognized the Commodore's broad pennant on the *Susquehanna* and was saluting. Excited by this contact with home, everyone tumbled up from below, even the sick, and the decks swarmed with officers and men. The *Vandalia* laid to, under canvas, while the flagship ran up to her and orders were given to Captain Pope to put about and follow the steamers to Hong Kong.

The Commodore made port on August 7. The typhoon season was approaching, the ships required overhauling, and the men needed relaxation. Within a week Wells Williams had resumed the management of his printing-office and was writing: "I'm as humdrum and commonplace now as though there were no Japan expedition or incompetent interpreter to recall his part in it." [2]

The squadron had not been long at Hong Kong before a petition came from the merchants of Canton for protection of their lives and property, which they thought endangered by a threat of revolution. The Commodore immediately pledged aid. The *Mississippi* already had been sent to patrol the river approach to Canton, but her deep draught prevented her from going farther and so the storeship *Supply* was ordered to anchor opposite the city, and her armament was supplemented by a howitzer and a detachment of marines from the frigate.

*

X

BETWEEN THE ACTS

CUM-SING-MOON, AN OPIUM DEPOT THAT LAY BETWEEN HONG Kong and Macao, was chosen as the rendezvous for the squadron. At that time it was considered more healthful than the other ports in the neighborhood; and it offered safe and commodious anchorage and good communications with the neighboring towns.

At the new station morale was kept up by a series of performances by the *Mississippi's* amateur dramatic company, beginning with dramas called *Luke the Labourer* and *Hasher the Crasher*. For the most serious medical cases a hospital was set up in Macao: twenty patients and the Commodore's band were billeted downstairs; and upstairs the surgeons and artists had quarters. Of these men the officers of the ships anchored at Cum-sing-moon were jealous. They compared the charms of Macao with the "wretched village near them,—a paradise for sailors who love rum and women." [1]

Once on shore at Macao, Perry found more time for correspondence. Regarding the gifts that the Japanese had brought out to his flagship in July and that he had forwarded to Washington, he wrote to the President: "I am aware that these are not, by any means, the best specimens of the work of the Japanese. With their usual duplicity they have, doubtless, kept back their finer products, but I trust that on the

occasion of my next visit I shall be successful in obtaining something more worthy of your acceptance." [2]

To the Navy Department the Commodore sent a full report on the condition of his ships and his men. The *Susquehanna* and *Powhatan*, though badly in need of overhauling, could "by nursing" be made serviceable for one more visit to Japan. "The defects of these ships," he wrote, "have originated in defective original plans and in unfaithful work by the contractors." [3] He reported the old *Mississippi*, a ship in whose designing he had had a hand, to be in splendid shape. She was his pet: "I have myself steamed 30,000 miles in her." About the vessels that had been promised but never delivered, the Commodore was philosophical: "However I may regret the causes which have made it necessary to withdraw [two ships] . . . from my command, it is my duty to do the best I can with the means placed at my disposal." [4]

More worrisome than the deficiency of good ships, however, was a shortage of officers. The *Vandalia* had sailed from the United States without a single midshipman; all of her lieutenants were sick at one time and the deck was left in charge of a master's mate. Of the thirty-six lieutenants in the squadron, Perry had already lost five through sickness or death or resignation; and he was to lose four others soon. Of those remaining, many had lost their keenness. The men on the *Plymouth* and the *Saratoga* had been overseas for more than three years without relief and had had enough; and the Commodore was forced to use the extraordinary power granted to him by the Navy Department to hold seamen at the end of their terms of enlistment. Perhaps the greatest blow was the resignation of Lieutenant Contee, who had been an efficient go-between in the diplomatic negotiations off Uraga. He was fed up. His letter of resignation reminded his superiors that "a shattered constitution, impaired health, and a lieutenancy are the fruits of twenty-one years of naval life, so much for the rest." [5]

In the absence of action, the Commodore fretted about the things that might happen to interfere with his mission before

he could complete it. He labored under the delusion of "the indispensable man," but felt his position insecure. To ward off any action in Washington that might possibly interrupt his progress, he wrote: "I trust that there will be no change in my instructions that will divert me from this great object of my life." [6] And, after referring to Webster's mandate and to the confidence that the former administration had placed in him as *the* man to carry through the enterprise, he reminded the Secretary of the Navy that "the free and uncontrolled command of my whole force is absolutely necessary to secure anything like success. A pursuance of the rules of ordinary diplomacy cannot have the least effect upon these sagacious and deceitful people." [7]

Perry's personnel problems were aggravated when an epidemic developed in Macao. "We have at this time much sickness," the Commodore reported, "causing within a few days several deaths, . . . and it is highly necessary that the officers and men, at this most sickly of all seasons, should not be unnecessarily exposed." The last clause was thrown in to forestall any attempt by consular officials to send ships to North China to protect commercial interests. With this in view, the Commodore continued: "I am inclined to think that the reports of the dangers to which the life and property of foreigners are exposed in China are greatly exaggerated . . . there has not been an instance of the molestation of foreigners or their property . . . in China they [the consuls] belong to leading houses. . . . The most profitable branch of trade carried on by many of the Americans, English and other foreigners is of a clandestine character in violation of the laws of China and the stipulations of the Cushing Treaty." [8] To protect shady business from dangers that he thought imaginary was no concern of Commodore Perry.

During the voyage to Japan the Commodore had worked with little regard for his own health. He would go to bed soon after dinner and get up at one in the morning, awaken his son, and dictate his meticulous reports. At Macao he felt the reaction to the long strain. He was prostrated by his chronic

rheumatism, with complications; but still his determination to carry through his mission did not waver and he found energy to think constructively about the future and to write with foresight to the Secretary of the Navy:

Macao Decr 8th 1853

Sir

It was understood when I was first ordered to the command of the Japan expedition nearly two years ago, that after having accomplished all that possibly could be done at this time, I should be ordered home. . . . I am desirous of returning home the moment I find that nothing more can be done by me in the Japan Mission. Though even at a sacrifice of health, I would desire to remain in command until the experiment is fairly tested. My next visit to Yedo Bay will doubtless determine the matter and in case of a successful issue I might necessarily be retained to settle preliminaries.

I therefore most respectfully solicit orders *to return home, when I find I can do so without detriment to the public interest either by sea in the* Mississippi *or overland* at my option. *The Department may rest assured, that I shall exercise the discretion, if granted to me, with all proper consideration and regard for the public good.*

My cruises in command of squadrons upon the deleterious coasts of Africa and the Gulf of Mexico following close upon each other and the still more trying climate of this station have greatly impaired my health, (I am now writing from a sick room) and when it is considered that I have already seen more service than any other Captain in the Navy, and to which if I survive—another year or more will be added during the present cruise, I conceive that I have some claims upon the Department for indulgence not indeed to wait the long deferred arrival of a successor, but to leave for home, when I think I can do so with propriety, and to place the remaining four ships, Macedonian, Powhatan, Vandalia, & Lexington *in charge of Capt Abbot [of the* Macedonian*] next in seniority, and one every way qualified to discharge the duties until a new commander-in-chief may arrive overland to assume the chief command. . . .*

With such conditional orders as I solicit and which would be in accordance with the intentions of the Government in appointing me to the Command, I could prosecute my duties with renewed zeal.

I have the Honor to be
Most Respectfully
Your Ob^t Ser^t
(Signed) M. C. PERRY [9]

After his recovery Perry found Macao an agreeable place of residence, and the social life charming. In the evenings the men of the squadron came ashore to stroll on the plaza, watch the bay sparkle in the moonlight, listen to the ships' bands, and perhaps flirt with the dark-eyed daughters of a decadent Portuguese aristocracy.

Bayard Taylor, who left the squadron early in September to sail for New York and the life to which, as he had written to his mother, he was accustomed and which he missed, was enchanted by Macao, preferring it to any other place in China; "useless and worn out as it seems, with its commerce destroyed, its palaces vacant, its grandees beggared, and its importance as a foothold of civilization totally gone, there is a mournful charm in the silence of its grass-grown streets, and the memory of its former power and opulence still clothes it with a shadowy dignity." [10]

As a naval headquarters, however, the Commodore decided that he preferred Hong Kong, where the anchorage was more protected, the port was easier to defend in case of attack, and better accommodations were available for supplying and fitting ships. There had once been an American naval station at Hong Kong, but when a break with Great Britain over the Oregon claims seemed likely, the station had been removed. Now Perry recommended to the Secretary of the Navy that it be re-established, and took steps to this end by obtaining depots for coal and other supplies at Hong Kong and by ordering storeships to discharge their freight there.

No sooner had Perry put his own house in order than the success of his mission was jeopardized by new threats of competition. Both France and Russia had made previous efforts to open relations with Japan. Now it seemed that they were using the wedge just driven by Perry to facilitate their own entry. On September 26 the Commodore wrote to Washington: "I learn indirectly that the French government contemplates sending a force to Japan, and yet I can hardly believe it to be true, as it would be unfair to intermeddle just at this time." [11] But toward the end of November Perry's suspicions

were aroused when a French frigate lying at Macao suddenly put to sea under sealed orders that had just arrived in the mail from Europe.

At about the same time the Commodore learned that a Russian squadron had put in at Shanghai from Nagasaki. This fleet had sailed to Japan from Hong Kong in July, leaving directions that its mail should be forwarded to the same address as Commodore Perry's. From this the Americans inferred that the Russian admiral had intended to attach himself to their squadron or to follow and watch their movements. Before leaving Hong Kong the admiral had hinted that the governments of the United States and Russia had reached an understanding and were both informed about his plans. "All this seems very strange, if true," Bayard Taylor had reported to the *Tribune*, "and if not true, stranger still." [12] And although the Commodore had received from Washington an order to establish "the most friendly communication," should he fall in with the Russian fleet, he could see "no reason or propriety" in the "interference" of the Russians.

Before setting out for Japan in May, Perry had suspected that the Russians might move in the same direction, and he had taken precautions to circumvent them; but the curious consular system of the times had upset his well-laid plans. The Commodore had collected all the coal on which he could lay hands and had placed it in the United States Naval Stores at Shanghai in charge of a storekeeper named Amory. This man was under strict orders to allow *no one* to take any coal without a written order from Perry. After the American squadron left, however, the Russian admiral begged for a loan of twenty tons. He naturally asked for this through his government's agent at Shanghai; and it happened that the agent was none other than the American vice-consul. The latter, trying to be fair to both clients, told Amory to let the Russians borrow the small quantity that they requested. Amory at first refused, but finally yielded to the pressure of higher rank. This helped the Russian fleet to reach Nagasaki, in spite of Perry's plan to restrict their movements.

When the Commodore returned to China and heard of the loan of coal, he was furious. He wrote a full report of the incident to the Secretary of the Navy and remarked that "the practice of allowing United States Consuls to act for other powers is fraught with much evil." He reprimanded Amory severely, and explained to the Secretary of the Navy that he would have dismissed the storekeeper "were it not that such a measure would be ascribed to the act of lending coal to the Russian Admiral, and thus give umbrage to that officer and to his government." [13] Having written this very frank confession, he marked the letter "confidential." Previously he had explained to the Secretary that all reports so marked were to be kept out of the public records, where they would be open to scrutiny by Congress. For the records, to provide a rational and harmless answer to anyone who might inquire into the matter, he wrote this to the Secretary:

"the English, French, and Russians are entirely without supplies [of coal]; and it has fallen to me even to give access to our stock to the English admiral. . . . The French and Russians have, at present, no means of returning what they receive; and consequently I shall spare them no more, as I am obliged to husband my stock with the greatest care and economy. Every article in Her Majesty's naval stores here has been placed at my disposal; but I have only drawn some lime-juice, to be used for sanitary purposes." [14]

Actually, four Russian men-of-war, stoked with precious American coal, had entered the harbor at Nagasaki, had there delivered a dispatch from the Foreign Minister of Russia, and had remained in the port during September. Two Japanese commissioners had come from Tokyo to treat with the visitors. There had been much entertaining and palavering, but no concession to the Russian request for the opening of one or two ports to their vessels. The Japanese had explained that the Shogun had died and that no foreign business could be transacted within the following year, which would be allotted to mourning. After trying unsuccessfully to persuade the Dutch to join them in using violence to enforce their demands, the Russians had returned to Shanghai. There they made two re-

quests of Perry: they asked for eighty tons of coal; and they expressed a wish to join the American force and to enter into full co-operation with the Commodore. Both pleas were promptly denied by Perry. This was *his* show!

The Commodore never did trust Russian policy in the Pacific. In choosing an interpreter for his expedition the year before, he had not taken on von Siebold, the renowned Dutch authority on Japan, partly because that scholar was *persona non grata* to the Japanese, but largely because he suspected that von Siebold might pass along confidential intelligence to the Russians. And three years later, in a paper read before a learned society in the United States, Perry fully expressed his feelings about American-Russian rivalry:

". . . it seems to me that the people of America will, in some form or other, extend their dominion and their power, until they shall have . . . placed the Saxon race upon the eastern shores of Asia. And I think too that eastward and southward will her great rival in future aggrandizement (Russia) stretch forth her power to the coasts of China and Siam: and thus the Saxon and the Cossack will meet. . . . Will it be in friendship? I fear not! The antagonistic exponents of freedom and absolutism must thus meet at last, and then will be fought the mighty battle on which the world will look with breathless interest; for on its issue will depend the freedom or the slavery of the world. . . . I think I see in the distance the giants that are growing up for that fierce and final encounter; in the progress of events that battle must sooner or later be fought." [15]

Suspicion of the movements of the Russians and the French led the Commodore to hasten his departure for Japan, even in the face of reports of the prevalence of fog and storms off the Japanese coast in mid-winter. To replace the warships that he was forced to withdraw from patrol duty at Canton, he hired and armed a small steamboat to protect the American merchants in his absence. This vessel was manned by officers and men from the various ships of the squadron, the loss of personnel being balanced to some degree by the arrival of the storeship *Lexington* from the United States. Perry now had the greatest force that he could hope to muster, though his squadron still fell short of the twelve vessels that origi-

nally had been contemplated. Under his command were almost a fourth of the personnel of the Navy. He was in haste to be off, lest he lose any of his carefully hoarded power.

On January 14, 1854, the *Susquehanna, Mississippi,* and *Powhatan* (a steam frigate that had arrived from America in August) were ready to weigh anchor and take in tow the storeships *Lexington* and *Southampton.* The *Plymouth* and the *Saratoga* were at Shanghai, and the latter had orders to join the squadron at Naha as soon as she had shipped certain Parisian presents for the Emperor which were being carried to Shanghai by an English mail steamer. The *Supply* and the *Macedonian*—a corvette that had recently come from the United States—already had been dispatched to join the *Vandalia* at Naha, where they were to await the three steam frigates.

To keep these ten ships in his squadron had required the use of all the influence that Perry had won at Washington by his initial success in Japan. On December 26, United States Commissioner Marshall had asked for a steamer to take him to Shanghai to add strength to protests that he intended to make against infractions of the Chinese-American treaty. The Commodore replied that in his opinion the presence of a sloop-of-war would give ample protection to American interests; and on December 30 the *Plymouth* sailed to relieve the *Saratoga* at Shanghai so that the latter could proceed to Naha. After Marshall had asked Perry to reconsider, and even had gone so far as to advise the Commodore how to plan his ship movements so that a visit to Shanghai could be managed, Old Matt blew off steam to the Secretary of the Navy, being careful to document his protest with duplicate copies of his correspondence with Marshall. "At the very moment of final arrangements for my departure upon service especially assigned me," Perry wrote, ". . . I am a second time . . . earnestly called upon to divert one of the steamers from her destination to carry Mr. Marshall to Shanghai (from which place he has but recently arrived) and there to wait a few days, during which time no possible good could be rendered." [16]

At the same time Marshall was furrowing brows in the State Department by writing that if the government continued to pursue a policy of appointing naval diplomats, civil officers could only become their assistants.

The Commodore's feeling about interference from Washington was expressed in a letter to Williams, who had consented to serve again as Chief Interpreter: "The truth is if they do not hamper me with new instructions I shall get along the better." [17] In general, the administration was inclined to grant him wide powers of discretion. But on the very day and at the precise hour of Perry's departure from Hong Kong a disconcerting order was delivered from a steamer that had just arrived with the overland mail. This communication from the Secretary of the Navy directed that one of the steam frigates be "immediately" dispatched to Macao, there to await the orders of R. M. McLane, who was being sent to that port to take over the post of United States Commissioner to China. As insurance against a breakdown of negotiations with Japan, McLane was given a copy of the instructions to the Japan expedition and was empowered to make a commercial arrangement with the Japanese government if Perry should fail. But this was not mentioned to Old Matt. To him the Secretary wrote a most tactful letter. First it flattered: "The mission in which you are engaged has attracted much admiration and excited much expectation." Then it appealed to Perry's pride: "To have your name associated with the opening of commercial intercourse with Japan may well excite your pride; but to be identified, also, with the great events that we trust may yet transpire in connection with China, may be well esteemed a privilege and an honor." Finally it pleaded necessity: "The steamer *Princeton* was especially set apart for that purpose [service in China]. But the steamers *Princeton*, *San Jacinto*, and *Alleghany* have all proved miserable failures."

Old Matt was not moved by any of these arguments. He had his teeth in Japan, and he was not inclined to let go for a bite of China. Moreover, he had to make good his threat to

return to Japan in the spring with a "much larger force." To impress the Japanese, he felt that he must show them "a third steamer, if nothing more." And so he took on himself the responsibility of trimming the Department's order to the prevailing wind, and wrote:

"Such an arrangement, at this moment, would be seriously inconvenient and highly injurious to my plans, the execution of which has already commenced; indeed, it could not be done at this time without deranging the operations of the squadron—so intimately are the steamers connected with each other; and I feel assured that, if the department could be made acquainted with the true state of things, and the importance of my carrying the three steamers with me to Japan, as it now knows of the events of my former visit to that Empire, it would at once revoke the order; but, as it is my duty to obey, though it cannot be done at this moment without serious consequences to the success of my mission, I will detach one of the steamers [the *Susquehanna*] from the Bay of Yedo and send her to Macao, where only she can be of use in contributing to the convenience of the commissioner, as her great draught of water will render it impossible to ascend, for any useful purpose, the rivers of China."

A few weeks later, the Commodore again unburdened his heart in a response to the Navy Department's counsel that he co-operate with the Commissioner: "I can hardly suppose that myself and entire command are to be made subject to the control of a gentleman, however wise he may be, yet much younger than myself, and far less experienced in the routine of public intercourse with strange nations. . . . I will not permit myself to imagine for a moment that a long life of forty-five years in the service is to terminate in a manner to bring reproach upon my naval pride." [18] Williams expressed the general feeling more bluntly, in a letter to his wife. "The *Susquehanna,*" he said, "is to be put at the service of Mr. McLane; I suppose he will like to take a few excursions in so desirable a yacht. This compels Perry to get into another ship, greatly to his own inconvenience and the discomfort of others." [19] The private cabin that had been put up specially for Williams, and other temporary structures on the deck of the flagship, would have to be moved to the *Powhatan.* Navy

men did not like to have to break up their housekeeping so that diplomats could ride in state.

However much the squadron and its commander were irked by appeals for protection for Americans in China, subsequent events justified the pleas of the civilians. During February the Chinese Imperial troops and fleet at Shanghai began a series of depredations. They tore down buildings, stole materials, and stopped and searched boats passing on the river. The foreigners repeatedly asked for protection and were told by Chinese officials that they must protect themselves. It was indeed fortunate for them that the *Plymouth* had been sent to Shanghai, to relieve the *Saratoga*. A vessel of the Chinese Imperial fleet insulted the American flag; and to get satisfaction a lieutenant from the warship boarded her and cocked his revolver and aimed it at the head of the Chinese captain. Finally, on April 4, a pitched battle took place at the racecourse, in which two Americans and one Englishman were killed and several wounded.

In Hong Kong the feeling between the Chinese and the Americans was much better; and when the squadron got away on January 14, they were saluted from the shore by firecrackers and gongs. The ships were still seriously short of officers; but Williams had strengthened his department by taking on a new assistant named Lo ("a teacher of good attainments and no opium smoker," his chief commented).

The course to Okinawa lay up the east coast of Formosa, past a place where some shipwrecked sailors recently had been murdered by savage natives. Here and there were cultivated spots, and a few houses and roads; but most of the shore was covered with low woods, and large areas appeared to be untouched by man.

On January 20 the steam frigates reached Naha, several days ahead of the sailing ships. There the squadron remained for two weeks, making final arrangements for the second visit to Japan and awaiting the arrival of the *Saratoga* from Shanghai, where for six months she had stood by to protect American interests.

At Naha the weather turned foul and the sea broke and tumbled in furiously over the reefs that give the harbor only partial protection from the north and west. The ships rolled so heavily that communications by boat were almost discontinued; and the old *Mississippi*, of whose staunchness Perry had boasted a few months before, leaked badly.

Six months had passed since the Commodore's last visit to Okinawa, and he could now see a marked change in the conduct of the islanders toward the Americans. People gathered about the men who went ashore, and little boys chirruped "How do you do?" and "Good morning." But spies were still at work, and had annoyed the Americans who had been at Naha during the past months. Neither by negotiation nor by direct action had the foreigners been able to rid themselves of these pests. In August the *Powhatan* had spent ten days at Naha, and one of her young officers had tried other tactics. In his diary he left this vivid record of a day's romp ashore in company with the medical officer:

"As we walked along, we became painfully aware of the fact of being under the surveillance of the police. There was a spy ahead and another astern. . . . If any labourers happened to be coming along the road, they passed the word to them and down they would squat with their backs to us until we passed. Shops shut up, women disappeared . . . and children nearly went into fits of terror. . . . If we dodged the van and rear spies, and made a dip into a bye-lane, a mandarin had apparently done so a moment before us, quite accidentally, of course; and everybody was seen helter-skelter at the bottom of the street for a moment and then vanish, leaving everything private and marketable where it stood. This state of affairs not pleasing to the Medico, and disagreeing entirely with my state of mind . . . we separated with the intention of meeting at the opposite end of the town under the walls of the Palace. Then commenced a series of dodgings, counter-marchings, weatherings, and sidelings-off. I would walk ahead ten paces or so, and then go about and dash down an alley through doors, making a shell of myself in a family circle, shaking hands, patting everybody on the head, now getting into a schoolhouse, conciliating the brats (easily done), now in a Pagoda, telegraphing eternal amity with the Bonzes and bumping my pate in honor of Jos according to their directions, which so gratified them . . . that they tea'd me and smoked me before the

mandarins had the smallest idea of my geographical position. Off again into a silversmith's, out again before he could pantomime 'tea,' knocking down an accidental mandarin, in my hurry to get through the town. . . . I finished my career by landing in a Mandarin's house, where I found one of that breed sitting by a small furnace patronising tea. He made some observations connected with the door, architectural, no doubt. I told him it was a very good-looking door, but that it couldn't compare in any way with some doors I could mention in Quakerville. I believe he would not credit me, for he got wrothy and appeared as though he'd like to take some of his door-stones in hand, for defense against such defamation. . . . After a while, however, he subsided, and we had a cup of tea. Indeed we grew so friendly that I had to leave, having symptoms of turning into a caddy. I forthwith joined the Medico. . . .[20]

"With the islanders in general we are great favorites. They come on board, will take anything to eat confidently, whereas ashore they will not touch it. It is true that they are all the time so scared with the guns, drums, and calls as to be enjoying a somewhat precarious existence; but when they go they grin with satisfaction and always manage to come a second time, in spite of the mandarins. [The latter] never if they can help it allow the same crew to come twice lest they should be conciliated, and always have them accompanied by one of their own order." [21]

From the increasing friendliness of the people, Perry inferred that they would like to be free of Japanese despotism. They were becoming accustomed to receiving payment for articles needed by the Americans, and their prices were rising. It was still difficult, however, for the Commodore to persuade the rulers to meet him on a basis of equality. To renew relations, Perry sent Williams and three others to Shuri to deliver a letter to the Regent. For dramatic effect, a band and a hundred marines escorted them. The officials of the palace were alarmed, and so great was their fear of being taken as prisoners to the American ships that they hurried out of the buildings. According to Williams, "the Regent acted as if quite out of his wits, got up, sat down erratically, took us by the hand, and did what he could to prevent the Commodore's visit" [22] which the delegation had come to announce.

Again the evasions and temporizings of the Regent were

of no avail. Two days later the Commodore turned up at the palace, accompanied by a military guard and a suite of officers. He was received with the same formal ceremonies with which his presence had been endured in June; and afterward, as on the former visit, the party went to the Regent's house for a feast. The Commodore asked his host if he would swap some of the coins of the island for American coins of equal value. There were no coins on the island, the Regent and his treasurer said, except a few that were held by Japanese residents, contrary to laws that forbade the export of money from Japan. But Perry was not satisfied, and continued to importune the officials for coins. According to Williams, he "acted like a disappointed child, and was piqued at being unable to effect the exchange of coins he had set his heart on." [23]

Though the officials of Okinawa proved to be poor coin-traders, their hospitality toward the Americans went a step further than in June. After the banquet the visitors were given large red cards that entitled each one to go to Naha and claim dividends consisting of a pipe and a pouch and a bundle of papers.

As usual, the thoughts of the Commodore were running far ahead of the present moment. He wrote to importune Washington to send specific instructions regarding the route to be taken by those of his ships that were to be sent homeward after the visit to Japan. He insisted particularly that the Navy carefully make provision for the coaling of the ships en route to the United States. A reply to his letter would be expected, Perry said, when he returned to Hong Kong "on or before August 1."

From China, in December, the Commodore had informed Washington that he believed that "this is the moment to assume a position in the east which will make the power and influence of the United States felt in such a way as to give greater importance to those rights which, among eastern nations, are generally estimated by the extent of military force exhibited." [24] Before leaving Naha, Perry moved to

implement this policy, and at the same time guarded against the possibility of failure in the impending negotiations with the Japanese. If Japan refused the demands of the President, the Commodore planned to take the island of Okinawa "under surveillance of the American flag." This would be done "upon the ground of reclamation for insults and injuries well known to have been committed upon American citizens." The Commodore issued a proclamation to the effect that, as it was deemed essential to the security of the just claims of the United States to assume, during the negotiations pending with Japan, limited authority on the island of Okinawa, he had therefore detached from the squadron two master's mates and about fifteen invalided seamen who were to live in the house on shore and to look after the property and interest of the United States government during his absence. This measure, the Commodore felt, not only would keep his line of retreat from Japan open; it would also serve to forestall interference in Okinawa by any other foreign power.

When Perry's report of his policy toward Okinawa reached Washington, however, a veto was dispatched to him, stating that it would be "inconvenient and expensive to maintain a force there to retain" the island, and that, on the other hand, once occupation had been effected, it would be "mortifying" to withdraw. But the objections of Washington could not reach the Commodore for some months, and the American flag floated over the coal-shed at Naha for the first time on February 5. From the sages at the court at Shuri this new encroachment must have evoked whatever native proverb corresponded with "Give an inch, he'll take an ell." In addition to the political aggression of the Commodore, there is evidence that men who were temporarily connected with the squadron had been distributing religious tracts in Naha.

While the Commodore was feasting with the Regent and his experts were exploring the island, the four sailing ships already were on their way to Japan. Expecting that the advantage of steam would bring them to the Bay of Tokyo at

about the same time, the three frigates left Naha on February 7. They had scarcely cleared the harbor when they saw the *Saratoga* coming over the western horizon, from Shanghai. After the frigates had taken on livestock from this sailing ship, she was ordered to make her own way to the American Anchorage in the Bay of Tokyo.

The *Supply* sailed for Shanghai the next day, there to take on a cargo of coal and livestock for transportation to the squadron in Japan.

XI

BEHIND THE SCREENS

FOR MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE ARRIVAL of Commodore Perry, Japan had enjoyed the blessings of peace. Through the repetition of formulas that had gone unchallenged for centuries, the minds of the people had been lulled into contentment. No wanderlust drove them abroad. With a devotion typical of peoples of insular and hilly countries, they loved their own beautiful islands and looked up to their own snow-capped mountains for inspiration. There was political and economic strife, as in every human society, but it was all within the national family. The blood of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, was in the veins of everyone: all worshipped the same national ancestors. Among all the endearing names that were applied to their country, the Japanese before Perry's coming loved none more than "Land of Great Peace."

In theory, the society and government of the country were feudal; and the social unit was the family, not the individual. Actually, however, the long period of peace had softened the fiber of the people, and the feudal bonds were disintegrating when the Americans arrived. The lords (*daimyos*) and their warrior retainers (*samurai*) were passing their time in refined pleasures or in pompous ceremonies in celebration

of the military prowess of the old days. Though they still wore their swords and guarded them as jealously as their souls, they seldom used them. Many of the daimyos gave no attention to the administration of their fiefs, leaving that to retainers of active political intelligence who were willing to take responsibility. The heads of families often delegated their power to councils of elders. Throughout the country, from the Emperor's court down to the lowliest family, *management* was dissociated from *position.* As a result, the country was overloaded with functionaries who did not function. Although here and there, and especially in the provinces of the south and the west, the feudal virtues were preserved and a few able barons ruled in fact as well as in name, about a third of the feudal nobles were living in retirement. By letting nature take its course, by refusing to commit themselves to definite policies, and by allowing enterprising commoners to exercise authority, the hereditary lords could still draw revenues from their estates and avoid conflicts with the people.

Of the powers that ruled Japan, two were outstanding: by the Portuguese and the Dutch, and even by Perry, these were erroneously called the "Spiritual Emperor" and the "Temporal Emperor." The first, the Emperor or Mikado,* enjoyed the prerogatives of a god. The Mikado's person was sacred and he was accountable to no one. His people were not even to discuss his conduct. Priests of Shinto, the state religion, claim that his sacred throne was established at the time when the heavens and the earth became separated. Fifteen hundred years ago the same Japanese word meant both *religion* and *government.* Church and state were united in the person of the Emperor. The Mikado owned the country and all the people; and he cared for them and prayed for them as one might pray for children. However, when Buddhism

* Among the Japanese the favorite designation for the Emperor was *Dairi.* The word originally applied to the Imperial palace, but came to be attached to the Emperor's person because of the desire of the Japanese to refer to the all-highest in oblique rather than direct terms.

came from China in the sixth century, it began to uplift the family unit and give it dignity and a culture that was apart from the Shinto state. From that time the spiritual authority of the Mikado had declined; and during the centuries of Japan's seclusion from the West, the teachings of Confucius, as propagated by pro-Tokugawa scholars, had further undermined the influence of the Mikado and had contributed to the preservation of peace in the Empire.

Through the late Middle Ages, as the priests of Buddha were breaking the Mikado's hold upon the souls of his subjects, the Imperial court had slowly receded into the background of the nation's political life, eventually retiring to the hills of Kyoto and devoting itself to empty ritual. Its spiritual influence had remained strong enough, however, to command the wealth needed for the maintenance of luxury; and since it controlled the distribution of favors and patronage to loyal priests and other retainers, the court was not without political influence. But through abdication, adoption, and rule by regents, the Imperial family had lost control of national affairs and the Mikados had become symbols that were used by contending daimyos to further their own ends. On the leader of one powerful clan after another the Emperor had been forced to bestow the title of *Shogun*, and at times Imperial prestige sank so low that emperors were banished, killed, or forced to beg for a living. Finally one of the feudal houses—the Tokugawa—seized control so firmly that its leaders had been able to establish their Shogunate as a hereditary government which was to last until 1868.

The Tokugawa shoguns were the Mikado's regents, military chieftains, administrators of the treasury and foreign affairs, and masters of the clans of feudal Nippon. About one quarter of Japan, including the capital city of Yedo, was retained by the Tokugawas as their own domain. In this area the number of landless samurai was increased, the communities of peasants were granted a measure of self-government, and the rural people were kept reasonably contented, in poverty that was fairly well equalized. Official governors

were appointed—often in duplicate, to check each other; and the details of administration were entrusted to an army of executives with high-sounding titles and functions that to Westerners seemed bizarre. These officials were drawn largely from the samurai, who, though their militancy had been mellowed by Buddhism and Confucianism, still were the backbone of the nation's responsible government and were ready at all times to atone for a breach of trust by forfeiting their lives.

The part of Japan that was outside of the domain of the Tokugawas was divided by them into about three hundred fiefs, and these were assigned to daimyos who lived upon them in moat-encircled castles under the protection of a retinue of samurai. Many of these barons copied the administrative policy that the Tokugawas had applied to their own domain. Consequently in 1853 the society of Japan was no longer purely feudal. It had its decentralizing as well as its centralizing elements; and, strangely enough, there was a greater measure of local self-government than was possible a few years after the penetration by the democratic powers of the West.

During its two and a half centuries of supremacy the strength of the Tokugawa family had been sapped by the same trend that had previously weakened the Imperial dynasty. As the feudal lords had at one time contended for the right to rule in the name of the Mikado, so the councilors and the relatives of the Tokugawas connived to hold the reins in the name of the Shogun. In general, these advisers of the court had shown themselves far more concerned about the power of the Shogunate than about the welfare of the people. The Shogun's administration was named by its opponents the *Bakufu*—literally, "curtain government"—in allusion to the fact that the chief officers usually were generals whose camps customarily were surrounded by curtains, as at Uraga when Perry arrived. Through the generations the blood of the shoguns ran thin, and the weak incumbent who died in 1853 had so little voice in the making of decisions that his passing

had no important effect upon the deliberations of the Bakufu which took place in Tokyo.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the Bakufu was having its troubles. The resources of the nation were largely agricultural, and for more than a century the population had been as great as the land could support, though less than half that of today. Class distinctions were being blurred. It was not uncommon for the samurai to go so deeply into debt that they were willing to give up their rank for financial advantage. Some of them became country squires and thus helped to bridge the gap between the military caste and the peasants. Others became restless wanderers—*ronin*—ready to use their swords in a cause of honor or for their livelihood. Towns had grown up, and in them guilds learned to govern themselves and to operate as pressure groups. At times they ran prices up to such a point that food riots resulted and people looked to the Bakufu for relief. Transportation and trade were handicapped by the survival of feudal barriers as well as by lack of good roads. But with one thing the nation was overstocked, and that was parasitic officials and priests. The support of these supernumeraries was weighing heavily on the working people. The currency, issued by many fiefs as well as by the Shogun's government, was confused and debased. In 1853 a member of the council at Tokyo wrote: "Unless I tell you frankly about the condition of the treasury you cannot appreciate the situation. If you saw the accounts you would be startled, and would learn at a glance the hopelessness of going to war." [1]

In the words of Sir George Sansom:

"The country was full of restless spirits, dissatisfied with their condition and thirsting for activity. There were nobles who wanted independence and foreign trade, to develop the resources of their domains; samurai who wanted opportunities to use their talents, whether as soldiers or as officials; merchants who wanted to break the monopolies of the guilds, scholars who wanted to draw knowledge from new springs; humble peasants and townsmen who wanted just a little freedom from tax and tyranny. Every force but conservatism was pressing from within at the closed doors; so that when a

summons came from without they were flung wide open, and all these imprisoned energies were released." [2]

For several years before the arrival of Perry, ideas about America had come into Japan through the Chinese and the Dutch. A description of the United States entitled "The Republican States" was printed in a Japanese book and included detailed information about the American Navy and "A Short Biography of Washington." In 1853 a book devoted entirely to America was published. Moreover, a picturesque eyewitness report on life in America was brought back to Japan by one Nakahama Manjiro, who had been picked up at sea and had spent several years in America. This wanderer went to school in New England, prospected for gold in California, served on American whaling ships, and finally returned to the homeland by way of the Ryukyus. To the folks in Japan he told this story, which was circulated to high officials at Tokyo and to important feudal barons:

"The people of America are upright and generous, and do no evil. Among them there are neither homicides nor robberies, as a rule. If such things occur, there are laws covering them, and the offenders are promptly seized.

"For their wedding ceremony, the Americans merely make a proclamation to the gods, and become married, after which they usually go on a sightseeing trip to the mountains. They are lewd by nature, but otherwise well-behaved.

"Refined people do not drink intoxicants, and only a small quantity, if they do. Vulgar people drink like the Japanese. Drunkards are despised and detested. Their intoxicants are worse in quality than the Japanese drinks.

"Husband and wife are exceedingly affectionate to each other, and the happiness of the home is unparalleled in other countries. The women do not use rouge, powder, and the like." [3]

Though Japan's popular literature of that day reeked with ignorant denunciation of foreigners and extravagant praise of things Japanese, many leaders, among them some of the most fanatical patriots, had been collecting Western books on military matters and on shipbuilding. In 1842 the Dutch had been instructed to supply models of all useful European

machines and copies of illustrated books and journals dealing with them. Before long also, such publications as the London *Illustrated News* found their way to the council room in Yedo Castle. It was not strange, therefore, that when the officials at Uraga were entertained aboard Perry's flagship in July 1853, they should have shown familiarity with the outside world and with its inventions.

During the years preceding the coming of the "black ships" the Dutch kept the Bakufu well posted with political intelligence about the Western powers. Therefore it was natural that in July 1852, the government of the United States notified the Netherlands of its intentions toward Japan and asked that the Dutch chief at Nagasaki be instructed to co-operate with our representatives. Accordingly, when the agent, Donker Curtius, went to Nagasaki harbor in September 1852 to take charge of the trading post, he bore orders from his superiors to urge upon the Japanese government a change in its policy of exclusion that would favor not only America, but all nations that had hitherto lived in peace with the Empire of Japan. Perceiving that other nations were intent upon establishing relations with Japan, the shrewd Dutch officials feared that friction might be generated that would result in the loss of their privileges at Nagasaki; and at the same time they hoped for the benefits that would accrue to them if, as had been the case in Java, the trade of all nations could be channeled through their factors. And so, without the knowledge of Perry, Curtius sent to Tokyo a draft of a treaty that he hoped might serve as a model for arrangements with all foreign powers. Such a treaty as he outlined would have confined the trade of other nations to Nagasaki, to the advantage of the Dutch. When he sent his proposal to Tokyo, Curtius warned the Bakufu of the intentions of the United States, which already had been proclaimed by the government of that country to the European powers. He predicted that serious trouble might be provoked if the Japanese showed any incivility to foreign envoys. But the Japanese did not take this advice very seriously. They had received a similar warn-

ing from the Dutch some ten years before, and no determined foreign invasion had followed. They were made uneasy, however, by news of the activities of the Westerners in China and by the concessions of sovereign rights that had been extorted from the Chinese.

When finally the "black ships" came boldly into the Bay of Tokyo, with only a few days' advance notice from spies at Naha, it was like the entrance of a foreign queen into a beehive. The man in the street could see that the sovereignty of his government and the sacred exclusion laws were being challenged. Caught between the threat of bankruptcy and revolt within and foreign pressure from without, the Bakufu now had to come to grips with problems that it had been dodging artfully for several years. Unfortunately for the existence of the Shogunate, the political intelligence of the councilors was to prove unequal to the very severe strain that was put upon it.

A few days after the Americans had sailed away from Uraga, leaving the letter from the President and promising to return the next spring to get Japan's reply, the Shogun, who had been too ill even to be told about the arrival of the barbarians, joined his ancestors. So efficient was the censorship of the palace that news of the death was kept from the public for a month; and it was some time after that before arrangements were made to install the Shogun's son as the thirteenth ruler of the Tokugawa line. He was a man of twenty-eight who had little force of character or knowledge of the world; and both before and after his accession foreign policy was framed by the councilors of the court and especially by the chief councilor, Lord Abe.

On August 5, 1853 Lord Abe took an unprecedented step that was to have revolutionary consequences. He sent copies of the President's letter to the daimyos and requested written opinions on the points at issue. Never before in Tokugawa history had the Shogun's ministers referred any question of executive policy to the feudatories. The action may have been taken without counting the consequences, or possibly

it was an attempt to shift responsibility. Many of the Bakufu officials of the day were students of Chinese philosophy and had learned to respect popular opinion. The peculiar nature of the crisis gave unusual weight to the views of these men. In any event, whatever the reasons behind it, a more significant method of abdication could not have been chosen by the councilors. It stimulated discussion of a sort that previously had been suppressed by the secret police. The talk went even beyond the daimyos, because many of the nobles were so ignorant that they had to call in their retainers in order to reach an intelligent opinion. Thus a precedent was set that was to contribute to the growth of a public opinion which later helped to overthrow the Shogunate.

In their replies to Lord Abe's request for help, almost all of the daimyos took it for granted that foreigners were bent upon conquest. It was felt that the Portuguese, centuries before, had had designs upon Japanese sovereignty which they had tried to further through religion and trade. In two incidents of the early nineteenth century the English also had aroused suspicions; and these were fanned by reports of British imperialism in China. Russian aggression in Sakhalin and the Kuriles was still fresh in mind. And many Japanese knew about America's seizure of Mexican territory. In view of all of these precedents, it was natural that a large majority of the daimyos, and most of the Bakufu officials whose opinion was asked, should agree that all foreign overtures should be declined boldly, even at the risk of war.

In giving this opinion the time-serving functionaries were raising a protective umbrella over their own heads. One daimyo ventured to point out that the title of the Shogun was "Barbarian-expelling Generalissimo," and that the words "Barbarian-expelling" had been in use from time immemorial. In urging the repulse of the foreigners the daimyos were merely counseling obedience to sacred laws. Any other reply would have made them liable to prosecution, should their counsel not prevail. On the other hand, they did not know all the facts about the weakness of the nation's treasury

and of the military defenses. If the Bakufu took steps that led to war and Japan were defeated, the daimyos would not be held responsible.

Some of the daimyos, however, were genuine die-hards. Typical of these was the Prince of Mito, who was a member of the house of Tokugawa and also related by marriage to the Mikado. He had always been fanatically anti-foreign. In 1830, alarmed by stories of Russian encroachments on the northern island of Yezo (Hokkaido), he had proposed to settle there with all his retainers and the entire population of his daimyate. He melted the bronze bells of the temples in his territory, cast several immense cannon, and drilled his samurai in preparation for an emergency. Mito regarded the Tokugawas as usurpers of the Mikado's political rights and dreamed that some day his son might be made Shogun and restore the Imperial court to power. Suspecting that he might turn his cannon against Tokyo, but not daring to execute him, the Bakufu in 1844 had confined the fiery baron within his own palace. But now, with "foreign ships dancing near," the Shogun's council released Mito and, recognizing his ability, ordered him to attend to the coastal fortifications. He responded immediately by sending a number of his large cannon to Tokyo, for use against the Americans. In reply to Lord Abe's request for advice he wrote:

"The barbarians have been watching our country with greedy eye for many years. . . . If we are frightened now by their aggressive lying stratagems and give them what they ask for . . . they will go on from bad to worse.

"At first they will give us philosophical instruments, machinery, and other curiosities, will take ignorant people in, and trade being their chief object, will manage bit by bit to impoverish the country; after which they will treat us just as they like; perhaps behave with the greatest rudeness and insult us, and end by swallowing up Japan. If we don't drive them away now, we shall never have another opportunity. If now we resort to a willfully dilatory method of procedure, we shall gnaw our navels afterward when it will be of no use." [4]

Similar advice came to Tokyo from another source that had been consulted, for the first time in many years, in this

national crisis. The Shogun's council had sent a formal report of Perry's first visit to the Emperor. This was another abdication of responsibility, for it was clearly understood by the people of Japan that it was the duty of the Shogun to stand between the throne and all comers. Fundamentally, that was his *raison d'être*. The Bakufu was inviting popular indignation, especially in view of a rebirth of the ancient Pure Shinto tradition, which had been almost dormant since the sixth century, but had recently been revived by several aggressive scholars. According to this philosophy, the Shogun's dynasty was a sacrilegious invasion of the Mikado's divine rights. Now, when the nobles of the Imperial court assembled to consider the Shogun's report on the crisis, they were presented with the best opportunity that they had had in centuries to embarrass their rivals in Tokyo by expressing a strong opinion on an important political matter. Naturally the reply from Kyoto did not flatter the Shogunate. A document written by several of the henchmen of the Mikado said:

"Since the time of Tensio dai rin the country has been to the present time sublime and flourishing; but friendship with foreigners will be a stain upon it, and an insult to the first Mikado. It will be an everlasting shame for the country to be afraid of those foreigners, and for us to bear patiently their arbitrary and rough manners; and the time will come when we shall be subservient to them. This is the fault of the dynasty of the Shogun. . . . The Shogun thus disturbs peace. If foreigners come to our country they will loudly proclaim the mutual benefits that trade will produce, but at home they will think only of vile profit; and when we shall refuse to comply with all their wishes, they will threaten us with their artillery and men-of-war. They intend to take Japan, and to effect this will resort to any kind of deep scheme in their negotiations." [5]

Lord Abe and his fellow officials were now more embarrassed than ever. They had asked for and received advice that they could not take, for lack of money and military strength. It was very awkward. In their deliberations they agreed with their advisers as to the end to be sought. None of the responsible people in Japan wanted foreigners to come into the nation's ports, except in cases of emergency. Finally

the council agreed upon a canny and far-sighted policy that, they hoped, would enable Japan some day to overcome the foreigner. They argued:

"If we once get into a dispute, we shall have an enemy to fight who will not be easily disposed of. . . . Even supposing that our troops were animated by patriotic zeal in the commencement of the war, after they had been fighting for several years their patriotic zeal would naturally become relaxed. . . . Soldiers who have distinguished themselves are rewarded by grants of land, or else you attack and seize the enemy's territory and that becomes your own property; so every man is encouraged to fight his best. But in a [defensive] war with foreign countries a man may undergo hardships for years, may fight as if his life were worth nothing, and as all the land in this country has already owners, there will be nothing more to be given away as rewards. . . . Rather than allow this, as we are not the equals of foreigners in the mechanical arts, let us have intercourse with foreign countries, learn their drill and tactics, and when we have made the nation as united as one family, we shall be able to go abroad and give lands in foreign countries to those who have distinguished themselves in battle . . . and it will not be too late then to declare war." [6]

The emphasis that was placed upon the distribution of land to victorious soldiers harked back to the Middle Ages, when the samurai of victorious barons divided up conquered land. To the Japanese mind, seizure of land is the logical outcome of victory in battle. In the Bay of Tokyo in 1854, Japanese were asking American officers why, when so much land was conquered in the war with Mexico, all of it was not annexed, and why the Americans had paid for what they took.

One of the most important memorials that the Shogunate had received in response to Lord Abe's invitation came from Ii, Lord of Hikoné, who five years later was to become Regent for a youthful Shogun. He suggested specific ways of carrying out the policy that the Bakufu finally decided to follow. He wrote:

". . . without warships I feel uneasy with regard to any scheme for pursuing and attacking them [the foreigners]. . . .

"It is an old axiom that the advantage is with the side which at-

tacks, and not with that which defends. Our ancestors passed a law closing the ocean to navigation by our ships, but they left a Chinese and Dutch bridge. This bridge will now be convenient to the Government in carrying out its foreign policy. . . . After informing the spirits of our ancestors [of our intentions] we should send merchant vessels from Japan to the trading emporium of the Dutch Company in Java, and selling things to the Americans and Russians carry on trade with them through the medium of the Dutch. It is said that the building of big vessels for navigating the ocean will of course take one or two years. If the Government deals with them [the Americans and the Russians] on the same general lines on which it has dealt with the Dutch, they will in this way be taken by surprise. Then we must restore the Government vessels which existed in and before the period of Kwanyei (1624–1644). . . . Dutchmen should, for a time, be engaged as captains and sailors. . . . The vessels should be professedly merchant ships, but in reality no effort should be spared to obtain efficiency in naval drill; the number of these ships should be gradually increased, and at the same time naval training should gradually be perfected, so that Japanese might eventually navigate the high seas independently and, no longer needing the secret information supplied by the Dutch, see directly for themselves the condition of foreign countries; later on, complete naval preparations might be made, and the panic and apprehensions which have hitherto prevailed would be dispelled, the evil of luxury and extravagance be put an end to, and the internal condition of the country as regards military preparation being entirely satisfactory, we should be in a condition to display our martial vigor abroad. . . ." [7]

To the people of Japan, who were waiting anxiously while long debates took place in the inner councils, the Shogunate finally issued this temporizing decree:

"With regard to the despatch from the United States Government, the views of competent men have been taken and have been carefully considered by the Shogun. The views expressed are variously worded but they advocate either peace or war. Everyone has pointed out that we are without a navy and that our coasts are undefended. Meanwhile, the Americans will be here again next year. Our policy shall be to evade any definite answer to their request, while at the same time maintaining a peaceful demeanour. It may be, however, that they will have recourse to violence. For that contingency we must be prepared lest the country suffer disgrace. Therefore every possible effort will be made to prepare means of defence. Above all it is imperative that everyone should practise patience, refrain from

anger, and carefully observe the conduct of the foreigners. Should they open hostilities, all must at once take up arms and fight strenuously for the country." [8]

Through the fall and winter the whole nation worked feverishly to strengthen its defenses. Everyone was urged to practice strict economy so that funds might be available. Contributions were levied upon the people of Tokyo and the surrounding villages, and the proceeds were placed at the disposal of a commission for the construction of forts at Shinagawa, on the Bay of Tokyo. Men who had acquired useful knowledge from the Dutch or the Chinese were given responsibilities regardless of their political record. Warships and merchant vessels were ordered from Holland, and permission was given to all daimyos to build seagoing ships and to fly a flag decorated with a red ball, representing the rising sun. Troops were drilled and new cannon cast. But all of the efforts merely served to expose the weakness of the defenses.

While taking these tactical steps, however, the Bakufu at the same time prepared to try to appease the Americans. It even clung to a faint hope that the return of the barbarians might be prevented, and did its best to head off the promised reappearance of the "black ships."

XII

RE-ENTRY

JUST BEFORE SETTING OUT FROM HONG KONG FOR HIS SECOND visit to Japan, Commodore Perry received a letter from the Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies. It alluded to the death of the Shogun the summer before. Perry already had heard of this event through the Russians, but he had thought that it was the Mikado who had died—"the Spiritual Emperor," he had reported to Washington. Now the Dutch official explained in his letter that the Japanese had asked him to tell the Commodore that there must be many ceremonies of mourning in Japan, and complicated arrangements for succession to the throne, that the President's letter could be considered only after the period of mourning was over, and that even then it would take a long time for all of the lords of Japan to go to Tokyo one after the other to give their opinions on the subject. In conclusion the Dutch note said that the Japanese had repeatedly asked the superintendent at Nagasaki to tell the Americans not to return at the time fixed upon, "for fear that circumstances might create broil."

Old Matt was not taken in by this move. He wrote to Washington that it seemed singular that the law of protracted mourning and consequent delay of public business should not have been mentioned in any of the books describing the

manners and customs of the Empire. He did not permit this intelligence to deter him from prosecuting his plans.

To the Commodore, the plea that he stay away from Japan for a while was simply a challenge that accelerated his movements. Already he feared that the Russians and the French might beat him to the goal, and now it seemed important to bring his enlarged fleet into the Bay of Tokyo before the Japanese had time to build strong forts. If they were truly occupied with ceremonies of mourning, that would be the best time to bring pressure to bear. And so the three "black ships"—the *Susquehanna,* the *Mississippi,* and the *Powhatan* —left the *Saratoga* to follow as quickly as her sails would carry her and went ahead at their best speed to join the four sailing ships that already had gone ahead to the Bay of Tokyo. En route they sighted and fixed the position of Amami-Oshima, an island that resembled Okinawa and lay about a hundred miles to the north, which, according to Perry, had "never hitherto been visited by any Christian voyager."

When Perry approached Japan the second time, he was prepared for a long siege. Except for water, the ships had supplies for eight months. His policy had not changed. During his short stay in the Far East the Commodore had become thoroughly convinced that the Japanese recognized foreign rights in proportion to the degree of military force exhibited. He was planning to work upon the fears of the Japanese as far as he could without actually using force or provoking armed resistance. On January 25 he remarked to Washington that the use of force, "if not brought about by the acts of the Japanese themselves, would probably put us in the wrong." [1]

The leaders of both sides, then, were convinced that peace was the best policy, though they were prepared to fight if an overt act occurred. Whether the outcome would be peace or war depended, as during the first visit the year before, upon the discipline maintained by the commanders and upon their skill in preventing sparks that might ignite the dynamite of race hatred and national pride.

Approaching Uraga Channel on February 11, the Americans received a bleak welcome from the elements. Fujiyama now was completely mantled in white; and the green of the landscape of the preceding summer had given way to somber colors. The rising uplands were cloaked with snow newly fallen, and the mountains frowned upon a cold gray sea. To the east, Oshima's volcanic peak was belching smoke and lava. A severe blow struck down from the northeast and made the frigates take shelter under the lee of an island. Water froze on the decks of the ships. The afternoon before, they had passed safely by a cluster of rocks that protruded only a little more than ten feet above the surface. But the *Macedonian* had had bad luck. When the frigates made her out in the distance, she had just freed herself from a reef in an indentation of the coast that Captain Abbot had mistaken for the entrance to the Bay of Tokyo. The *Vandalia* was standing by, and shot, sand, coal, and provisions had been thrown overboard in an effort to lighten the corvette. With a long line the *Mississippi* towed her to a safer anchorage.

On that afternoon the *Lexington* joined the other ships, and in the night, while the squadron was at anchor off Kamakura, boats arrived from the *Southampton*, which was reported safely berthed up the bay at the American Anchorage. The Americans now felt such assurance in Japanese waters that even this small supply ship dared to remain alone in the Bay of Tokyo. All hands were now accounted for and ready for the second act in the Commodore's drama.

Early the next morning, as the ships prepared to get under way, the setting moon sharply defined one side of Fuji's cone with its chill cold rays; and a few moments later the sun, symbolizing to the Americans the dawn of new ideas on a scene of intellectual sterility, rose out of the sea and burnished the other side of the sacred peak. Each of the three steamers took a sailing ship in tow and steered over the familiar course past Kurihama and Uraga, where challenging guard-boats had to be warned off, and then directly up the bay to join the *Southampton* at the American Anchorage.

In welcoming the foreigners, the Japanese were much more hospitable than the weather. They had offered help as soon as they saw that the *Macedonian* was aground; and they even took pains to return a hogshead of coal which had been washed overboard from that ship. No sooner had the squadron come to anchor than officials came alongside the *Susquehanna* in two guard-boats and asked to be admitted to the deck. In anticipation of her return to China to serve Commissioner McLane, the extra cabin had been moved from the deck of the flagship to that of the *Powhatan*, and so the properties were lacking for staging the retirement of the American lord to a forbidden interior on board the *Susquehanna*. As a makeshift, the Commodore sent the Japanese to the *Powhatan* and ordered Captain Adams and the interpreters to go to that ship to meet them.

In the Japanese delegation were a dignitary who was announced as Kurokawa Kahei, the "chief of the local officials," and also two interpreters who had functioned the summer before, and three gray-robed men who were called, literally, "cross-eyed persons," or spies. Kayama Yezaemon did not appear; and when inquiries were made about him, it was said that he was unwell but probably soon would pay his respects to the Commodore. After the usual polite compliments, the Japanese asked about the ships, their number and names, and the number that were to come. The "Emperor" had appointed high officials to meet and treat with the Americans, they said, and two of them already were waiting at Uraga for the Americans to go there. The "Emperor" had designated that town as the site of negotiations, *and they could be held nowhere else.*

This decree did not jar Old Matt in the slightest. When he had made his first visit, the Japanese had said just as emphatically that he must go to Nagasaki. Uraga was much nearer to Tokyo, and that was a sign of progress; but the Commodore was not satisfied and resolved to go still nearer to the capital. Positively he would not negotiate at Uraga, Adams told the Japanese officials, but a meeting-place on

the shore opposite his present anchorage would be satisfactory. If the Bakufu would not consent to that, he would move up the bay, even to the capital itself if he thought it necessary.

In spite of this impasse in diplomacy, the Japanese took refreshments, conversed pleasantly, and left in good humor and with polite farewells. The next day they came out to the *Powhatan* with a line of argument that was utterly inconsistent with what they had said only a few hours before. Their commissioners, they now said, would be ready to receive the Americans at Kamakura. When Adams asked how it happened that the "Emperor" no longer insisted upon Uraga, the Japanese officials shamelessly confessed the truth: the "Emperor" really had named both places, so that if the Commodore should not be satisfied with the one, he might perchance accept the other!

When this statement was brought to the Commodore, he replied that neither Uraga nor Kamakura were suitable, both being insecure against wintry storms and too distant from the American Anchorage to permit commuting by small boats. The Japanese, however, persisted in their wearisome efforts. Twice they came out to the *Powhatan,* bearing fresh oysters for Perry, "ostensibly to inquire after my health," the Commodore commented, "but in reality to renew their arguments and persuasions for the ships to remove to Uraga." [2]

When the Americans stood firm, the Japanese insinuated that they were hostile and asked with anxiety whether the "admiral" was moved by the same friendly feelings that actuated the Japanese government. Adams gave profuse assurances of his country's good intentions. As a means of breaking the deadlock he suggested that the commissioners come aboard the ships; but the Japanese declared that impossible. To a suggestion that Perry go to Tokyo, they replied very emphatically: "You cannot be received at Yedo!"

So negotiations dragged on for several days. It was just another chapter in the old story of Occidental pressure meeting the passive resistance of the Orient. The Japanese came

aboard time after time, sailing up from Uraga, offering the most puerile excuses for coming, and never leaving without begging the Americans to move down the bay. On one of these visits they made two requests, asking that the small boats of the squadron be kept from landing and from surveying the harbor.

The first of these bans was agreed to but not enforced, for the temptations of the shore were too great. Some of the officers of the *Macedonian* discovered a small harbor in which they found beds of fine oysters, wild ducks, and, near the villages on the shores, wells and small springs of pure water. According to the account of Midshipman Sproston: "We landed and had our picnic dinner, climbed over the hills and visited the small towns on the opposite side, found hazelnuts and chestnuts in the woods, the doctor and myself losing our way among them (I tumbling down and running a piece of bamboo through my hand)." [3] Somehow the party got back to their ship without serious consequences.

To the Japanese request that the Americans should not survey the harbor Perry would not listen. Though the Commodore was confined to his bed by what he called a "severe indisposition," he was as resolute as ever in insisting upon the performance of all duties that he considered essential to efficient naval operations. On the second day after his arrival at the anchorage, the Commodore had ordered a surveying party to begin operations, escorted by the *Vandalia* and the *Southampton,* and they gave the Japanese officials great anxiety by going within four miles of Tokyo. The men on this party were not permitted to shoot at wildfowl; and they were under orders not to land, though the natives finally came out in boats, and the Americans commenced bartering biscuit and tobacco for rice. "The inhabitants crowded the hills," wrote Lieutenant Preble, one of the officers in charge of the surveyors, "and beckoned us on shore, and by the most unmistakable signs invited our intercourse with their women. One female went so far as to raise her drapery and expose her person to us. They are either a very lewd and

lascivious people, or have catered before this to the passions of sailors. The married women, or those that have children, in order to render themselves less attractive to all but their husbands, stain their teeth black, with a mixture of urine and iron-filings.* Our sailors call these black-teethed ladies 'walking ink bottles.' To inexperienced eyes the dress of the two sexes is so much alike that, but for the manner of wearing the hair, and this custom of staining the teeth, it would be difficult to tell male from female." [4]

Finally, on February 18, the Japanese officials announced that the long-awaited high commissioner had arrived at Uraga and that they had been sent to ask the Americans to meet him there. The Commodore, seeing that the game had reached a stalemate, decided that it was time to put on pressure in the same way that had proved so effective the year before. He replied in writing to the latest plea, saying that he couldn't possibly go to Uraga—indeed, could not even remain where he was much longer, but would have to move toward Tokyo, "where the vessels can be more secure. If the great man . . . will appoint an officer of proper rank to meet Captain Adams on shore, near where the ships are now lying, to determine when and where the interview with the Commodore shall take place, he must let us know by noon of Tuesday next." To reinforce this ultimatum, the *Southampton* was sent out to expedite the work of the survey boats and they directed their operations toward Tokyo. And Adams, when the Japanese came aboard the *Powhatan* the next day to trade a few victuals, said distinctly that if the Commodore did not receive a favorable answer to his letter before the deadline, "he would then know what to do."

But still the Japanese were unshaken. They replied formally that they were compelled by the order of the Emperor to meet the American Envoy either at Kamakura or at Uraga. In reply to this Perry stated very briefly that his instructions

* Another source reports that sake also was an ingredient of the stain. One of the American cabin boys tried the mixture on his teeth, and for eight days afterward suffered from a swollen mouth and lost almost all of his teeth.

were "to receive the answer of the Emperor to the President's letter at Yedo." How convenient it was proving that the Commodore's instructions permitted him to give himself such orders as the occasion required!

To emphasize the fact that this was his last word on the subject, Perry sent Adams to Uraga with a few officers to talk with the high commissioner. Adams bore a letter that restated the Commodore's position and went on to say that the American lord was "not prepared to anticipate any objection to his reception at the seat of government [Tokyo] conformably to the usages of all the nations of Europe and America, and he hopes that when the steamers shall have reached the vicinity of the city, and secured more suitable moorings, he may have the honor of receiving on board his ship such distinguished members of the imperial court as may be desirous of viewing the steamers and witnessing the working of their machinery."

On the 21st Adams boarded the *Vandalia* and sailed down the bay, with escorting Japanese officials aboard. On the next day the Americans landed, amid a salvo that was fired in celebration of George Washington's birthday, at a point not far from the modern naval base of Yokosuka. They were met by a large party of officials and conducted to a wooden pavilion about fifty feet long that had been erected for the reception of Perry. It stood in a deep gorge near the shore and was fenced around by curtains supported by stakes. To Adams the site seemed obviously ideal for an ambuscade; but to Kurokawa Kahei he merely made the innocuous objection that the building seemed too small to house the large number of presents that had been brought from America. When he went on to say that the American Envoy intended to go to Tokyo but would not object to negotiating at a satisfactory site up the bay near Kanagawa, the Japanese official said that he would report this to his superiors.

The high commissioner who had been appointed by the Bakufu to treat with the Americans and who had just arrived at Uraga was Hayashi, Regent and Professor of Chinese in

the university in Tokyo. A devoted retainer of the house of Tokugawa, this scholar was highly respected for his vast learning as well as for his benign countenance and courtly manners. He was one of the Confucian school whose influence had weighed heavily upon the side of peace in the deliberations of the Shogun's council. He had been given explicit instructions for dealing with Perry, and as a stickler for exactness he could be depended upon to carry these out to the letter.

Hayashi's card was presented to Captain Adams at the meeting at Uraga; but the Americans were mistaken in thinking that Hayashi was one of the three Japanese commissioners present. In accordance with the diplomatic custom of his country, which Perry understood so well and had adopted, the chief commissioner was keeping himself out of sight until his equal, the American Envoy, should meet him.

Izawa, the third in rank among the commissioners, was in charge of the proceedings. He was a jester. After Adams had handed the Commodore's note to him he snapped his fan shut with a crack that sounded like a pistol-shot. The Americans feared an ambush and showed signs of uneasiness. But when Izawa drew out his goggle-spectacles with great deliberation and began slowly to scrutinize the American calling cards one by one, the foreigners were much relieved—and perhaps a bit ashamed of their gun-shyness. But they could not be humored or argued into holding the formal negotiations at Uraga.

Over and over again the Japanese commissioners urged Adams to pursuade the Commodore to come to Uraga, promising that a treaty could be arranged in a day if only the Americans would negotiate at the place decreed by the Emperor; but all to no avail. No progress toward a solution had been made when the Americans went back to their ships.

While the *Vandalia* was anchored off Uraga, the Japanese played still another card. Kayama Yezaemon paid a call upon Adams and renewed the friendship with the Americans that he had formed the year before. Even this affable spokes-

man, however, could obtain no expression of hope that the Commodore would budge an inch in the direction of Uraga.

The next day the commissioners sent out their formal reply to the note from Perry that Adams had delivered. They conceded nothing, and begged the Commodore to come to Uraga, "regardless of the customs of foreign countries." By the time that the *Vandalia* could deliver this communication to Perry, however, the Commodore had acted again to break the deadlock. On February 24 he had put his squadron in motion toward Tokyo, and when Adams caught up with his commander, on the 25th, the flagship was at anchor off Kanagawa, within hearing distance of the bells of the capital. This simple maneuver proved to be more effective than weeks of talk as a means of getting action. As soon as the move was made known in Tokyo, a dispatch was rushed to the commissioners to instruct them that, since the arrival of the American ships at Tokyo would be attributed to the negligence of the Shogunate, Perry should be met at Kanagawa. The post house at Kanagawa was designated as the temporary lodging of the officials who were to treat with the Americans; and Kayama Yezaemon was sent out to inform the Commodore of the capitulation.

This crafty official, before carrying out his instructions, tried first to find out whether there was the slightest hope of inducing Perry to go to Uraga. He said that the wood and water for which the Commodore asked could be obtained only at that port. Old Matt replied that he didn't care where the water came from, that he would not go to Uraga, and that if the Japanese didn't bring water to the ships from some source, he would send men on shore to procure it by one means or another. Only then did Kayama Yezaemon break down and suggest that the negotiations take place at a spot just north of Yokohama. At last Perry was vindicated for clinging to a policy that had been tiresome to his officers and men and that some of them had considered unnecessarily stubborn. In a dispatch to Washington the Commodore had justified his persistence on these grounds: ". . . finding that I could be in-

duced to change a predetermined intention in one instance, they might rely on prevailing on me by dint of perseverance, to waver in most other cases pending the negotiations; therefore, it seemed to be the true policy to hold out at all hazards, and rather to establish for myself a character for unreasonable obstinacy than that of a yielding disposition. . . . I was simply adhering to a course of policy determined on after mature reflection, and which had hitherto worked so well."

Buchanan and Adams went with Kayama Yezaemon to the meeting-place that he had proposed and found it suitable; and upon receiving their report, the Commodore wrote to Hayashi that the place would be satisfactory and that he would defer his contemplated visit to Tokyo until the negotiations with the commissioners were completed. With this letter in hand Hayashi went to Tokyo for three days of conferences at the palace, in the course of which he talked with the Prince of Mito, commander of the defenses of the bay.

Meanwhile Perry took his ships to their new position. Across the mouth of Yokohama Bay, opposite Kanagawa, there was just room for the squadron to anchor in line of battle; and each of the ships kedged up to her berth. They were about a mile offshore, and their guns covered five miles of shore line. "We now presented a very imposing aspect," wrote Midshipman Sproston of the *Macedonian*," and the music of the bands morning and evening, together with the clang of bells and the numerous calls of the sentries and lookouts at night by no means decreased the effect upon the minds of the Japanese, who evidently consider us a great nation." [5] Thousands of Japanese had swarmed to Kanagawa to see the "black ships," and hundreds had gone aboard.

On the first of March, Buchanan gave a party at which, for the first time, American and Japanese officials sat down to dine together. Kayama and the nine other guests quickly learned to use knife and fork, and showed great fondness for the cherry cordial and champagne that were served to them. Toasts were proposed to the Emperor, to the President,

to Kayama, and to the American "admiral." Williams jotted down this description of the party:

"Every one of our guests behaved well, excepting one [Nagashima] Saburosuke; his restless curiosity—not to add impudence—led him up and down the cabin, prying into every conceivable thing—putting on the captain's cap and looking at himself in the glass, hopping behind [Kayama] Yezaemon to take notes, bawling across the table, asking the English for this and that, and making himself as obstreperous as any common braggart. He is a clever fellow, however, despite all his quirks, even if he did pour out a glass of [olive] oil and drink it down for wine. All the visitors took away parts of the dinner in their nose-papers, wrapping up morsels of turkey, asparagus, pie, ginger, sweetmeats, and the like, and stuffing them away in their capacious bosoms; to his root of ginger Namura added two spoonfuls of syrup, and thrust the tissue-paper parcel into the folds of his gown—which must have been a pretty accurate sample of the inside of his stomach by the time he arose from his meal, so that he could illustrate as well as describe his feast to the wife and gossips at home." [6]

Kayama Yezaemon ate and drank so well at Buchanan's dinner party that he was unable to visit the ships for two days; but Nagashima Saburosuke paid a call and brought with him a new interpreter named Moriyama Yenosuke, who spoke English well enough to make the service of other interpreters unnecessary. He said that he had learned the language from an American at Nagasaki in 1849, and he inquired for Commander Glynn and the other officers who had rescued the American seamen at that time. Moriyama asked for dictionaries and grammars in English. When offered passage to America in one of the steamers, he refused, saying that he would go when the Japanese were permitted to build seagoing ships again. The new interpreter, Williams wrote, "sat down at dinner in the ward room, giving us all a good impression of his education and breeding." [7] But fine as were Moriyama's manners, he came to be regarded by the Americans as a colossal liar. Even three years later Townsend Harris, first consul of the United States in Japan, wrote to Perry that "M— Y— has not forgotten the art of lying." [8]

On the day after the dinner party Adams and Williams

went ashore to inspect the buildings that had been brought in sections from Uraga and were being erected for the ceremonies, and to instruct the Japanese workmen how to make a wharf at which the Commodore and his party might conveniently land. This move had worried Kayama Yezaemon, and as soon as he had recovered from his overindulgence, he went out to the flagship to warn that trouble might ensue if other Americans should go ashore; but when he was informed of the purpose of the landing by the two officers and was assured that none of the seamen would be allowed to go on land, he seemed satisfied.

While the American lord still kept himself secluded, the Japanese who came out to the ships became better acquainted with the foreigners. The men who were employed in filling the ships' casks with water were supervised by municipal officials; and the latter were entertained by the Americans with cakes and tea and wine. They presented long, narrow calling cards, and asked their hosts to inscribe sentiments upon their fans. Lo, the assistant to Williams, was most prolific of suitable inscriptions in Chinese characters, and made many friends by his attentiveness. Then a Japanese was asked to reciprocate by writing his name on the title-page of a Book of Common Prayer. He dipped his camel's-hair pencil into his portable inkstand, passed the point through his lips, and was about to write when his eye rested on a cross that was engraved on the page. Instantly he shook his head and threw the book upon the table.

The strength of the taboos under which the Japanese had been living for centuries was too great to be broken quickly. Aboard the *Susquehanna* was a Japanese who had signed on as a seaman and was known to his fellow tars as Sam Patch. He was the only one of the seventeen castaways who had been shipped to the East India squadron from San Francisco who was again approaching the shores of his native land, at the risk of paying the death penalty, which Japanese law imposed on those who left the Empire. Sam Patch ventured to write a letter to some of his old friends in Japan, for

delivery ashore by Kayama; but when he was introduced to the Japanese officials, and their stern eyes scarcely deigned to notice him, his inbred sense of serfdom compelled him to fall to the deck and grovel. A few minutes before, he had felt as free as any American; but even though he was now reminded that he was still safe, as a member of the crew of an American warship, it was impossible to convince him of his safety while the Japanese were present. He slunk away, trembling all over. Several weeks later Moriyama and other officials tried to induce Sam to remain in Japan. Though they offered to give any guarantee for his safety, he could make no response except to show abject fear. He preferred to return to America, to live with one of his shipmates in the interior of New York State.

In casual talk with the officials who came out to the ships the Americans learned much about the land of the Japanese. Williams complained that he "got no information from them of any importance. Their chief design," he felt, "was to get something to eat and a glass of toddy." [9] But some of the Americans who were more convivial fared better in getting acquainted. Nagashima was so indiscreet as to bring out a map of the bay region, which was copied while he was busy with his cups. This rascal assured the American officers that after the treaty was signed they could have plenty of Japanese wives, but that the ladies would appreciate it if they would shave off their mustaches before calling. Japan had plenty of coal, Kayama said, and the best came from the southern island—Kyushu. The Russians had received a little from time to time and had liked it. Japan could supply no Irish potatoes, but had pork, beef, sheep, poultry, and vegetables of many kinds.

As at Okinawa, the Americans began to make friends, as they conversed about matters that are of interest to all mankind. Gifts were brought to them from the shore: the coarsest of lewd paintings; and at the same time sweets in small wooden boxes, fragrant wild camellias, and birds made of shells and perched on little artificial trees. Finally Wil-

liams was commenting: "the common natives . . . have neither fear nor dislike of us, and already an intercourse has commenced among them from our surveying boats which is plainly a voluntary exhibition of their good will and laudable curiosity toward 'far-traveled strangers.' This gradual entrance into so peculiar a land—one thing gained or developed after another—is not the least of the charms of our experiences on this expedition." [10]

During this first week of March the weather was foul. The half-naked men in the Japanese guard-boats seemed insensible to it, and sang as they plied their long sculls; but high wind and cold rain made the American survey boats stop their activities for a few days. On March 4 snow fell lightly and the *Saratoga*, now almost four years out from home, arrived to join the other ships with several of her officers looking like ancient mariners and suffering from homesickness. The ninth vessel of the squadron, the *Supply*, did not arrive with the mail from home until March 19.

XIII

POURPARLERS

By March 8 the five buildings that had been brought all the way from Uraga had been put up on a level wheatfield just north of the tiny village of Yokohama. Over them was run up a flag that marked the place as an "Arena used for the Emperor." To Lieutenant Preble, who had no romantic illusions about Japan, the largest building looked "as if it would answer admirably for a coal shed." [1]

There were no fortifications visible in the upper bay—only military encampments marked by canvas screens. But the Japanese had arranged to have the site guarded: on the water side by Matsudaira, a lord who had hundreds of boats under his command; and on land by retainers of other lords, who had sworn that if violence should be provoked they would ask no quarter and would fight until the last man was dead. These guards were posted not only in defense against the possibility that the Americans might use force, but also to hold in check certain Japanese officers who had vowed to the gods that they would kill Perry, the arch-defiler of the Holy Country.

As the buildings neared completion, arrangements for the conduct of negotiations were discussed by Kayama Yezaemon

and the Commodore, but always through a go-between. The Commodore put up a bluff even more colossal than that of the preceding summer. His position was this, according to the chief of the Japanese commissioners: "Perry said that he would enter into negotiations, but if his proposals were rejected, he was prepared to make war at once; that in the event of war he would have fifty ships in nearby waters and fifty more in California, and that if he sent word he could summon a command of one hundred warships within twenty days." [2] No threat of these proportions was reported in the official dispatches to Washington; and the numbers cited in the Japanese report may be exaggerated. Yet if the statement had even a kernel of truth, it would have been very embarrassing both to the Commodore and to his government if the bluff had been called or if publicity had been given to it.

The Japanese said that they were planning no large display of military force, as before at Kurihama, because they now knew the Americans better and had confidence in them. In return the Americans promised that the Commodore would be accompanied only by a guard of honor. Kayama Yezaemon gave assurance, on March 7, that on the next day the Japanese delegates, of whom the chief was "next in rank to the Emperor," would be ready to treat with the Americans in the new buildings; and he presented a letter of credence for the four high commissioners, signed with the seal of the Emperor. The Commodore said that, given suitable weather, he and his party would be ready to leave the ships at noon on the morrow; and Kayama promised to send someone on board to conduct the foreigners to the place of meeting.

Perry still thought it wise to take all possible precautions against treachery. The Americans could not forget that the Russian captain Golovnin, some forty years before, had been enticed on shore, kidnapped, and put in a cage. And so, in preparation for a sudden breaking off of negotiations, water was rationed and a good supply was kept in the tanks. Moreover, it was ordered that the Commodore be escorted ashore by all the marines of the squadron who could be spared from

ship's duty, and that these men be armed with musket, sword, and pistols. Extra cartridges were to be taken along, and all boat-guns were mounted and supplied with ammunition. Even the musicians were to carry swords and pistols. These measures were indeed extraordinary for a guard of honor!

As at the first landing at Kurihama, the Japanese tried to do Perry the honor of enclosing the grounds with curtains and extending these down to the shore so that the Americans would be shut off from the view of the populace. But, as Williams remarked, the Commodore wanted "honor in his own fashion or not at all"; and so Perry sent his Chief Interpreter ashore to answer their "frivolous pretext," as he called it, by making it clear that until the screens were removed he could not think of landing.

When Williams reached the shore, he was met by several officials who were plainly worried. They feared that something had happened to prevent the meeting. The Chief Interpreter reassured them, however, by tactfully tempering the Commodore's ultimatum. He told them that all was well and that the Americans would arrive soon, but that, since there might be as many as thirty boats coming ashore, it would be well to make more room by removing the screens. Almost as he spoke, the curtains were folded up. A polite suggestion had proved to be as effective as a demand.

During the morning the Japanese commissioners came by boat from the neighboring town of Kanagawa, where they were lodged. The barge that brought them reminded the Americans of the craft on their own Western rivers; but it had a very high stern and was gay with bright paint and with lurid flags and drapery above the top deck. Several small boats ferried the dignitaries to the shore, and hundreds of other native craft gathered in the bay.

At about ten o'clock Kayama and his party went out to the flagship to conduct the Americans to the shore. While they were waiting, Nagashima Saburosuke "was flying about, crying out at the top of his voice from whatever place he happened to be in." [3] Soon after eleven o'clock some five

hundred officers and men, under Buchanan's command, embarked in twenty-seven boats and proceeded in formation to the shore. When they had landed, the men formed two lines about two hundred feet apart and extending up the gentle slope to the treaty house. Marines were on the left and seamen on the right. The officers stood at the wharf to receive the Commodore. The boats were moored out a hundred feet, with their bows pointing offshore, so that a quick retreat could be made. When all was in order, the Commodore put off for shore in a white barge while the ordnance of the *Macedonian* gave him a minister's salute of seventeen guns. Upon landing, Perry and his officers walked bareheaded toward the treaty house, preceded by the broad pennant with a gilt battle-ax at the top of its staff, and followed by six armed Negroes. The bands electrified the crisp air with *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the bayonets of the dapper marines reflected the bright sun and dazzled the crowds of natives who were confined behind ropes on each side. At the entrance of the hall stood two groups of retainers, clad in vivid costumes that were decorated with feudal insignia, the most striking of which reminded the Americans of three commas in perpetual motion. To the jack-tars the tableau looked as if the royalty in a pack of cards had come to life. They bit their lips to keep the stern countenances that discipline required. The Japanese officials welcomed the Americans and conducted them into the building. After mutual bows, the delegates of the two nations sat down in rows opposite each other, on benches covered with red cloth, with a low bench between them that was to serve as a table. The climax of the drama, perfectly timed by Perry the master showman, came when the howitzers on the American boats that were floating just off the beach burst into a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the Emperor and one of seventeen guns in honor of Hayashi, chief of the high commissioners. At the same time the striped flag of the Japanese was hoisted to the masthead of the *Powhatan*. The Japanese were pleased by these martial compliments.

The hall into which the Americans had been led was built of white pine and unpainted. Through the oil-paper windows a mellow light fell upon the decorative hangings that adorned the walls. The farther end of the room was covered by a large blue flag, with the Shogun's crest embroidered upon its center in white. Springy straw mats covered the floor; and for heat, charcoal glowed in braziers that rested in lacquered stands.

When the company had been seated, Moriyama Yenosuke was told by Commissioner Hayashi to begin the ceremonies. Listening to this order with his nose about two inches from the matting, and then dragging himself by the use of his arms to a position before the Commodore, Moriyama told Mr. Portman to say to the Lord High Commissioner from America that the Prince was glad to see him and hoped that his health was better. An appropriate reply was returned to Hayashi in the same arduous way, and repeated to the commissioner in the lowest of whispers. Then before negotiations could be commenced it was necessary that Moriyama scuttle back and forth between the Commodore and each one of the commissioners and also a few others of the Japanese delegation. "It was very singular, and to us repulsive," Williams observed. ". . . what respect can a man have for himself in such a position?" [4]

As the Americans watched these painful formalities, they carefully scrutinized the men with whom they were to deal. They had been chosen from the middle rungs of the Bakufu ladder. As described by an officer of the *Vandalia,* they were "intelligent-looking men, richly dressed in gay silk petticoat pantaloons, and upper garments resembling in shape ladies' short gowns." [5]

Credentials had been brought to Perry for only four commissioners, but now there were five. The fifth man sat somewhat apart from the others and took no part in the proceedings. Occasionally he prompted a scribe who sat next to him and took notes continuously. He was a cadaverous person, with a bilious complexion, a dyspeptic expression, and a countenance wryly distorted by efforts to overcome short-

sightedness. The Americans took a dislike to him and suspected that he was a super-spy sent, perhaps by the Emperor, to watch the other commissioners.

Hayashi, the professor who had been made chief of the commissioners, was a grave and rather saturnine man with courtly manners. He was dressed plainly in black silk. The second, according to Williams, was "a gross, sleepy-looking man, as much unlike a prince as if he was a chimney-sweeper." [6] The fourth commissioner was tall and silent and was to contribute little to the deliberations. The third, however, was the favorite of the Americans. Good-looking and hardly more than forty, Izawa was so full of gaiety that he could not keep his hands and feet still when the band played lively tunes. According to the interpreters, he held more liberal views toward foreigners than his colleagues. With the Japanese he was popular also; and they attributed to him the reputation of being a Lothario.

After the commissioners had been formally introduced, they retired from the hall, each followed by his sword-bearer. A plate of candy was set before each of the Americans, and tea in porcelain cups was served to them on lacquered trays. Pipes were supplied, and fire for lighting them.

Among the Japanese who remained in the outer hall with the Americans were several members of the Shogun's council, including the chief councilor, Lord Abe. The Americans did not suspect that the Shogun's highest minister was one of their hosts. Hayashi, the scholar diplomat, had been advertised by Kayama Yezaemon as the personage "next in rank to the Emperor"; and although Lord Abe's name was given with those of the other Imperial councilors, his position was carefully concealed. The masquerade that had begun at Kurihama was still being maintained; and so great was the people's awe of the officials and of affairs of state that there was no leakage of information through casual gossip, though there were vague rumors that members of the Imperial family—perhaps even the young Shogun—went aboard the American ships in disguise. Dr. Morrow, who was in charge of a dis-

play of American agricultural implements in a shed near the treaty house, reported:

"Late in the evening, after the Commodore and the Commissioners had left, a plain boat approached the shore and a gentleman landed. When he came up the beach and was recognized by the hundreds of Japanese standing around, they all prostrated themselves to the ground, high and low, in the most submissive manner. They seemed to show more respect for him than [for] the Commissioners. Their prostrations he recognized with a kind smile and bow, and gentle wave of the hand. His every action indicated gentleness and refinement.

"The respectful recognition of inferiors I had not observed before in any of the officers, but rather a stern look of something like contempt.

"He came into the shed, evidently with the design of examining the implements. . . . After having examined all the implements, he expressed his thanks, and smiling as though gratified, returned to his boat, followed by his suite of thirty retainers who had come with him." [7]

One of the most important actors in the drama at Yokohama was never seen by the Americans and his presence was not suspected. Nakahama Manjiro * was concealed in the inner room into which the Japanese commissioners retired. By virtue of his American education, he was able to make prompt translations of documents written in English. As a result, the Japanese commissioners actually knew about Perry's designs before he was aware of it. Though Nakahama was not allowed to see or to communicate with the Americans, he doubtless could overhear, through the thin walls, some of the off-the-record talk of the American officers. In view of this, it is remarkable that the Japanese did not withdraw from the conference, mortally insulted; for, according to Williams, the Commodore and his officers, thinking that none of the Japanese understood English idioms, often sounded off, calling the whole race "savages, liars, a pack of fools, poor devils; cursing them and then denying practically all of it by supposing them worth making a treaty with!" [8]

* See page 144.

Soon the commissioners returned and suggested that the conference adjourn to a smaller room which would accommodate about ten people. The Commodore agreed, and bidding Captain Adams, the two interpreters, and his son to follow, went beyond the blue flag hanging at the end of the hall into a small conference room. Once seated here, the Japanese stated that the business of the day could go forward, but that it must be remembered that it was the custom in their country to speak slowly and with great deliberation on important matters of state. The Americans were indeed to find their adversaries most tenacious, even upon points of phraseology; but they were soon convinced that the Japanese gentlemen were acting in good faith.

The chief commissioner handed the Commodore a long scroll that proved to be the answer to the President's letter to the Emperor.* In this document the Japanese acceded to the American demands for better treatment of shipwrecked sailors and for supplies for ships that might need them. They offered one port of trade, and a supply of coal to be delivered there. Five years would be needed to complete arrangements for trade at this port, they said, but traffic in articles could be commenced soon. To save face, the commissioners had repeated the trick that had been played successfully upon Commodore Biddle eight years before. They had not signed the document. So the Commodore returned it and asked that it be signed and delivered to him aboard ship the next day. He would study it carefully at that time, he promised.

A long conversation ensued between Perry and Hayashi. Old Matt had Japan's assent to the first two of the President's demands, but he was not content to let it go at that. He proceeded to deliver a little sermon on the value of human life, and, according to the Japanese record, said bluntly:

"You seem to have no regard even for your own countrymen and to be exceedingly inhumane. . . . If your country should persist in its present practices and fail to mend them, and if ships are not helped, it will surely be looked upon with hostility. If your coun-

* For a translation of the text of this document, see Appendix F, page 253.

try becomes an enemy, we will exhaust our resources if necessary to wage war. We are fully prepared to engage in a struggle for victory. Our country has just had a war with a neighboring country, Mexico, and we even attacked and captured its capital. Circumstances may lead your country also into a similar plight. It would be well for you to reconsider." [9]

In reply the professor made a dignified defense of his country's record. "If forced by circumstances," he said, "we also will go to war. . . .

"It is only natural, perhaps, that as we have had no intercourse with other countries you should have mistaken ideas about our government. Our government is not the inhumane thing you describe. First, we excel any other country in the importance we attach to human life. For this reason, we have enjoyed peace for more than three hundred years. If we were so inhumane as to consider human life cheaply, the state I have described could not have been possible. . . . It is not true, as you said, that we do not help ships in distress wrecked along our coasts. We will continue to supply fuel, water, and provisions. Then, your statement that shipwrecked persons have been thrown like slaves into prison, must be due to false reports. According to our laws, shipwrecked persons wherever they may be found, are to be treated with kindness and sent to Nagasaki and there delivered to the Dutch captain, by whom they are returned to their respective countries. . . . There are persons who, even though in distress, are not of good character. They violate our laws and do as they please. Such we are obliged to detain temporarily before sending them to Nagasaki; but it is the unlawful behavior of persons of this character which alone brings about such treatment. It is quite possible that upon their return, they assert that they were treated like slaves, and otherwise circulate false reports. There is nothing inhumane about our government; and I am certain that if you will examine the state of our country and study the facts, your doubts will be dissolved. If you in your country truly value human life, you will not allow the resentment of successive years to crystallize. These are not matters so grave as to make war necessary. It would be well for you indeed to reconsider." [10]

This took the wind out of the Commodore's sails, and he replied that he would be satisfied if the Japanese would assure him that they would thereafter treat shipwrecked men in as kindly a manner as the professor had described.

Then Perry opened the subject that was nearest to his heart—the negotiation of a treaty. "Entertaining the opinion that something still more advantageous might be gained," he wrote to Washington, "I thought it good policy to hold out for a specific treaty." [11] But the Commodore took care to keep his iron fist within its velvet glove. He merely insinuated the idea of a treaty into Hayashi's mind and did not press it immediately. "The important thing is that you will give our vessels help," he said. "Commerce brings profit to a country, but it does not concern human life. I shall not insist upon it." Perry asked why Japan did not engage in trade with other nations, and Hayashi replied: "We are not discontented at being without the products of other countries." [12] Finally, as casually as if it were an afterthought, the Commodore reached into a pocket and drew out a small book and presented this to Hayashi, explaining that it was the treaty made between the United States and China when commerce was first established.

"I brought it," he said, "because, if commerce were to be permitted, it would govern this matter fairly and equitably; but in view of your arguments I shall not insist. Having brought it, I hope that you will peruse it for your information only."

"We cannot easily agree to engage in commerce," the professor replied, "but if you desire me merely to peruse your treaty with China, I have no objection to doing so." [13]

During the preceding days Williams had drafted the sort of treaty that the Commodore hoped to make with Japan, and this was now left with the Japanese, together with two notes. One of these dealt with the necessity for making a treaty; the other asked for certain adjustments in the day-to-day relations of the squadron with the shore. It was pointed out that the Americans would be glad to receive and pay for supplies of wood, water, fresh meat, and vegetables, that the men needed exercise and would appreciate some arrangement whereby they might go on shore, and that the surveying officers must go ashore to set up signal-poles by which to

measure angles. It was promised that copies of the completed surveys would be presented to the Imperial government.

To the demands of the Americans the Japanese replied tentatively. Though doubtless they or their interpreters could have read the Chinese text at once, they asked for time to have the document translated into Japanese. They reminded Perry that the new Shogun was young and said that he would have to consult with his council before reaching a decision. It must be remembered, too, they pleaded, that the Japanese did not act so quickly as the Americans. They conceded nothing to the American requests for permission to go ashore.

These simple negotiations consumed much time, as Moriyama shuffled from side to side of the room and explained each statement to squatting middlemen. The Americans were weary when finally the Commodore rose to leave. He made the suggestion that further negotiations be carried on in writing, to save time and avoid misunderstanding. Before departing, he invited the commissioners to go aboard his flagship when the weather became warmer; and when they were informed that the ship's engines would be started for their benefit, they bowed and said that it would be a pleasure.

Then the professor withdrew to the retiring-room in order to indicate that his rank was higher than Perry's and also to create an attitude of reserve. The other commissioners, with the American delegates, partook of refreshments that were being served to the officials in the large hall: tea, confections, and cooked meat that was cut in slices so thin that the men, whose appetite was sharp and who remembered the bounteous meal that had been served on Okinawa, were greatly disappointed. Some of the Americans had brought their knives and forks ashore with them and complained that they found nothing substantial on which to use them. Sake was poured and, according to Japanese custom, one of the hosts drank off a cup first and turned bottom up. There was Madeira, also, and trays of dressed fish and walnut seeds. When the Americans left, paper parcels containing the residue of the victuals

PERRY AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF. Drawn by a Japanese artist in 1854.



Upper row, left to right: Commodore's Secretary Oliver Hazard Perry, Captain H. A. Adams, Commodore Perry.

Lower row, left to right: Captain Abbot, Chief Interpreter Williams, Dutch Interpreter Portman.

were thrust into their hands and they were obliged to take them away to conform to the custom of their hosts.

After the refreshments amateur artists who had come from Tokyo with the commissioners made crayon sketches of many of the officers. Each face was drawn merely as background for a long and large barbarian nose.

Outside the hall, as at Kurihama months before, Americans and Japanese got on very well together. Cake and candy were passed around to the foreign officers, who insisted that the sweets be shared with their men. The bands played, off and on, and were relieved by a strong muster of drums and fifes. Curious Japanese civilians stole under the ropes and were chased by the police. Japanese camellias were given to the officers; and at one o'clock a boat was sent ashore by Captain Abbot's aide with supplies "to freshen their nip." In the midst of this animation a company of Japanese archers, equipped with beautiful eight-foot bows, stood like statues for three hours.

When the Americans finally took to their boats they felt that the day had passed pleasantly, on the whole. As their barge took the Japanese commissioners away toward Kanagawa, the American drums rolled, their escort presented arms, and the men in the boats rose and doffed their caps while the officers saluted. Apparently the Japanese were left with cordial feelings, for toward evening a dozen boxes of oranges and casks of spirits were sent off to the flagship for distribution through the squadron.

In accordance with Perry's instructions, Moriyama and another official came aboard the *Powhatan* the next day, bearing a copy of the Imperial reply to the President's letter, duly signed by the commissioners. The Commodore graciously expressed appreciation of the goodwill that inspired the Japanese delegates. When Moriyama inquired when the next written word from the Americans would be ready, he was told March 11, two days later. Then he went to the *Mississippi,* where he reached an understanding with Captain Adams regarding the supplying of provisions and payment

for them. A purveyor was to bring all supplies to one ship and they would be paid for there by weighing coin against coin, equal weight being equal value. From that day on, Moriyama visited the squadron almost every noon, to carry on business with the American officers. Kayama Yezaemon was seen no more on the ships. Whether he had disgraced himself by overindulgence at Buchanan's dinner party or was made to bear the shame of the capitulation of his government on the question of a site for the negotiations is not known. When another official was asked about him and requested to give him a Colt revolver, he replied that he could not speak about Kayama.

The smooth progress of friendly relations was broken during the following days. The fresh provisions brought from China had disappeared and it seemed difficult to buy enough from the Japanese at that season to take the curse off the standard ship's rations on which the men were compelled to fall back. And the few contributions of the Japanese were not choice morsels; in fact, Lieutenant Preble felt sure that one of the fowl must have crowed over the expulsion of the Portuguese. As the *Mississippi's* clerk expressed it: "We were undergoing all the annoyances of a state of siege, without any of its excitements . . . 'it is sweet for one's country to die,' —but not of short commons." [14]

Some of the tension on shipboard was relieved when the Japanese permitted the officers to walk about in the towns of Yokohama and Kanagawa. They were requested not to go farther, since the country people were not used to strangers and might be excited by their presence. Three of the Americans, however, did not stay within bounds; and unfortunately two of these were propagandists for the Christian God whom the Japanese hated so violently. Wells Williams went ashore one morning to inscribe some books in the treaty house. "After luncheon," he confessed, "Dr. Morrow [the expedition's agriculturist] and I slipped out behind the house and reached the nearest hills beyond Yokohama without attracting the notice of any of our officials. . . ." [15]

In those hills at that time, according to Japanese accounts, hundreds of thousands of men were camping. Some of them probably were armed, and under the command of daimyos. Others doubtless were merely sightseers who offered their services to the officials in case of need. The men suffered much from sickness while encamped there, if we may believe jokes and cartoons at their expense which appeared later. It had been arranged that if the Americans tried to use force at Yokohama, a large bell was to ring, other bells were to take up the signal, and a general combined attack was to be made. One Idzu no Daikang volunteered to kill Perry with his own hand, but he was ordered not to attempt this.[16]

Williams and Morrow evidently were in danger of stirring up a hornet's nest in their innocent stroll. "The landscape was beautiful," Williams recorded, "indicating great fertility and culture. . . . The trees were beginning to swell. . . . We rambled along for several miles feeling as if we were let out of school . . . we approached the sea-shore. . . . The charming prospect from this elevated point, joined to its having heretofore been hidden to all foreign eyes, rendered it one not soon to be forgotten." [17] Under the impetus of spring fever, the Americans, like the pilgrims to Samarkand, were traveling "for love of knowing what should not be known." But it was not long before a guard officer dogged their trail and accompanied them toward Yokohama; ". . . he showed a disposition, from a sense of duty, to control our movements," wrote Dr. Morrow in his journal. "At this we laughed and walked wherever it suited us,—when he joined in the laugh with us and let us have our own way." [18] A little later another official came up behind the Americans, puffing and sweating, complaining that he had pursued them for a long way. Williams begged him not to overtire himself, and soon they were picking violets together on a bank. They reached the treaty house without colliding with any of the patriots encamped in the hills.

On two other occasions these two Americans rambled about along the base of the hills behind the treaty house, searching

for a good site for setting up a hydraulic ram that had been presented to the commissioners, but they were checked by Japanese companions who were "not well disposed to an extension of the walk." Williams collected azaleas and dried them, thus, according to his Chinese assistant, "showing himself a worthy disciple of Confucius." Yet he could not completely forget that he was a missionary, and further jeopardized the success of the Commodore by attempting to do a little proselyting on the side. The Chief Interpreter wrote: "I had a good opportunity to tell a considerable number of the spectators something about the resurrection, a matter totally new to them, and which struck them as wanting much evidence to lead one to believe it." [19]

Bittinger, chaplain of the *Susquehanna*, apparently had a romp that extended farther than that of Williams and Morrow and resulted less pleasantly. He went perhaps six miles toward Tokyo, through the city of Kanagawa, where he entered several houses and temples and was received courteously. Going into a shop, he asked to see some Japanese coins. When the storekeeper reluctantly complied, Bittinger told him to bring scales. Into one balance he threw some American silver coins and into the other a heap of the Japanese coins—gold and silver mixed. He then pocketed the latter, leaving an equal weight of the baser metal to console the storekeeper.

This depredation, and also the wanderings of Williams, were very promptly reported to the Commodore through the Japanese secret police. Officials laid the facts before Perry courteously, and with charity that seemed far more Christian than the conduct of the chaplain, stating that they supposed that the deed was performed "with no intention to do harm, but for his own amusement." When the Commodore heard this report, he instantly ordered all men ashore to return to the ships and he fired a gun to emphasize the command.

By this time, however, Bittinger was well on his way toward Tokyo. A messenger who hurried after him with a written command from the Commodore found him trying to bribe and force a Japanese boatman to ferry him across a river.

Japanese reports say that he actually had drawn his sword. He read Perry's order and returned to the shore, where he tearfully pleaded with the Japanese to take him out to the *Susquehanna* rather than to the flagship, so fearful was he of the Commodore's wrath. According to Williams, "the entire squadron" was "out against poor Bittinger for putting all the other officers in quarantine, as there was likelihood of their going ashore in a few days." [20] The Japanese coins were taken away from the chaplain and returned to their owner through Moriyama.

If any other evidence is needed of the iron grip that the Commodore held upon the conduct of his men during those trying days, it may be found in a complaint that appears in Williams's Journal:

". . . the vexatious manner in which Perry can annoy those under him without himself caring for the perplexity he occasions makes me glad that I never was disciplined to the navy, where undistinguishing obedience is required. One gets into such a heartless way of doing everything that the whole soul gets callous; praise is never given when a thing is done well, and scolding plentifully administered annuls any desire to exert one's self to please a superior." [21]

The lot of the sea-dog was beyond the comprehension of the Chief Interpreter. To him, life in a man-of-war was "too often like living on the outskirts of hell." [22] It was not surprising that, three days after writing his protest against naval discipline, he succumbed to spring fever and broke out of bounds into the verdant countryside with Morrow.

If Williams had had his way, the Commodore would have made less use of bad words and depended more upon the power of the Word to keep his men in line. When the *Southampton* was kept coaling most of one Sunday forenoon, the Chief Interpreter cited it as an incident typical of "the disregard of the Sabbath usual in this fleet." One Sunday, Williams noted, the chaplain "prayed and read a chapter to-day, the Commodore having such a tenderness for the crew that he would not keep them on deck in the cold long enough to hear a sermon! He himself attended, but McCluney [captain of

the *Powhatan*] keeps away. Yet even this slight religious service, which rightfully ought to be held daily, if a crew was properly taught, is made the subject of ridicule and scorn by officers and men, so perverse are they." [23]

On another Sunday the missionary complained that "God's day, and by consequence his law, is made subordinate to the will of one man. The alternative of outraging one's conscience is, of course, the accusation of disobedience or mutiny, and of this every officer is extremely wary. Truly the desecration of the Sabbath in a man-of-war is as great as in a pagan country, where it is not known; as to keeping the day holy, I fear amid such a melee of men talking, moving, and working, the thing's impossible." [24]

Some of the officers, especially the younger ones, did not appreciate the Chief Interpreter's concern for their souls. To Midshipman Sproston, Williams was "properly a missionary in China and a remarkably disagreeable man." [25]

XIV

TREATY-MAKING

POSSIBLY INFLUENCED BY HIS DISAPPROVAL OF THE WAY IN which the Sabbath was passed in the squadron, Williams became critical not only of Perry's methods, but of his political philosophy as well. On the day on which the Japanese reply to the President's letter was translated and discussed, the Chief Interpreter wrote:

". . . while Perry is pleased that the Japanese government has granted what Fillmore asked for, which was all the Cabinet at Washington expected to obtain, he says that it is by no means all *he* wants, nor all the President intended, and 'will not satisfy his views.' The letter last year asked for one port; now Perry wants five. That desired simply an assurance of good treatment; now Perry demands them to make a treaty, and threatens them in no obscure terms with a larger force and more stringent terms and instructions, if they do not comply.

". . . What an inconsistency is here exhibited, and what conclusion can they draw from it except that we have come on a predatory excursion? . . . Perry cares no more for right, for consistency, for his country, than will advance his own aggrandizement and fame, and makes his ambition the test of all his conduct toward the Japanese. Yet if they will . . . open their ports and for once do away with the seclusive system, great good to them will result, their people will be benefited, and the stability of the state increased, perhaps. Yet I despise such papers as this drawn up this day, and it may de-

feat its own object; it certainly has lowered the opinion I had of its author." [1]

In the document that Williams drafted with such reluctance the Commodore expressed satisfaction at the determination of the Japanese government to alter its policy in regard to foreign nations. At the same time he stated that the concessions offered were not enough and that a treaty containing wider provisions must be made. Captain Adams told the Japanese that the Commodore intended to send one of his ships to the United States in a week or so, in order that the government at Washington might know how the negotiations were going and whether it would be necessary to send more ships. At this the Japanese bridled a bit. "Are the Americans friendly?" they asked. "Certainly we are," was the answer. But when Adams delivered the paper, he succeeded in leaving the impression that the Commodore would not wait indefinitely for the conferees to make up their minds. And they already had been told what would be the alternative to any opposition to the will of the American lord.

During the negotiations Perry determined to apply pressure by gestures toward Tokyo. The survey boats went within four miles of the capital; and from one of these craft, on March 15, Lieutenant Preble gazed at the city all day through a telescope and saw the Shogun's castle clearly enough to record that its walls were purple trimmed with white. Armed surveyors had landed from time to time, sometimes at the invitation of the people on the shore. These landings were made without official permission, but Perry had promised to provide the Japanese with copies of the American surveys.

The talks with Adams closed amicably, the Japanese keeping the Commodore's latest demand to be studied along with the papers that he had given to the commissioners before. From that point, negotiations moved swiftly, but through a long and tortuous argument.

On March 15 the Japanese commissioners presented a note that restated the reply to the American demands that they had given at the treaty house a week before. They definitely

scotched the Commodore's hope of concluding a commercial treaty of the scope of that with China: "As to opening a trade, such as is now carried on by China with your country, we certainly cannot *yet* bring it about." It was clear that the commissioners were not ready to let the foreigner roam about their land at will, until he had an opportunity to give proof of his good intentions. The day before, in conversation with Captain Adams, Hayashi had said that: "He was well aware . . . that the time had come for them to open their ports and make Treaties with other nations, but . . . Americans were in too much of a hurry and wanted everything—*now. now.* and added that it was not easy for them to throw off and put bye in a moment the customs and laws of three centuries . . . the innovation must be gradual, and appear to their people to be *conceded* and not *forced* from them." [2]

On the 17th the Commodore made another formal trip ashore, this time without so much military pomp, and entered into discussion with the commissioners. The Japanese were willing to furnish ships with such supplies as were available, they said, but they could not accept payment. Would they take "return gifts"? the Commodore asked. Yes, but not merchandise, because that would smack of commerce. It was finally agreed that they would receive "presents" of gold and silver, in accordance with a fixed tariff.

The chief point at issue was the naming of a port or ports at which the Americans might land and secure supplies. At first the Japanese insisted upon Nagasaki. The people of that city had been trained to deal with foreigners, they said. Only after five years of preparation could another place be made ready to receive the Americans.

The Commodore objected that Americans did not want to be treated in the way in which foreigners had been dealt with at Nagasaki. That was his main reason for demanding other ports. He would not think of accepting Nagasaki. In the course of time he would expect *five* ports to be opened to Americans, but for the present three would do: one on the main islands, say perhaps Uraga or Kagoshima; another on

the northern island of Hokkaido, perhaps Matsmai; and a third on Okinawa—Naha. As for the remaining two, he was willing to defer discussion.

After many attempts to evade the inevitable, the Japanese finally compromised. They proposed Shimoda as the port on Honshu, said that they must think a few days longer about Matsmai, and definitely rejected Naha. The latter two places, they pointed out, belonged to feudal lords over whom the Emperor had only limited control. It was agreed that one or more American ships should go immediately to Shimoda to pass upon the suitability of that port. Japanese officials were sent to Shimoda by land; and the *Vandalia* and *Southampton* put out on March 20, under instructions to await the arrival of the Japanese before beginning to survey or to go ashore at the new port.

On March 23 the commissioners sent a note to Perry in which they proposed that, instead of Matsmai, the port of Hakodate in northern Japan be opened to American ships in need of supplies. Preparations for this could not be completed before September 1855, they said. The Commodore agreed, but expressed a desire that an earlier date be appointed for the opening. As soon as Commander Pope of the *Vandalia* reported that Shimoda was a satisfactory port, the Commodore at once accepted it. As for the third port, he would negotiate with the authorities at Naha later.

There still remained the question of determining the time for the opening of the two ports and the conditions under which Americans could live and trade in them. It was finally agreed that Shimoda would be opened immediately, and Hakodate a Japanese year later; but it was understood that actually American ships would not want to use these ports for about a year and that at no time would the Japanese at these ports be compelled to furnish supplies that were not readily available. Goods were to be furnished only by Japanese officers appointed for that purpose. They were to set prices upon the things that could be provided, and the Americans were to pay in gold and silver coin.

The matter of *residence* of Americans in the treaty ports was far more difficult. On March 25 Moriyama came out to the *Powhatan* and engaged in informal pourparlers on this subject. He said that before consular agents were appointed, his government wished to see how the new relationships worked out in practice. For four or five years, he suggested, the governors of the towns and the captains of the American ships would be able to carry on the business of provisioning vessels.

In reply the Commodore explained that the presence of a consul should be of advantage to the Japanese themselves. The duties of a consul, he reminded them, are to report all difficulties between American citizens and Japanese to his government in an authentic manner, assist the Japanese in carrying out their laws and the provisions of the treaty, and recover debts incurred by the Americans. Also he would communicate to Washington whatever the Japanese wished, as no letter could be received after this through the Dutch. "If no consuls are received," Perry explained, "then a ship of war must remain in Japan constantly, and her captain do the duties of a consul."

The Japanese were weakening, but applied a little flattery in the hope that they might still escape definite commitment on this point. "If we had not felt great confidence in you," they said, "we should not have consented to open our ports at all. Consuls may be accepted by and by, after experience has shown their need; and we hope that all American citizens obey the laws of their country, and behave properly. . . . We have found restrictions necessary against the Portuguese and English." Reference was made then to the conduct of an English captain named Pellew who had forced his way into Nagasaki in 1808. He had threatened to burn the junks in the harbor if provisions and water were not brought to him promptly, and his conduct led the Governor to commit harakiri. Perhaps also the Japanese were thinking of the misbehavior of Perry's own Chaplain Bittinger just a few days before.

"I hope no difficulty will arise," the Commodore said. The

appointment of consuls in Japan, he explained, as in China, Hawaii, and everywhere else, was to prevent and provide for difficulties. No American would report his own misdeeds to his own government, nor could the Japanese bring them to the notice of Washington except through a government agent. "This provision must be in the treaty," Perry insisted, "though I will stipulate for only one, to *reside* at Shimoda, and he will not be sent, probably, for a year or two from this time." This was the last word of the Lord High Commissioner from America, and it went into the treaty with little change. Thus the way was opened for Townsend Harris to come in the summer of 1856 and to build a lasting diplomatic structure.

On March 28 the Commodore went to the treaty house to discuss with the commissioners the points which Moriyama had raised informally. He found them still unconvinced of the wisdom of accepting a consular agent, but on this point he stood firm. The Japanese wanted it to be understood that, except for government agents, no Americans were to be allowed to reside in the ports. Also they asked Perry to agree that no American women be brought to Japan.

The final draft of the treaty made no mention of permanent residents and no special provision for women. Temporary residents were to be free to go where they pleased within the ports, and as far as they could travel and still return within the day.

By virtue of his familiarity with the Treaty of Whampoa between France and China, Wells Williams made a suggestion that was in agreement with the policy of the Department of State. With the assent of the Japanese, a "most-favored nation" clause was inserted as Article IX. By this the United States should enjoy any additional privileges that might be granted by Japan to other foreign powers. Convinced that the imposition of extra-territorial rights upon a weak power by a strong one led to more evils than it remedied, Williams persuaded the Commodore to keep provisions of this nature out of the treaty.

Actually, the completed draft did not differ greatly from the model that Donker Curtius had proposed to Tokyo in 1852 without Perry's knowledge; but by negotiating directly with Tokyo and by opening two additional ports, Perry had kept free from the doubtful benefits of Dutch sponsorship and intercession.

By the 31st of March the various moot questions had been settled and the American and Japanese interpreters had cooperated in preparing a final draft of the treaty in Chinese, Dutch, and Japanese. On that day the Commodore went again to the treaty house, and copies of the Treaty of Kanagawa were exchanged with the commissioners.* They signed the three Japanese copies with handwritten characters rather than seals. In compliance with the law of their land, they would sign no copy in any language but their own and considered themselves bound only by their own interpretation of their own characters. Moreover, they succeeded in protecting the good names of the Emperor, the Shogun, and the members of the council by omitting them from the humiliating document. The Dutch translation was signed by Portman and by Moriyama: the Chinese, by Williams and Matsusaki, the fifth commissioner; and the three copies in English were signed by Perry. In recording the date on the Chinese version, Moriyama refused to write the character for "our Lord Jesus Christ"; and Perry allowed him to do as he pleased about this small matter. Since most of the important concessions were on the part of the Japanese, the Commodore also acceded to their desire that the treaty go into effect immediately. So actually, this agreement pledging "permanent" peace between the two nations was presented to Congress as a *fait accompli*, and ratification, which required about a year, was a mere formality.†

* For the full text of the treaty, see Appendix H, page 257.

† Ratification of the treaty was advised by the United States Senate on July 15, 1854, and it was signed by the President on August 7. Ratifications were exchanged with Japan on February 21, 1855; and the treaty was proclaimed on June 22, 1855.

Throughout the negotiations the delegates of the two nations had come to understand each other's position, and a gentlemanly mutual respect had developed. One day Hayashi recorded in his diary: "Today the foreigners did not bring their rifles and pistols, and appeared to be without apprehension." [3] Looking back upon the proceedings, several months later, Williams wrote:

". . . it is fair to give the Japanese officers the credit of showing none of that hauteur and supercilious conduct, which the perusal of books about their country might have led one to expect. Compared with the conduct of the Chinese when Amherst went to Peking, that of Hayashi and his colleagues appears far superior in point of courtesy, decorum, and willingness, as well as good sense in discussing the matters brought forward for their acceptance." [4]

To celebrate the climax of two years of persistent effort on the part of the Commodore and weeks of patient work by the Japanese, Perry gave an American flag to High Commissioner Hayashi; and to the other dignitaries he presented gifts that he had reserved for them. In an expansive mood, he apologized for his ignorance of Japanese law and for any trouble that he might have given to the Japanese. In his exuberance he took it upon himself to say: ". . . we will be prepared at any time to help you in every way possible with warships and guns should you engage in war along your coast with any foreign country." [5] But this remark, like the bluff with which Perry had opened the negotiations, was not reported to Washington!

The Japanese, too, had prepared to celebrate the occasion. Tables had been spread in the reception hall, and the Americans were now invited to take seats according to their rank. Servants brought in four large courses: among the dishes were thick chowder, broiled fish and fried fish, boiled shrimp, and seaweed jelly. There were side dishes of confections, soy sauce, and other condiments, and countless thimble cups of rice sake for the drinking of toasts.

By the standards of the *Powhatan's* mess or by those of the Regent of Okinawa, it was scanty fare for the hearty Amer-

ican seamen. But they were convinced that the Japanese were sharing the best at their disposal, and they marveled at the polished courtesy with which their hosts entertained. They went out to their ships filled with sentiments toward the Japanese that were far more cordial than those with which they had crashed their way into the Bay of Tokyo nine months before.

The Americans now had attained the main object of their quest. Williams was inclined to relax for a few moments and give thanks to his God; but not Old Matt. He did not rest on his oars, even for a day. As Williams had remarked, he was "as uneasy as a man with a toothache, and seems happiest when stirring somebody up." [6] On the day after the signing of the treaty, Perry wrote to Hayashi to remind the Japanese that he had refrained from demanding all the privileges that in other foreign countries were considered rights. He had not renounced these rights, he said, but recognized that Japan could not grant them until she revised her laws. He predicted that the Bakufu would soon think it wise to open more ports. In other words, the demands of Manifest Destiny were far from satisfied: the Treaty of Kanagawa was only the thin edge of a wedge.

XV

SIDE-SHOWS

LIKE MOST DIPLOMATIC TRIUMPHS, THE MAKING OF THE treaty was not achieved without the use of the *argumentum ad hominem.* The Commodore had played upon human fears to establish a position in the Bay of Yedo; and now, off Yokohama, he was proving himself equally skillful in appealing to human desires. In winning the confidence of the Japanese commissioners Perry depended heavily upon the power of food and wine and also upon the overwhelming assortment of presents that he had spent months in gathering before he left the United States. As Williams put it: "It is not for want of cumshaws to the Japanese that we shall fail of making a treaty, especially drinkables of all sorts." [1]

On March 13, under the direction of Captain Abbot of the *Macedonian,* the presents for the Emperor were taken from the storeships, loaded into launches, and brought safely ashore through rough water. Among the gifts were three hundred and seventy feet of railway and a quarter-size locomotive and tender, telegraph instruments and fifteen miles of wire, a printing-press, a set of Audubon's prints, maps of America, weapons, eight baskets of Irish potatoes, and one hundred gallons of whisky. For the Empress there were elaborate garments, a telescope, a lorgnette, a clock, and a



DELIVERING THE AMERICAN PRESENTS AT YOKOHAMA. Lithograph from a sketch by W. T. Peters.

box of fancy toilet soap! Perhaps the present that was most appreciated was the copy of Webster's dictionary that was given to the interpreter. The commissioners and councilors received less elaborate specimens of many of the articles, and also a hydraulic ram.

After the Commodore had given a list of the gifts to the commissioners, and they had retired to their inner sanctum to consult their hidden expert in English, Nakahama Manjiro—perhaps to find out whether any of the words on Perry's list could possibly connote Christian propaganda or physical violence—the offerings of the Americans were delivered and opened in the main hall of the treaty house.* Perry made a little speech to assert that these articles were tokens of friendship and in no sense tribute. He explained that the items had been chosen for their utility rather than for their costliness; and to illustrate that fact, the railroad and the telegraph were put into commission within a few days. In this American technicians were assisted by Japanese laborers. In fact, some of the Japanese workmen seemed almost as skillful as the artisans of the American fleet. One carpenter, Dr. Morrow wrote, worked "with great facility, using his or our tools indifferently." [2]

The railroad was laid out in a circle on a piece of level ground. A half-mile of telegraph wire was strung, with one end at the treaty house and the other at a building designated for the purpose by the Japanese. At first, according to Williams, this instrument was "too mysterious to attract their attention." The onlookers were amazed to find that, no matter how fast they might run from one end of the line to the other, the message would be waiting for them when they arrived.

The agricultural implements attracted the attention of natives of both high and low estate. When the grindstone was set up, the Japanese tried it on the small knives that they carried in their sword-scabbards. They watched appreciatively while Dr. Morrow went to a near-by hedge and demonstrated

* For a list of some of the American presents, see Appendix K, page 262.

the use of the folding ladder and long-handled pruning-saw. In the garden engine and hose the Japanese saw new possibilities for improving upon their own little copper fire-engines. They "put it in operation," Morrow wrote, "and amused themselves for some time by wetting the roofs of the houses and throwing water over them and into the tops of the trees. At one time there were two or three hundred spectators, who were soon dispersed with a great laugh, when the pipe was turned on them. I used one of the patent ladders to climb to the roof of a large house, and taking the hose up, showed them how it was used in extinguishing fire on their largest houses." [3] "We have found the corn-cracker and rice-huller . . . popular," Williams noted, "but Colt's revolvers carry all before them, everybody wanting one." [4]

Of some of the presents delivered at the treaty house the Americans had brought duplicates and triplicates. These were taken ashore later. Save for the telegraph and the railroad, most of the presents were taken to Tokyo, though they were distinctly marked "To the Emperor of Japan." The gifts were kept by the shoguns; and eighteen years later an American saw scores of the articles at the ancient family seat of the Tokugawas, many of them crusted with rust and mildew.

At every opportunity the Japanese showed insatiable curiosity not only about the mechanical devices of the Western world, but even about the dress and personal effects of the Americans. They fingered the laced caps, the boots, and the swords of the officers as well as the jackets and trousers of the men. With their long delicate hands they smoothed down the nap of the broadcloth, pulled a lapel here, adjusted a collar there, and even probed into pockets. They were especially impressed by the utility of buttons, and collected all that they could persuade their visitors to give away. Not content merely with staring at gadgets that interested them, they took India ink and hair pencils from the breast pocket in their loose robes and made notes and sketches on mulberry-bark paper. No one seemed bashful about trying his skill, no matter how amateurish the result. The Americans observed their earnest

efforts at imitation and concluded that "in these characteristics may be discovered a promise of the comparatively easy introduction of foreign customs and habits, if not of the nobler principles and better life of a higher civilization."

As at Naha, the Americans found that the people were more inclined to fraternize than were the officials, and that everyone, even the higher officials, lived in terror of spies. The Japanese explained that their laws forbade them to tell foreigners anything about the institutions and customs of their country; and the Americans despaired of getting an intimate knowledge of the country until consuls, merchants, and missionaries could be established in Japan long enough to learn the language and mix socially with the people.

After the Japanese had politely acknowledged the gifts of the American government, they invited the Commodore to come ashore on March 24 to receive presents that, they said, had been ordered by the Emperor in public recognition of the courtesy of the United States.* Accordingly Perry, with a suite of officers and interpreters, was ceremoniously received at the treaty house by the high commissioners. The large reception room was crowded with gifts. They lay in heaps upon the red-covered settees, on the tables and stands, and even on the floor. The articles were of Japanese manufacture. Among them were silks, delicate lacquered ware—skillfully wrought and exquisitely polished—and porcelain cups of wonderful lightness and transparency, adorned with designs in gold and variegated colors. Fans, pipe-cases, and garments were scattered among the more luxurious pieces.

The American presents for the Emperor had been done up crudely in brown paper and rough boards; but the Japanese gifts were wrapped attractively and made a much prettier show. On the other hand, their value was picayune in comparison with that of the American outlay. "Every one, the Commodore included, remarked on the meagre display—and the lack of rich brocades and magnificent things always associated with our ideas of Japan." [5]

* For a list of the Japanese presents, see Appendix L, page 263.

The presents had been neatly arranged in lots and classified to suit the rank of the various recipients. When the Commodore and his suite had entered and the usual compliments had been exchanged, Chief Commissioner Hayashi read aloud, in Japanese, the list of gifts and the names of the persons for whom they were intended. After this ceremony the Commodore was invited into an inner room and was given two complete sets of Japanese coins, three matchlocks, and two swords. Since Japanese laws absolutely forbade the issue of any money outside of the kingdom, the gift of the coins was an act of marked favor.

As the Commodore prepared to depart, the commissioners said that there was one present intended for the President that had not yet been exhibited. Leading the Americans to the beach, they pointed to more than a hundred sacks of rice. The interpreter explained that it was customary with his people, when bestowing royal gifts, to include a quantity of rice.

Looking up, the Americans were surprised to observe, tramping toward them on the beach, about twenty-five men who were taller and more massive than any Japanese whom they had yet seen. These were professional wrestlers, whom the princes kept for private amusement and public entertainment. Their costume was merely a tiny satin apron, fringed and embroidered with the armorial bearings of their prince. Two or three of these monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan. One of them, known as "the bully of the capital," was brought before Perry by the Japanese commissioners, who insisted that the Commodore should inspect the fellow minutely, feel the hardness of his bulging muscles, and punch him in the paunch. And so Perry tried to get a grip on his huge arm, and then passed his hand over the pudgy neck, which fell in folds like the dewlap of a prize ox. When the Americans exclaimed in surprise at his power, the bully expressed his flattered vanity with a grunt.

The wrestlers appeared at first to be masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible in the depth of the sockets, their

noses were lost in the puff of bloated cheeks, and their heads were set almost directly on their bodies. But the men soon proved to the Americans that they had superhuman strength. As a preliminary exhibition, their masters set them to moving the sacks of rice to another place on the shore. Each of the sacks weighed more than a hundred pounds, yet the wrestlers easily carried two at a time. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth; and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated somersaults as he held it.

After this display the commissioners proposed that the Americans should go to the treaty house to see the wrestlers perform. The athletes had a number of attendants who supplied them with fans and helped them to dress and undress. When the rice had been moved, the servants threw richly adorned robes over the huge torsos and led the wrestlers up to the treaty house, where a ring about twelve feet in diameter had been softened by spading. In the gallery above, divans were arranged for the audience. As soon as the spectators were seated, the wrestlers were stripped and purged with salt. Then they were brought into the ring and divided into two opposing groups. They tramped heavily forward and backward, glaring at each other and parading their points, to give the gallery a chance to size them up and to place bets.

At a signal given by the heralds, two men who had been sitting on opposite sidelines walked slowly and deliberately into the center of the ring. When within a few yards of each other, they crouched warily, looking for an opening. As they eyed each other, they stamped on the ground and, pawing it, picked up handfuls of dirt and flung it angrily over their backs or rubbed it impatiently between their palms or under their shoulders. Now they crouched low, still watching every movement of the opponent, until in an instant they heaved their massive bodies at each other and collided with a quivering of flesh. "Yassa," they grunted, straining for a fall. Muscles stood out, their bloated and reddened faces swelled, and the huge bodies palpitated. At last one of the men fell

heavily and, being declared beaten, was helped to his feet and led out of the ring. The victor remained to battle with other challengers, until he too should be counted out.

Soon two other wrestlers were summoned by the herald for a match of another kind. This was not the Americans' idea of good sport. Acting Master McCauley of the *Powhatan* wrote this in his diary:

"As their names were called, two of them stepped into the circle, squatted down, and broke a little piece of twig . . . throwing one piece to the right and the other to the left, by way of challenge I suppose. . . . All of a sudden they gave a yell and sprang at each other, grasping at the armpits, and kept shoving, yelling, tugging, hauling, bawling, twisting, and corvetting about, with seemingly no aim whatever, and the party that was the weakest of the two kept butting at each other's right shoulder, where they are all armed with one or two large callosities, which generally made a finish of the lutte by starting the claret from the butter's snout, or loosening some of his teeth. It was a very unsatisfactory trial of strength, there were one or two falls, but after all, any wrestler that I have heretofore seen of half the muscle would have laughed at them." [6]

This exhibition went on until all of the wrestlers, in pairs, had displayed their savage power. Some rushed at each other screaming as in a "Banzai charge," but "these generally proved to be the weaklings," Williams noted. From this performance, which to them seemed disgustingly brutal, the Americans finally turned with pride to the telegraph and railroad. In place of a show of brute force, here was a revelation of the power of science and invention. The Japanese took delight in seeing the rapid circling of the tiny locomotive around the 370-foot loop, and shouted with pleasure at each toot of the whistle. The engineer stood on the tender, feeding the fire with one hand and with the other operating the controls. The miniature coach was hardly large enough to hold a child of six. It had fifteen pairs of damask-covered seats, a carpeted floor, and windows that slid up and down. Unable to squeeze into it, the Japanese threw themselves upon the roof, clinging desperately to the edge, and shaking with laughter and excitement while the locomotive developed a

speed of twenty miles an hour and the wind tugged at the loose robes of the riders. ". . . On the whole, it pleases our own men quite as much as the Japanese," Williams commented, "and when a dozen of them straddle the car and steam is got up we see a good deal of fun." [7]

After the telegraph had been operated and the use of the agricultural implements had been explained to the commissioners, one of their number exchanged suitable compliments with Captain Adams and a few stately bows were made. Then a detachment of marines from the squadron went through evolutions which were well described by McCauley:

"They marched and countermarched over the rough stones until I thought that Prince Hayashi would have the ague whenever he should hereafter meet a marine, and finally ended their evolutions by coming within fifteen paces of the crowd, and snapping their muskets in a volley direct at their noble highnesses' dough bags. (They would have sent a score or two of bullets into the crowd if they had accidentally put caps on their locks.)" [8]

The commissioners took a keen interest in this military display and commented particularly on the excellent discipline of the men. This closed the program for the day. After the Japanese had accepted the Commodore's invitation to dine on the flagship three days later, they retired to the treaty house. The Americans returned to their ships, though not before some of them had sat down to a "chow-chow" at which one of the midshipmen "demolished four or five dozen oysters" with chopsticks.

"There was a curious melange today here," Williams commented, "a junction of the east and west, railroads and telegraph, boxers and educated athletes, epaulettes, and uniforms, shaven pates and nightgowns, soldiers with muskets and drilling in close order, soldiers with petticoats and all in disorder. . . ." [9]

It was on March 27, just four days before the signing of the treaty and at a time when negotiations had reached their most critical stage, that the Commodore played his highest trump in the game of moral suasion. On that day the commis-

sioners and about seventy of their attendants were feasted with the best that the flagship could offer. They were taken first to the *Macedonian*, and as they stepped on her deck the near-by *Mississippi* gave them a salute of seventeen guns. The crew of the corvette went through evolutions, as one of her midshipmen wrote, "with a great deal of spirit and having evidently the desired effect upon them of convincing them of our power and force when occasion required." [10] When they left for the *Powhatan*, the *Macedonian* fired a salvo in their honor.

Aboard the flagship the quarter-deck had been decorated with flags, bayonets, musket-racks, chandeliers, and candlesticks. Under the awning a large table had been set; and the seats around it were now filled alternately with Americans and Japanese of minor rank. In accordance with Japanese custom, the highest officials dined with the highest American officers in the Commodore's cabin, and Moriyama was granted the privilege of joining them and eating at a side-table. In addition to the delicacies that were served to all, the commissioners were given the special tribute of a cake apiece, each bearing a miniature flag and the coat of arms of the man for whom it was intended. Hayashi, as chief of the commissioners, kept his dignity and ate and drank only what politeness required; but the other officials proved themselves hearty trencher-men and became most convivial. They showed little discrimination in the choice of dishes or the order of courses, and wolfed fish with meat, soups with syrups, fruits with fricassees, and pickles with preserves. And after the feasting, true to habit, they laid out their soft paper handkerchiefs, trotted around the tables to pick up a left-over piece of pie here, a leg of chicken there, and then wrapped up each morsel and deposited it in their sleeves. One man ended his foray by emptying a saltcellar. White sugar and cut glass were much in demand.

The spirits of the diners were soon floating upon an Olympian outpouring of liquor. The Japanese put down numberless glasses of champagne and maraschino, and before long

they were shouting above the music of the band. They took the lead in proposing toasts, among them: "Japan and California, may they be united by steam." The healths of the ladies of the two nations were remembered with increasing warmth as the feast progressed. Two of the Japanese were detected "telegraphing the intention of a reciprocal exchange of sweethearts. Some of them were very much affected by champagne, but none lost their dignity of manner for a moment, except one old fellow who it is said is a habitual toper and was caught learning the Polka from a Midshipman on the hurricane deck." [11]

Suddenly above the uproar boomed the voice of the Lord High Commissioner from America: "Gentlemen, we will now adjourn to hear the minstrels." Profound silence, broken by a shrill whistle from one of the Japanese. Then laughter. The Commodore looked grave. ("No one appreciates a joke less than he does," [12] commented Midshipman Sproston of the *Macedonian.*)

The Japanese were given front-row seats. A program printed on shipboard announced that the minstrels would appear first "as colored Gemmen of the North" and later "as niggas of the South," the whole show to end with a production of Bulwer's *The Lady of Lyons.* "When the sable gentlemen made their appearance," according to Sproston, "a murmur of astonishment arose among our simple guests. Woolly heads, standing shirt collars of ample dimensions, and black faces contrasting with black and yellow striped coats, ruffled shirts, and the usual pants of a darky band were truly new sights to them. 'Yah-yah-Sambo, how you be?' said Bones to Tambourine, as the one rattled and the other knocked his instrument in their faces. I thought the commissioners would have died with their suppressed laughter (for they never laughed out as we do)." [13] Even the reserved Hayashi joined in the hilarity.

At sunset the Japanese prepared to depart. Matsusaki, the fifth commissioner who had been suspected of being a spy upon the other officials and whose appearance the American

officers had not liked, now became the life of the party. He threw his arms about the Commodore's neck, crushing a new pair of epaulets in his tipsy embrace, and gibbered with maudlin affection: "Nippon and America, all the same heart." When someone remarked that he had not supposed that the Commodore would stand for *that*, " 'Oh,' said old Perry, 'if he will only sign the treaty *he may kiss me.*' " [14] Matsusaki then went toddling into his boat, supported by some of his more steady comrades, and soon all of the gay guests were making for shore under a parting salute of seventeen guns.

"The Commodore," wrote Lieutenant Preble, "wanted us to put them in a good humor—as he said the success of his treaty depended upon the success of the entertainment—so we did our best. . . . After clean work had been made of the [liquor] . . . I . . . gave them a mixture of catsup and vinegar which they seemed to relish with equal gusto. . . . Some of our greyest and gravest officers danced with them. A funny sight to behold—these bald-pated bundles of clothes, and Doctors, Pursers, Lieutenants, and Captains all jumping up and down to the music." [15]

The next day, when the Commodore met the commissioners at the treaty house, they were unusually grave and had little will to oppose the provisions that the Americans wished to inject into the treaty.

All of the pageantry of the sojourn off Yokohama was not gay, however. During his first visit to the treaty house, on March 8, Perry raised a question that, though it concerned a minor matter, was to lead to a concession of major importance on the part of the Japanese. One of the men on the *Mississippi* had died two days before, and now the Commodore asked whether his men might bury the body on an islet down the bay that they had already surveyed and named Webster Island. "I was pretty well satisfied," he wrote to Washington ten days later, "that once the body was in the ground, it would not be disturbed; and as others of the squadron might die during our stay, it would be a very appropriate place for

interment for all; and I was moreover anxious, for special reasons, to acquire an interest in this island to subserve some ulterior objects." [16]

Old Matt was losing no opportunity to get a toe-hold on Japanese soil, even though the toe belonged to a corpse. But the Japanese commissioners objected strongly to such a trespass, pleading that the island was uninhabited and belonged to a feudal lord over whom they had no control. They said that the body should be buried at the foot of the lighthouse at Uraga. When the Commodore replied that this would be inconvenient, they finally agreed to permit the burial at a point between the village of Yokohama and the bay, about a quarter-mile south of the treaty house. To allow foreigners to hold a Christian service on the sacred soil of Japan was a concession for which the Americans would not have dared to hope several months earlier.

The chaplain of the *Mississippi* left this record of the ceremonies that he conducted at the grave on the afternoon of the next day:

"About three o'clock, after 'all hands' had been called to 'bury the dead,' and the chaplain had read from the gangway the customary passage of the Scripture, we left the ship in two boats, with the flags at half-mast. . . . We landed at a spot designated . . . the whole shore being lined with villagers who had come to gaze. The mayor of Uraga, interpreter, etc., received us there. I had expected that on their seeing me in my official costume, and first knowing that there was a Christian minister on their shore and among them, that there would be a recoil, and that they would shrink from me as from something poisonous. But there was no such thing. On the contrary, they came up successively and gave me their hand for a shake. (They have learned our salutation and seem to be fond of it.) The interpreter, pointing to my prayer-book, asked if it was for ceremonies over the dead, and smiled as before when I told him that it was. . . . Our way lay through the village, and the occasion seemed to excite quite a holyday among them; everybody, men, women, and children, running and gaining good places for seeing, and squatting down on the ground till we had passed, when they would run and gain another place for observation if they could. . . . They had selected for interment a very pretty spot about a hundred yards from the village,

and closely adjoining an old burying-ground of their own. . . . Close to us stood the Japanese officials, just below the grave. The marines in line on the other side, and near them on a mat sat the old Buddhist priest, with a little table before him, on which were a number of papers, etc., with incense burning in their midst. Everybody was quiet and attentive while we went through our usual service for the solemn burial of the dead. Then the marines fired three volleys over the grave. As the first volley was given there was a half shout on the hills around [from onlookers] . . . the number of which was computed by one of our officers at two thousand.

"While they were filling up the grave, I asked permission to examine their burying-ground, which they readily gave, the interpreter also going with me and explaining the several parts . . . when I observed that the space for each body was very small, he replied that the dead in Japan were buried in a *sitting posture*. . . . The interpreter . . . stated that the Buddhist had come there 'as a compliment to . . . the deceased.' On the little table, in addition to the incense-box, . . . were also a bowl of cooked rice, a covered vessel filled with sake and a small gong. The priest now commenced his ceremonies, sometimes touching the gong, sometimes stirring the sake; while he thumbed his beads, and then muffling his hands in his robe and bowing his head, he read some prayers in a low, unintelligible voice. . . . After putting head and foot boards with inscription to the grave, and covering it in our usual manner, we left the Buddhist priest still engaged at his ceremonies and set out on our return, the crowds gathering around as before, and all very civil and polite, so with drum and fife playing we returned to our boats." [17]

The religious mores of the two peoples had now crossed. Not only had Americans and Japanese exchanged gifts and wined and dined together: they had also prayed side by side —to different gods, to be sure, but with the same pang in their hearts. The long slow process of acculturation had begun.

XVI

INTO THE OPENED PORTS

So deftly had Perry co-ordinated his naval operations with the progress of his diplomacy that with the arrival of the *Supply* on March 19 his squadron had been brought to its greatest strength precisely at the time when the moot points in the treaty hung in the balance. By March 24 the Commodore felt that the concessions that he desired were assured and that it was safe to release the *Susquehanna* to return to China to meet Commissioner McLane, in accordance with the promise given to Washington. So early in the morning the former flagship left for Hong Kong, much to the regret of most of her officers, and especially of Commander Buchanan. That was the beginning of the dispersal of the squadron. With Captain Adams and several invalided officers aboard as passengers, the *Saratoga* was dispatched to the United States on April 4, with copies of the treaty and a report from the Commodore to the Secretary of the Navy urging that the treaty be ratified before the machinations of other powers might interfere. A week later the *Macedonian* was sent to the Bonins to see how the colony was getting along under its new government and to try to find traces of the men of the *Plymouth* who had been lost in a storm during the preceding fall.

During the first days of April the Americans maintained and improved the cordial relations that had been established at Yokohama. The Japanese interpreters visited the ships almost daily, and small gifts were exchanged with the American officers. One day the Commodore and several of his staff went ashore and, after being entertained with refreshments at the treaty house, set out for a walk under the guidance of Moriyama and other officials. Spring was well along now, the fields were carpeted with delicate green, and camellias bloomed in red and white, as much as forty feet above the ground. As the Americans walked through the countryside, they noted the agricultural implements of the natives: short-handled hoes, potato hooks almost like those of America, iron-tipped wooden spades, and crude mortars and pestles for beating barley and rice. In the houses they saw spinning-wheels, looms, and cotton-gins. The ditches and dikes around the rice-fields appeared to be very neat, and some were expensively walled with stone. The roads were excellent, and quite adequate for the traffic of porters and pack horses.

Whenever the party approached a village, one of the Japanese hurried ahead; and when the Americans arrived, the street would be empty. This displeased the Commodore, who wished to see normal native life. When he made his desire known to Moriyama, the interpreter complained that the modesty of the women could not stand the sight of a stranger. Perry replied plainly that although this polite evasion was adroit, it was nevertheless untrue. Moriyama, being a cheerful liar, took no exception to this, and he promised that at the next town, where refreshments had been ordered, the women would not be required to disappear.

Now that the treaty had been signed, the Commodore could act like an American again and mix with the villagers. Relieved of official interference, men, women, and children of all classes crowded about the foreigners in the next village. To the Americans they seemed well fed and comfortably clad, and though there were signs of poverty, there was no public begging. The men were very courteous, perhaps because of

the presence of high officials, and their strong curiosity never became offensive. Though the women worked in the fields, they appeared to be rather the companions than the slaves of their husbands.

The Americans were cordially welcomed by the chief magistrate of the village and taken into his house. The interior was spread with soft mats, lighted with oil-paper windows, decorated with crude cartoons, and furnished with red benches. Soon the wife and sister of the official served tea and cakes and then sake with rice waffles. The two ladies, their heads bobbing up and down in bows, trotted around with the silver sake kettle, trying to fill the thimble cups as fast as their lusty guests drained them. A little later the mayoress brought in her baby; and in spite of the child's dirty face and untidiness, the American officers did their diplomatic duty by fondling it and praising the precociousness with which it bowed its shaven head at the command of its mother.

On April 10, the Commodore's sixtieth birthday, the American ships weighed anchor and moved, not out to sea, but toward Tokyo. The survey of Lieutenant Preble had shown enough water to permit the whole American squadron to go within three or four miles of the city. Just as the *Powhatan* cast off, the Japanese interpreters came aboard in great dismay and begged the Commodore to stop, pleading that the safety of their country, perhaps, and certainly that of their own lives, was at stake. They and the commissioners would be personally responsible, they said, for any violence that might be provoked. The people of Tokyo had been made very restless by the presence of the Americans, and mob action could easily result. But Perry explained that he would be much embarrassed before his own government if he returned home without having at least *seen* Tokyo. Perceiving that there was no hope of dissuading him, the Japanese officials remained on board, prepared to commit hara-kiri on the deck if the Americans went too close and dropped anchor near the capital. One interpreter lay on the sofa in the cabin, suffer-

ing from a "sickness" for which Jamaica ginger gave no relief; and Moriyama determined that if he saw indications that a salute was to be fired, he would throw himself over the cannon's mouth. The steamers rounded the point near Shinagawa and came into view of the roofs of Tokyo, standing up faintly above a heavy mist. This was Perry's closest approach to the palace of the Shogun, though it was five miles short of the point to which the survey boats had gone. The Americans could detect little evidence of military preparations, save for a row of high palisades along the water-front. As soon as he had seen enough to be convinced that the city could be destroyed by a few steamers of very light draught with heavy guns, the Commodore relieved the anxiety of his Japanese friends, one of whom had already thrown off his cloak and long sword and remarked that he would now need only his suicide knife. At about noon the boats that had been sounding ahead were recalled, the steamers put about, and the whole squadron moved down the bay to the American Anchorage. The Japanese celebrated their reprieve by joining with great conviviality in a luncheon party given in the Commodore's cabin. But the American officers were much disappointed to have gone no nearer to the capital.

Four days later two of the storeships were dispatched to Shimoda, and two days afterward the *Vandalia* and the *Lexington* followed. Before the two steamers finally left the Bay of Tokyo, on the 18th of April, the Commodore thoroughly explored Webster Island and the neighboring shores, pulling into several obscure coves where there were large quarries of sandstone and stone piers near which boats had been pulled up for cleaning and repairs.

When the Americans sailed out of Tokyo Bay for the second time, they took away valuable knowledge of this magnificent body of water. Although not permitted to land at will or to put up signals for measuring, the men in the small boats of the fleet had surveyed the entire western shore and had established some points on the opposite side. They had found no rocks or reefs. "In truth," the surveying officer of the *Sara-*

toga wrote, "it may be considered as clean a bay and as bold and noble a sheet of water as any in existence." [1]

The steamers ran down the coast to Shimoda in less than twelve hours, using Oshima and Cape Idzu as landmarks, and found that the sailing ships were at anchor there and had made good use of their time since their arrival. In warping into the inner harbor, the *Southampton* had come upon a cone-shaped rock lying in mid-channel with only twelve feet of water over it, and a buoy had been placed to warn the steamers. Though foreign sailing ships were no novelty to the people of this port—an English man-of-war having put in here in 1849—steamers were enough of a curiosity to attract throngs to the heights overlooking the entrance to the harbor. All of the ships found moorings in the small inner harbor except the *Vandalia,* which preferred to anchor farther out.

Two hundred years before, Shimoda had been an important port of entry for vessels going into the Bay of Tokyo; but having been superseded by Uraga, the town had fallen into poverty. The landing-place was near a row of docks at which a few junks were being constructed. The Americans were impressed by the streets, which intersected at right angles, were partly paved and partly macadamized, and were well equipped with gutters and sewers. The thousand or so houses, the Americans noted, were without chimneys and were made of bamboo, mud, and plaster, though a few were of stone.

The town appeared to be shut off from the hinterland by a jumble of steep hills, which were beautifully dimpled with valleys in which most of the fertile land was terraced and irrigated for gardening. The visitors, seeing that the hills were a barrier to inland commerce, came to the conclusion that Shimoda would be far more valuable as a port of call for a California-China steamship line, as Perry had suggested to the Secretary of the Navy, than as a post for trade with the Japanese. This feeling was to grow with closer acquaintance, so that when the *Susquehanna* and the *Mississippi* returned to call at Shimoda for a few days in the fall of 1854, one

officer said bluntly: "The Japanese commissioners got the better of us in the treaty, as far as this place is concerned." [2]

Upon his arrival the Commodore lost no time in organizing a party to survey the harbor thoroughly. On the third day he went ashore with several officers to pay an official call upon the prefect, Kurokawa Kahei, the man with whom Adams had dealt when re-entering the Bay of Tokyo two months earlier. Perry found that Moriyama Yenosuke had come to Shimoda to aid in putting the Treaty of Kanagawa into operation. The services of an interpreter were needed as soon as it became evident that the behavior of the Japanese officials and their spies had not changed and that Kurokawa begrudged the Americans anything more than the letter of the treaty requirements. Despite the disposition of the people of the town and countryside to welcome the Americans courteously, the foreigners were accompanied by guards who saw to it that shops were shut and the women concealed.

The Commodore was indignant when he heard that his officers were being dogged by spies in spite of the clause in the treaty that required "free" intercourse. He sent word to the prefect that if these annoyances continued, he would sail to Tokyo with his whole squadron and demand an explanation. The prefect wriggled a bit before succumbing. He explained that Dutchmen landing at Nagasaki were always followed by twelve or fourteen soldiers. Old Matt came back with a blast to the effect that what was customary in dealing with the Dutch was not proper in treating with Americans, with whom Japan had a treaty of amity and intercourse. At this the prefect side-stepped, saying that he would refer the matter to Tokyo and that meanwhile he would try the experiment of allowing the officers to go ashore without supervision and that any of the town's many temples might be used to house Americans who wished to remain overnight. On April 22, for the first time since arriving in Japanese waters, Perry gave general permission to his officers to go ashore.

The assurances of the Japanese proved to be almost worthless, however. A few days later the Commodore himself was

preceded on a ramble through the town by two Japanese functionaries who ordered the people to go into their houses and close their doors. Again the Americans made their standard threat, well worn but still effective: they would go to Tokyo if the prefect did not give satisfaction. As for the prefect, he begged to be excused. The Commodore must have been mistaken, he said; for the guards had been present to protect and not to annoy the Americans, and they had told the people not to close, but to open their doors to the foreigners. Possibly his orders to that effect had been misunderstood; at least he would renew them and see to it that they were executed. As for doing business in the shops, it was arranged that the officers could purchase small articles for their own use at a rate of exchange very favorable to the Japanese officials.

Several days later, three American officers who had been out shooting returned to the town too late to go out to the ships, and therefore took advantage of the prefect's offer of a temple for overnight lodging. They were hardly settled on the soft mats, however, when a troop of soldiers thronged in, led by an interpreter and other officials, and demanded that the foreigners go away on the instant and return to their ships. When the interpreter left to report the matter to the Commodore, the soldiers became more insolent, until finally the Americans cocked their revolvers and drove their annoyers out. When this affair was laid before him, the prefect was at first inclined to justify his men. After many attempts at face-saving and compromise, Kurokawa finally delivered the apology upon which the Commodore insisted; but even in the apology he disavowed personal responsibility, saying that his subordinates had acted without his knowledge. In accepting the apology Perry took away this weak prop of the official's dignity by making it clear that in the future he would make no distinction between the acts of the prefect and those of his subordinates.

In order to make the people familiar with Americans and accustomed to their presence, the Commodore and his officers

frequently visited an apartment that had been set aside for them on shore and diverted themselves by walks through town and countryside. They observed the housekeeping arrangements of the Japanese, the charcoal fires built in sand-pits in the midde of the floor-space, and the tubs of water standing in front of each house and on the roofs, in readiness for fire. At Shimoda, too, the Americans first saw the interior of a Japanese public bath, and felt that, in the elegant language of Perry's *Narrative,* it "was not calculated to impress the Americans with a very favorable opinion of the morals of the inhabitants." Lieutenant Preble was more specific:

"The only separation of the sexes that I noticed was that the men kept to the right side of this room, and the women the left. Both would look at us and laugh, and point at what every other human I have ever heard of savage or civilized cares to conceal. . . .[3]

"Everywhere we met the same cordial reception from the simple people, whose fault seems to be their extreme and I may say beastly sensuality. . . . On our return from our country stroll we stopped at one of the many temples to rest. . . . Among the crowd surrounding us was quite a pretty female whose unstained teeth showed her to be unmarried. A few minutes after we had sat down a man came up put his arm around her waist whispered a few words in her ear, and they immediately walked off behind a screen within five feet of us. Her companions were not slow to show us, by the most indecent signs in which the old priest joined, what they had gone for. The women laughing heartily as if it were a first rate joke and no uncommon occurrence to so pervert their temples." [4]

Of the morals of the priesthood, the artist Heine formed this opinion:

". . . these gentlemen, like the clergy of many other countries, seem to consider drunkenness, intemperance, and different kinds of vice as a prerogative of their position." [5]

In the course of one walk in the suburbs of Shimoda, a party of officers was approached by two Japanese who, after looking about furtively to make sure that they were not observed by their countrymen, came close to one of the officers and, pretending to admire his watch-chain, slipped a folded paper into his coat. Then, putting their fingers to their lips,

they made off quickly. In the middle of the next night the two men rowed out in a small boat to the flagship. Coming up on the sea side, they jumped to the gangplank; but in doing so they dropped the painter of their boat, which drifted away with their swords and other belongings aboard. When the Commodore was told of their presence and sent his interpreter to talk with them, they repeated the touching plea that they had made in their letter. This was their fifth attempt, they said, to make contact with the Americans without the knowledge of the official spies. To their piteous and persuasive appeal that they be taken to America, where they might become educated in the ways of the outer world, the Commodore felt forced to reply that he could not take them, much as he would like to, without the permission of their government. Though they feared that they would lose their heads if they returned to land, they were taken ashore. The next day the Commodore sent an officer on shore to intercede in behalf of the men and he gave assurance that they had done no harm to the Americans; but the Japanese officials were not moved, and Americans strolling in the suburbs a few days later saw the hapless men confined in a cage that was barred in front and less than six feet square. One of the men eventually died in prison and the other was beheaded in 1859. That was still the penalty for those who dared to traffic freely with the barbarians.

It was particularly pleasing to the Americans to be able to operate a free press on the flagship. Since February two small sheets had competed in giving the squadron the news of the day in good homeside style; and in May another paper, the *Japan Expedition Press*, printed the text of the important documents that had been exchanged with the Japanese.

Early in May the newspapers were able to announce the return of the *Macedonian* from its cruise to the Bonins, where she had lost her anchor chain and had found no trace of the *Plymouth's* lost boat, but had succeeded in bringing back fresh provisions that were badly needed. To seamen threatened with scurvy, a hundred big turtles and a hundred barrels

of potatoes and onions were a windfall, particularly since the supply of provisions from Shimoda seemed to be running low. Except for fish and vegetables, and an occasional tough fowl, the men had been living on biscuit and salt junk.

On May 6 the *Macedonian,* having shared her supplies with the other ships, was dispatched to Hakodate, the second open port, with the *Vandalia* and the *Southampton.* The *Lexington* was sent to Naha; and a day or two later the two steamers set out for Hakodate, leaving the *Supply* at Shimoda. The Commodore was glad that his tedious wranglings with the disputatious prefect were over. It had sometimes seemed that everything gained at Kanagawa had to be won over again; but at least he had made a thorough survey of the harbor and could feel that he had impressed the people with America's desire to be friendly and her insistence upon the rights that the laws of other nations gave to her citizens.

The course of the steamers was set for the island of Oshima, and the vessels passed so close that the men could see smoke rising from a volcanic ridge that appeared to be four or five miles long. Two small towns were seen clinging to the sides of the island, but the Americans could detect no sheltered landing-places. Beyond Oshima the vessels ran into a choppy sea which broke over the rail of the *Mississippi* although the Japanese fishing boats seemed able to dance upon the waves and keep dry. In the course of the six-hundred-mile run up the east coast of Japan to the Strait of Tsugaru the Americans occasionally saw a school of the whales that were attracting the harpoons of so many of their countrymen and that might be said to be the prime natural cause of the mission to Japan.

At the entrance of Tsugaru Strait, which separates the main island of Honshu from the northern isle of Hokkaido—or Yezo, as it was then called—the Americans encountered a current running against them at about six miles an hour. There was still snow on the highlands that flank the strait, and overcoats felt good, especially when a dense fog set in

and the steamers groped their way, sounding both bells and steam whistles.

Toward noon the mists rolled away and the Americans had their first sight of Japan's Gibraltar. They saw a massive pile of rock rising from a promontory; and over the low arm of land that connected the hill with the island of Yezo jutted the masts and rigging of the three sailing ships that had preceded the steamers to Hakodate. From these vessels boats came out to pilot the frigates round the promontory and into the secure and deep harbor. To a seafaring man, Hakodate was a magnificent port, "worth a thousand Shimodas" in spite of the fog and strong currents of the straits.

The Americans were disappointed, however, to learn from the local prefect that officials from Tokyo had not yet arrived. At Yokohama the Japanese had asked that the American lord should defer his visit to Hakodate for one hundred days, since Williams would not be able to understand the dialect of the inhabitants and it would require a long time for officials and interpreters from Tokyo to complete the long overland trip. Perry had agreed to wait only fifty days, and he was right on schedule. So it fell to Williams to keep his tongue busy "at a trip-hammer rate the livelong day," leaning heavily upon his assistant, Lo, who was still getting along admirably with the natives and by now had inscribed his graceful verses in Chinese on at least five hundred Japanese fans.

Five such ships had never been seen before at Hakodate; and the people, not forewarned by Tokyo and thinking that pirates were aboard the vessels, or that the steamers had come to chastise them for imprisoning castaways some years before, sent their families and valuables away on horseback or in junks. The behavior of some of the Americans who went ashore seemed to justify the precaution. The local officials complained that sailors were gambling in temples, climbing over walls to break into houses and stores, looting, and acting like madmen. The purchase of swords by the foreigners was

objected to, also. An official investigation was necessary, after which the Americans agreed to return the swords and such things as had not been paid for. Even the officers of the squadron were seized by a mania for collecting souvenirs. Williams arranged a bazaar for the Commodore, and just as soon as Perry had made his selections and after he had gone, "such a grabbing for this and that ensued as was quite surprising to me, and not creditable to naval officers. . . . I was ashamed at such an exhibition of American character in the eyes of the Japanese officers." [6]

At first the prefect had refused to see Captain Abbot of the *Macedonian,* though he had sent out wood and water to the ships. But when Perry arrived and displayed a copy of the treaty and a letter from the Japanese commissioners, the local officials entered into negotiations. Hesitant themselves to set the limit to which Americans could walk, they offered no interference when Perry decreed that it should be a radius of sixteen American miles. As the visitors took advantage of this, they were often accompanied by native officials, since the latter had convinced the Americans that the people of the town would be reassured if they could see that their officials had no fear of these barbarians. When the foreigners walked through the partly macadamized streets, townspeople knelt along the sides. As at Shimoda, the Americans were impressed especially by the provisions for the control of fire: fireproof warehouses; brooms and barrels of water on the roofs of the residences; and even primitive fire-engines of local manufacture. The visitors enjoyed walking into a delightful grove of pine and cedar that stood behind the town; and they climbed a hill and found a lookout house from which the movement of ships in the strait was observed. During the year 1850 sixty-eight square-rigged vessels had been seen from this post, many of them doubtless American whalers. Clerk Spalding interviewed one of the watchmen and reported:

"He desired the direction of America: I gave it to him. He then very deliberately drew a large O with the point of his sword-case

on the ground, and said 'Nipong'; and then drawing a small o he said 'America' . . . but not admiring his geographical scale, I permitted his 'Nipong' chart to remain, and drew one for 'America' many times larger, whereat he took no more interest in the conversation." [7]

While at Hakodate the Americans found clams, and with their seine took succulent salmon; and so, fortunately, they were not dependent upon the native fare of seaweed and dried fish. They were given houses on shore, trade was opened through the officials at fair prices and a reasonable rate of exchange, and after the foreigners had been in the port for a week the Japanese officials asked if they might co-operate in any other way. They provided a burying-ground large enough for twenty-five graves, and two men from the *Vandalia* were laid away there.

At Hakodate the Commodore followed his usual practice of sending out surveying boats. Furthermore, the *Southampton* was ordered to survey Volcano Bay, at the southeastern end of Yezo and about seventy miles from the squadron's anchorage. There the Americans met a few friendly *Ainus* —aborigines of the island—and one night they saw a volcano burst brilliantly into action. Landing on Olason Island, the commander of the *Southampton* found there, in good condition, the grave of a foreign sailor who had been buried some eighty years before.

After a few petty misunderstandings and disagreements the American and Japanese officials at Hakodate reached a good understanding. The visitors gave their hosts a pattern from which, within four years, they were able to construct two brass cannon with a nine-inch bore. There were many dinner parties, a minstrel show, and much exchanging of presents; and when the expected officials finally arrived from Tokyo, they fell into the mood that prevailed. Williams found the local officials to be men of better character and manners than those of Shimoda; and at the end of his stay at Hakodate the Chief Interpreter wrote: "I have been repaid during the last fortnight for the years of study of this language." [8]

On May 31 the *Macedonian* set sail for Shimoda and the *Vandalia* for Shanghai, by way of the Sea of Japan; and three days later the two steamers put out into the strait, where they were fog-bound for an hour before a strong wind sprang up and gave them a good start on their long homeward journey. The Americans had seen enough to be convinced that Hakodate would be a valuable base for whaling-men.

The Commodore arrived again at Shimoda in ample time for the conference that had been arranged with the commissioners for the purpose of settling several questions that had been left open at Yokohama. In the absence of the Americans, Shimoda had been made an Imperial city, so that traffic with foreigners might be directly under the control of Tokyo. The number of Imperial commissioners had been increased from five to seven, and these men were ready on June 8 to begin negotiations with the Commodore.

After a week of diplomatic jockeying, which was relieved by the usual relaxations, the contracting parties reached an agreement upon the conduct of navigation and commerce at Shimoda.* The Americans considered the currency rates unfair, and thought that the Japanese were undervaluing the American dollar, not so much for the exorbitant profit that accrued to the Bakufu, but simply to place one more obstacle in the way of Japanese-American trade. When Perry protested the high prices charged in the official bazaar, however, the commissioners let it be known that such a matter was beneath their dignity.

During this visit at Shimoda the Americans continued to go ashore freely; and it was agreed that they might wander as far as about twelve English miles. They noted that the body of the man who had been buried in Yokohama had been carefully brought to Shimoda and placed beside that of a sailor who had been laid away there in April. All together, the foreigners saw more of Japanese life at Shimoda than they had seen in their two months in the Bay of Tokyo. Nevertheless, though the Japanese now were careful to make their

* For the text of the regulations agreed upon, see Appendix I, page 259.

espionage so unobtrusive that it would not rouse Perry's wrath, the Americans still could not give a button to a peasant without its being returned to them by an officer.

Unfortunately the Commodore's men were not always worthy of the shore privileges granted to them. One day Perry had to leave his meeting with the commissioners in order to discipline bargemen and bandmen who were helplessly drunk. The next day Hayashi urged that sailors be ordered not to get intoxicated. Perry replied that if the Japanese did not sell sake, no one would be inebriated. On another occasion a complaint charged that Bittinger had left tracts at a temple. Perry answered that any attempt to insult Christianity would be met with opposition and would call forth the wrath of the people of America; and in his turn he protested against the giving of obscene literature to the men of the squadron. "Of all heathen nations I have ever heard described, I think this is the most lewd," [9] Williams was writing. Of friction between the two races, the most serious occurred when a drunken sailor pulled the spigot out of a wine-cask in a Japanese shop and let the wine run out on the floor. A scuffle ensued and painful bruises resulted. It was a long time since the men had had shore leave, and it was most difficult to control them. "They scold the Japanese, the Commodore, the ship, the expedition," said Williams, "but their own evil tempers are never blamed." [10]

Before leaving Shimoda the Americans noted many signs of the awakening that they had started. They heard that the Japanese, realizing the strategic importance of Uraga, were building a gunboat system of defense. Now that the laws against the building of seagoing ships were no longer in force, Kayama Yezaemon had built an ocean-going three-master, it was said, and it had had a successful trial run. The Japanese continued to be more interested in arms than in anything else. They often asked the Americans for a recipe for the making of percussion-caps. The only native who was willing to break the law by giving coins to the Americans was tempted by a revolver. Even the commissioners asked for

howitzers; and one was left with them and Perry urged Washington to send out more. When on June 21 the Commodore and Hayashi and their staffs had their last dinner together, the talk was mostly of pistols and cannon and steamers.

Finally, on June 25, the *Powhatan,* with the *Southampton* in tow and accompanied by the *Mississippi,* steamed out of Shimoda. The *Macedonian* already had been dispatched to Keelung to inquire for some Americans who were thought to have been lost at sea or to be in captivity on Formosa.

Looking back at the shore of Shimoda harbor, the Americans could see the long train of the commissioners, with perhaps one hundred people in it, winding along the beach toward Tokyo. Provisions had been scarce in the port during the last few days, and the foreigners supposed that now the people of the town must be happy to see the end of the visitation of officials.

In spite of the shortage of foodstuffs, however, the Americans did not go away from Japan empty-handed. Perry was carrying away a stone for the Washington Monument from Hakodate and another from Shimoda, and he was to get another from Naha. At Shimoda he had procured ten tons of slaty surface coal for analysis. Moving his flag to the *Mississippi,* he made the deck of the old frigate into a floating zoo which included Japanese dogs, tailless cats, and, under the break of the poop, cages of pheasants, mandarin ducks, and songbirds.

Skirting the east shore of Amami Oshima, in the northern Ryukyus, the Americans could find no good anchorage; but two boats went ashore from the *Mississippi* and the sailors found natives who lived in squalid huts and were armed with one matchlock, a sword, and spears, sticks, and stones. The visitors were able to barter for fresh food, with the aid of Sam Patch, who just before leaving Shimoda had again refused the pleas of his countrymen that he remain in Japan.

Off Okinawa the *Southampton* was ordered to go directly to Hong Kong, and the two steam frigates steered for Naha.

On the run from Japan to Naha, Williams noted that "not



EXERCISES IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS AT SHIMODA. Lithograph from a sketch from life by W. Heine. Courtesy of H. Stuart Hotchkiss.

a shot has been fired, not a man wounded, not a piece of property destroyed, not a boat sunk, nor a Japanese to be found who is the worse, so far as we know, for the visit of the American Expedition." [11]

It was lucky that he made this statement before reaching Naha; for there the Americans were met with reports of an ugly scandal on which the captain of the *Lexington*, which had been in port for some weeks, had not been able to get satisfactory action from the local officials. Perry and Williams made it plain that the Americans would not continue their friendly relations with the island unless there were an official investigation by the Regent. The investigation was held, with the Regent and treasurer attending, and this official report went to the Commodore from the Regent:

"It appears that on the 12th of June three American sailors, passing through the streets of Naha, forcibly entered a man's house, and took therefrom some liquor, which they drank until they became drunk; two of them to such a degree that they laid down in the streets. The other got over a wall into a private house, and forced a woman, who having no strength to resist him, cried out with loud cries. One of her relatives . . . hastily running in on hearing her, saw the man in the act, and threw him down on the ground. Alarmed and repulsed, the sailor fled out to escape.

"Many persons had by this time assembled and pursued after him with stones, throwing them at him, and he fled to the sea-side, and falling into the water, was drowned.

". . . This rape not only was a great shame to the woman, but was also a mortifying disgrace to the country, and therefore the local police of Naha did not dare to make it known in all its particulars; but simply made a statement that a drunken sailor, in his incoherent stumbling and reeling, had fallen into the water and was drowned."

After receiving Perry's protest against the incomplete report of the police,

". . . the judge immediately called the woman who had received this outrage, to be carefully questioned; but she could not detail how she had so suddenly met this violence . . . it was plain to him that such was really the truth.

"I then directed that all persons who were suspected of having

thrown stones, or pursued after him in the mob, be called up, that they might be carefully examined, and they generally said, 'to force a woman is what all men detest and are angry at, and would, without thinking, strike and wound the one guilty of it.' There is some reason in this, too; but still those who acted thus should be apprehended and delivered over to the American officers for trial, since it is altogether illegal to throw stones and wound persons, causing them thereby to fall into the water and be drowned. I have therefore handed in the names of the guilty persons found out, and their punishments, for your inspection." [12]

Other records of the affair indicate that the Regent was telling the truth, and with a fairness to which no nation could take exception. The leader of the mob that had stoned the sailor was turned over to the mercy of the Commodore. Old Matt was satisfied, court-martialed the two sailors who had gone ashore with the drowned man, and returned the ringleader to the Regent, to be punished by banishment. Williams, who upon hearing of the death of the American had urged the Commodore to call out marines first and ask questions afterward, was now impressed by the sincere effort of the Regent to get at the truth, though he deplored the torturing of witnesses that he saw during the "investigation." "We certainly must place external morality in Naha greatly beyond what it is in Shimoda," [13] he concluded.

While the Americans had been absent from Naha, the Russian fleet had put in and had drilled its men ashore. This merely strengthened Perry's determination to make America's position secure on Okinawa. He was not sure that his treaty with Japan bound the Regent, since the Japanese had claimed that they could not commit him; and so the Commodore imposed a "Compact" on the Regent.* The terms were much the same as those made at Yokohama and Shimoda, except that in this case the Americans were given the freedom of the island and prices for wood and water were fixed. The Regent protested the terms of the Compact, fearing that one of its clauses would make the Emperor of China feel that Lew Chew was denying its tributary obligations to him. Like

* For the terms of the Compact of Naha, see Appendix J, page 260.

most of the unilateral agreements made in the Far East, the Compact had force only so long as Western guns commanded the scene. Four months later, when Lieutenant Rodgers sailed into Naha on a surveying mission for the American Navy, the islanders refused to honor the terms of the Compact, and the work done by Perry had to be repeated on a smaller scale: a hundred men marched with a field-gun to the palace and presented their demands to the Regent.

Perry was criticized severely by his officers for taking his broad pennant ashore and using it as a personal ensign when he landed to sign the Compact. When this emblem is taken from a ship "to be boom-a-laddyed on shore in a procession," Clark Spalding wrote, "it becomes meaningless, if not ridiculous." [14] It seemed as if the Commodore was now gratifying his personal vanity rather than creating a necessary atmosphere.

As the Commodore's ego, inflated by success, became more overweening, the morale of his staff was sinking under the effects of the climate, the long nervous strain, and undernourishment. By great persistence the Americans had succeeded in getting a bell to take home for the top of the Washington Monument. Perry cared more about that bell, Williams felt, than he did about the Compact or the pursuit of justice. The Chief Interpreter was complaining, too, that Perry celebrated the Fourth of July far better than the Sabbath, as far as stopping work was concerned.

Dr. Bettelheim had been replaced by another missionary, but he was still in town, as unpopular as ever. When the Americans made up a purse for his successor, Bettelheim applied for half of it, but without success. Before departing the Commodore gave the natives a cotton-gin and some agricultural implements, but perhaps nothing that he did for them compared with the boon that he conferred by taking away Dr. Bettelheim, who kept on cursing the islanders to the end, declaring that there was "not a word of truth in them!"

Preceded by the *Lexington*, the *Mississippi* and the *Powhatan* steamed to Hong Kong, where they found a huge accumu-

lation of mail. With the arrival of the *Susquehanna* from Shanghai and the *Macedonian* from her visit to Keelung and Manila, the larger vessels of the Japan expedition were once more together, and quite ready for overhauling. Even on the *Macedonian,* which had been away from the United States for a shorter time than the others, sails and running gear were worn out. "Hardly a watch but some important rope parts," [15] remarked Midshipman Sproston.

It now remained only for the men of the *Mississippi* and the *Macedonian* to fire a parting salute and for the jack-tars to man the rigging and give three cheers for Commodore Perry, and the mission to Japan was completed and the few vessels remaining in the East India squadron passed under the command of Captain Abbot. Perry had the orders from Washington that he had requested, nine months before, and he was now free to go home.

XVII

CURTAIN

OLD MATT'S WORK WAS DONE. HE HAD WRITTEN HIS PAGE in the records of history. No longer would he be known as the brother of the brilliant "Perry of the Lakes." It remained only for those whom he had benefited to praise him and for the ebb and flow of Pacific politics to toss his name about like a buoy.

Much as Williams had deplored the rough edges of Old Matt's character, at the end of the expedition he was still loyal and appreciative of his chief's stature. He left this mature estimate of Perry's worth:

"The appointment of a naval man as envoy was wise, inasmuch as it secured unity of purpose in the diplomatic and executive chief; and it is not improbable that, as proved by the general prudence and decision of his proceedings since anchoring last July at Uraga, Perry is the only man in our navy fully capable of holding both of these positions. It has indeed been favorable to his unbiased action that he has had no captain under him whose judgment or knowledge were entitled to the least respect, and so far as I've observed, all in the fleet, excepting Buchanan, have devoted their intellects to criticizing what he did, and wishing that they were going home. The Commodore, in regarding all under him as only means and agents for his purpose, has perhaps too often disregarded the just wishes and opinions of others in comparatively trifling matters; but this extreme is and must be almost unavoidable in minds of strong fibre, trained during long years to command." [1]

Though his lack of finesse had exposed him to the criticism of his officers, Perry's fairness and devotion to duty had won and held the respect of the jack-tars. Old Matt's heart was touched deeply when the men of the *Mississippi*, his favorite ship, sent this parting message: "We shall never feel greater confidence, or stronger pride, than while under your command." [2]

Next to himself and his clan, Perry had been most loyal to the Navy. With Shufeldt, who opened Korea in 1882, the Great Commodore has been credited with "the most important success of the American Navy in the field of diplomacy." [3] It was fitting that, as Perry was leaving China, the Secretary of the Navy sent "warm congratulations on the happy success" of the "interesting and novel mission." "You have won additional fame for yourself," the letter said, "reflected new honor upon the very honorable service to which you belong, and, we all hope, have secured for your country, for commerce, and for civilization, a triumph the blessings of which may be enjoyed by generations yet unborn." [4]

Before the note could reach the Commodore, however, this fulsome testimonial came to him from the merchants of the China coast whose petitions he had refused before going to Japan:

"The name of Perry, which has so long adorned the naval profession, will henceforth be enrolled with the highest in diplomacy. Columbus, De Gama, Cook . . . inscribed their names in history by striving with the obstacles of nature. You have conquered the obstinate will of man, and, by overturning the cherished policy of an empire, you have brought an estranged but cultivated people into the family of nations. You have done this without violence, and the world has looked on with admiration to see the barriers of prejudice fall before the flag of our country without the firing of a shot." [5]

Among some of the men of the squadron who had witnessed the Commodore's diplomatic battles with the Americans in China a few months before, these honeyed words were the subject of bitter gibes.

On the 11th of September Perry sailed from Hong Kong

for England as passenger on a British merchant ship. He did not leave the Far East without longing glances back at the work still to be done. On October 7 he reported to Washington that he had received a courteous letter from the King of Siam and that he would have liked to visit Bangkok if he had had more ships. He suggested also that trade might be established with Cochin China if steamers of light draught could be used.

By nature the Commodore was no imperialist. His Quaker blood would not permit him to conquer for sheer love of power. He had not thrown his heart into the Japan expedition until it became his professional duty to do so. Once under orders, however, he had looked beyond his immediate job to envision a broad policy that would advance the interests of Japan as well as those of America. According to Tyler Dennett, the instructions of the Japan expedition, which Perry had helped to draft, made "the first comprehensive statement of the basis of an American policy for the Pacific." [6] In this farsighted plan, the conclusion of a treaty with Japan was only a first step. The opening of the sealed nation was bound to occur soon. The development of the steamship, the flourishing of the China trade, the increase of whaling in Japanese waters, the growth of political and religious evangelism in the United States, and the awakening of Japanese interest in Western inventions—all of these forces had inscribed portentous handwriting on Japan's wall of seclusion before Perry set out on his mission. The Commodore's achievement lay not in accomplishing the inevitable breakdown of the Bakufu's policy, but rather in catalyzing the natural forces already at work in such a way that bloodshed was avoided and a structure for peaceful relations set up.

Looking at American traffic with the Far East from the point of view of a naval strategist, Perry had foreseen the need of an ample number of ports of refuge, trading bases, and even naval bases from which protection could be given to merchant ships in case of war with some European power. Specifically, he had recommended to Washington that footholds be established at three points—Formosa, Okinawa, and

the Bonins; and further, he advised that the United States extend its "national friendship and protection" to Siam, Cambodia, Cochin China, parts of Borneo, and Sumatra. Looking backward now, while as a homeward-bound passenger he restored his depleted energy, the Commodore could justly feel that he had made a good start, but not much progress, toward the fulfillment of his dreams for American development of the western Pacific. When Perry reached England, the London *Times* was remarking that Englishmen in the sixteenth century had enjoyed greater privileges in Japan than had been won in 1854 by the Americans.

The Commodore journeyed to The Hague and then returned to England to pay a Christmas visit to Nathaniel Hawthorne, American consul at Liverpool, and to invite that famous author to write up the Japan expedition. Hawthorne was interested in the proposal, thinking that "the world can scarcely have in reserve a less hackneyed theme than Japan," but his public duties prevented him from accepting. The author recorded this impression of his guest: "—a brisk, gentlemanly, off-hand, but not rough, unaffected and sensible man. . . . I seldom meet with a man who puts himself more immediately on conversible terms. . . ."[7]

On January 12, 1855 the Commodore reached New York, after two years and two months away from the United States. Three months later the *Mississippi* made port, and the Commodore formally ended his mission to Japan by going aboard her at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and hauling down his broad pennant. The reliable old frigate was to make still another voyage to Japan. Later she ended her career on a shoal in the Mississippi River while fighting the Confederate Navy, which was under the command of Admiral Franklin Buchanan.

News of the signing of the treaty had been hailed with jubilation by the press of America. The Yankees felt that their Navy, unassisted by any European power, had conferred "imperishable honor" upon the United States by pioneering in the accomplishment of a mission in which other nations had failed. The commercial prospects that had been opened, how-

ever, were much exaggerated. The newspaper printed lists of articles needed by the Japanese. People thronged to see the pictures drawn by Heine, the expedition's artist, and to hear lectures by Bayard Taylor. But the administration in Washington was not so keen to celebrate Perry's triumph. His mission had been considered a Whig venture, and the Democrats were now in power.

In his own bailiwicks, however, Perry was flattered and feted. The New York Chamber of Commerce passed congratulatory resolutions and presented a service of plate. His presence at social functions was urgently sought, and his neighbor on the Hudson, Washington Irving, sent this bouquet: "You have gained for yourself a lasting name, and have won it without shedding a drop of blood or inflicting misery on a human being. What naval commander ever won laurels at such a rate?" [8] Rhode Island welcomed the most steadfast of all its famous Perrys at a ceremony at which the Governor, in behalf of the General Assembly, presented a silver salver in appreciation "of his services to his country in negotiating a treaty . . . with Japan," together with teaching the heathen "the observance of the Sabbath." (How Wells Williams would have exploded if he could have heard this!) In Boston, where interest in trade with the Far East was particularly strong, the merchants had a medal struck off to commemorate the achievement of the Japan expedition.

The national administration could not fail to recognize an exploit that appealed so strongly to popular imagination; and so a formal state dinner was given, with Cabinet members and foreign diplomats present. Perry had many friends in Washington who appreciated the value of the information that his experts had collected and brought home. Congress already had awarded a bonus of $20,000 to the Commodore; and early in 1855 they voted to subsidize the publication of a detailed narrative of the Japan expedition, lavishly illustrated—an enterprise that was to require about $360,000. Having failed to induce Nathaniel Hawthorne to undertake the compilation of a book, the Commodore had written in De-

cember 1854 to Wells Williams, whose help he would have liked to enlist:

"Without the aid of Government I shall not undertake the risk of publication; nor shall I be silly enough to venture . . . to write a book which no one will read, preferring rather to place the editorial department in the hands of some book-maker of reputation, for there is as much experience and skill required in the collation, condensation, and writing of a readable book as in the successful accomplishment of any of the arts. I may claim to be a pretty good sailor . . . but I have no talent for authorship." [9]

Williams could give no help. He was engrossed in his own labors in China, becoming secretary and interpreter for the American legation at Canton in 1855. Naturally he did not offer to make his own journal available, since this contained many entries censuring the Commodore. All of the records of the expedition that could be rounded up, however, were put at the disposal of the Reverend Francis L. Hawks, rector of Perry's church in New York. The Commodore took a room in Washington and worked with his editor, making himself responsible for all of the final text of the three unwieldy volumes that came from the government's printer in 1856. Most of the copies were distributed by congressmen. As authoritative as they were unreadable, these white elephants are still gathering dust in thousands of libraries. The Commodore indeed was no author, and his editor was not equal to the superhuman task of sifting and rewriting hundreds of thousands of words in the short time allotted.

After returning to America, the Commodore never completely recovered his health, and periodic visits to Saratoga Springs were necessary. When his arduous editorial work had ended, he continued to overtax himself, acting as commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and as a member of various boards he took part in the complete overhauling of the Navy that preceded the Civil War. His advice was sought by importers of Oriental goods, as well as by the State Department and the White House. He urged the appointment of Townsend Harris as the first American consul at Shimoda, and that of

Williams as consul-general in China and as the chief of young Oliver Hazard Perry,* who became consul at Shanghai.

To the end the Commodore continued to advocate the settlement of the Pacific islands by Americans—"offshoots from us," he spoke of, "rather than, strictly speaking, colonies." In a speech on the Bonins, he said:

"Here would be at once the beginning of a settlement such as in the course of time will inevitably be established in various parts of the Pacific. For it is not to be supposed that the numberless islands which lie scattered throughout this immense ocean are always to remain unproductive, and under the mismanagement of savages. The history of the world forbids any such conclusion. How, and in what way, the aborigines will be disposed of—whether by just or unjust means —cannot be known at the present time; but that they are doomed to mingle with, or give way to some other race, is as certain as the melancholy fate of our own red brethren." [10]

On March 4, 1858 the Commodore's activities were cut short very suddenly when his chronic rheumatism attacked his heart, and he died in the library of Moorings, his estate at Tarrytown. He had just received an appointment to the Mediterranean command, which he had long coveted but had given up in order to do his duty in the Pacific.

Meanwhile the struggle for power in the Far East went on unchecked. Men's imaginations were running far ahead of events. Lieutenant Preble of the *Macedonian* reflected the gossip in the East India squadron when, in a letter to a friend in Washington, he mentioned the conclusion of the treaty with Japan and a consequent "distant possibility that this Empire . . . may be annexed to the United States." [11]

President Fillmore had prophesied that the benefits of the opening of Japan would, as in the case of China, be equally enjoyed by all other maritime powers. Actually, the fleets of seventeen nations followed Perry into the Bay of Tokyo. First the Dutch petitioned that they might be freed from the humiliating restrictions under which they had traded, and in the future enjoy the privileges given to the Americans. Then the

* The son of Matthew Calbraith Perry, and his private secretary on the Japan expedition.

Russians went to Nagasaki and made demands similar to those of the Americans; and close on their heels followed the English and the French. The Bakufu could think of no way of repulsing these advances, "and so," as a Japanese scholar wrote, "the different nations of the Western Ocean came constantly into our inner seas."

America took the lead not only in opening certain ports to visits from foreign ships, but also in concluding a treaty of commerce with Japan. In 1858 Townsend Harris, the American consul at Shimoda whose entrée Perry had labored so hard to secure, conducted negotiations with the Bakufu and, by persistent and adroit diplomacy that took full advantage of a simultaneous British naval threat, persuaded Tokyo that it was to their advantage to sign a treaty providing for trade with the United States. This was to be the foundation of Japanese-American relations until 1941. Without Perry's spade work, it would have been impossible.

Down the years since 1853 many tributes have been paid to Perry by Japanese statesmen. Some of these are not cause for a swelling of pride in American breasts. General Kuroda, who imposed a similar treaty on an unwilling Korea in 1876, attributed his success to a use of Perry's methods. But on anniversaries of Perry's landing, in the years in which peace with the United States was considered essential to the mastery of the secrets of America's power, the Japanese have canonized the man whom in 1853 they would have liked to cannonade. In 1901, with the co-operation of the American Society of Friends, a shaft of unpolished granite rising thirty-three feet from a massive base was put up at Perry Park, Kurihama. Again in 1928 elaborate ceremonies were held. Relics of the Great Commodore—a lock of hair, a coat button, a bit of gold braid, and his wedding ring—were presented by the American Ambassador to the America-Japan Society for deposit in the Imperial Museum. But in 1944 the insults offered to the ancestors in 1853 were avenged. The monument to the barbarian invader was pulled down by militant patriots.

However fickle their attitude toward Perry may have been,

the Japanese leaders have been steadfast in their worship of the sources of material strength that he opened to them. The engines and the implements that were exhibited by the American experts were as wonderful to the daimyos of 1854 as the atomic bomb to the war lords of 1945. After Perry's departure the Japanese officials put on their most engaging manners toward Americans in an effort to learn the secrets of Western power. Indeed, the process of building up Japan began even before the Commodore left. The notebooks of the visitors to his ships and to the treaty house were filled with the first crude blueprints for Japan's industrial revolution. And only fifteen days after Perry left Shimoda, the first American merchant ship brought tourists into the Bay of Tokyo. "The Emperor has directed that two ships like yours shall be built," the Japanese said when the visitors were leaving, "and we thank you for having allowed us to take drawings of the *Lady Pierce*, and of all that we desired on board." [12] One American after another, won by the effusive politeness of their new friends, willingly aided these assiduous efforts at imitation. By 1860 an official delegation of Japanese were satisfying their curiosity in the United States, where they showed keen interest in the defenses of New York harbor and in the Norfolk Navy Yard, where they were entertained by their old friend Franklin Buchanan.

Unfortunately, however, Japan's interest in Western gadgets was not accompanied by appreciation of Occidental philosophy. Though the presence of Christian missionaries was tolerated by 1859, their converts were not numerous or influential; and the political gospel of the Americans made no better progress among the Japanese. To a people so cowed that they unquestioningly obeyed the motion of an official's fan, democracy was incredible. A Japanese who was introduced to President Pierce in the White House only a few weeks after Perry's first landing at Kurihama left this record in his autobiography:

". . . He was called the President and he was of the same dignity as the Emperor of Japan . . . yet I could not believe his words,

and I was still in doubt as to the position of the personage in question. For how could it be that the head man of a mighty nation like the United States of America should live in such a simple manner without pomp or grandeur, nay, even, without guards or attendants. For in my country not even a petty officer was without his train, and could not be approached unless with much ceremony. And as for a Daimyo or an Emperor—! Yet the personage we had just seen was the Supreme Government of all mighty America! I could not believe it at all." [13]

Unfruitful as was the impact of democracy on Japan's political thinking, however, the effect of Perry's visit upon the course of Japanese politics was far-reaching. It was obvious to everyone in the nation that the Bakufu had failed in its duty of protecting the Emperor from the presence of the barbarians. The people's pride had been hurt by the intrusive and high-handed conduct of the Americans and by the flouting of Japanese laws. But the officials at Tokyo, desiring to hold the confidence of the people, could not afford to reveal the extent of their loss of face. They therefore published a deceptive account of the treaty of 1854, admitting only that they had permitted American ships to come into two ports for supplies; and they concentrated on warlike preparations which, they hoped, would convince their people that they would repel similar intrusions in the future. After the treaty of 1858 with America, however, the people found out the extent of the concessions that had been made, and public indignation burned hotly.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, one of the first British ministers to reside in Tokyo, recorded the temper of public opinion in the early sixties. "The Japanese," he wrote,

"regard these compulsory treaties as a means of more completely insuring their emancipation from a foreign thrall, and an undisturbed isolation ever after! . . . The Japanese allow no distinction of nationalities to stand between them and their one object, which is the expulsion of the foreigner and a return to their isolation. Their distrust of Foreign Powers is indiscriminate, and their hatred perfectly impartial. They slay the secretary of the United States legation and attempt the massacre of the inmates of the British legation with equal readiness and satisfaction." [14]

By taking full advantage of the anti-foreign frenzy of the masses, and by making the most of economic distress that followed the coming of foreign goods and the contraction of external debt, the rivals of the Shogunate finally were able to seize control in 1868. Rallying around the Mikado and strengthened by a growth of Pure Shintoism, or Mikado-worship, the forces of the opposition routed the last defenders of the Tokugawas in the Battle of Uyeno Park. Instead of the ascendancy of the common man which Americans had prayed for and expected, Imperial rule was restored and the people lost the small measure of local self-government that they had enjoyed in the last days of the Shogunate. It was disillusioning. Liberty—as dispensed by Perry, Harris, and the other early American visitors—had not enlightened Japan!

Though they had used the cry of anti-foreignism to stir popular feeling against the Shogunate, the new henchmen of the Mikado had no less faith than their predecessors in the magic of foreign invention. An oligarchy of military and industrial leaders grew up to write the Emperor's rescripts, confident that mastery of Western technology would be enough to enable Japan to apply its old medieval tradition to the outside world. For some seventy years they strove to imitate the mechanical processes of the West, sending their best men "into all the world to gain knowledge," just as they had made use of valuable elements of Chinese culture more than a thousand years before. But with all their borrowing they failed to get understanding; and in the 1930's, with foreign countries in the doldrums of economic depression, the leaders made the mistake of thinking that the hour had come to follow the advice given in 1853 by Lord Abe, "to go abroad and give lands in foreign countries to those who have distinguished themselves in battle."

APPENDIX A

THE VESSELS OF THE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN

Name	Class	Length	Beam	Officers and Men	Tonnage	Guns	
Macedonian	corvette	164 ft.	41 ft.	380	1341	6 8-in.	32 32's
Vandalia	sloop-of-war (sails)	127	33.9	190	700	4 8-in.	16 32's
Plymouth	"	147	38.1	210	1022	4 8-in.	18 32's
Saratoga	"	150	36.9	210	882	4 8-in.	18 32's
Mississippi	steam frigate	225	40	300	1692	8 8-in.	2 10-in.
Susquehanna	steam frigate	257	69.5	300	2213	6 8-in.	3 64's
Powhatan	steam frigate	253	45	300	2182	6 8-in.	3 64's
Lexington	storeship	127	33.9	45	691	4 9-in.	2 32's
Southampton	storeship	156	27.10	45	567		2 42's
Supply	storeship			37	567		6 24's

APPENDIX B

INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Instructions from the State Department (to the Navy Department) for the Expedition to Japan.

MR. CONRAD TO MR. KENNEDY, Department of State, Washington, November 5, 1852.

Sir: As the squadron destined for Japan will shortly be prepared to sail, I am directed by the President to explain the objects of the expedition, and to give some general directions as to the mode by which those objects are to be accomplished.

Since the islands of Japan were first visited by European nations, efforts have constantly been made by the various maritime powers to establish commercial intercourse with a country whose large population and reputed wealth hold out great temptations to mercantile enterprise. Portugal was the first to make the attempt, and her example was followed by Holland, England, Spain, and Russia; and finally by the United States. All these attempts, however, have thus far been unsuccessful; the permission enjoyed for a short period by the Portuguese to trade with the islands, and that granted to Holland to send annually a single vessel to the port of Nagasaki, hardly deserving to be considered exceptions to this remark.

China is the only country which carries on any considerable trade with these islands.

So rigorously is this system of exclusion carried out, that foreign vessels are not permitted to enter their ports in distress, or even to do an act of kindness to their own people. In 1831, a Japanese junk was blown out to sea, and, after drifting about for several months, was cast ashore near the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon. An American ship, the *Morrison*, undertook to carry the survivors of the crew back to their country, but, on reaching the bay of Yedo, she was fired into from the neighboring shore. She repaired to another part of the island and attempted to land, but meeting the same reception there, she returned to America with the Japanese on board.

When vessels are wrecked or driven ashore on the islands their crews are subjected to the most cruel treatment. Two instances of this have recently occurred. In the year 1846, two American whaling ships, the *Lagoda* and the *Lawrence*, having been wrecked on the

island of Niphon, their crews were captured and treated with great barbarity, and it is believed that their lives were spared only through the intercession of the Dutch governor of Nagasaki.—(See Senate Doc. No. 59, 1st session, 32nd Congress, a copy of which is herewith enclosed.)

Every nation has undoubtedly the right to determine for itself the extent to which it will hold intercourse with other nations. The same law of nations, however, which protects a nation in the exercise of this right imposes upon her certain duties which she cannot justly disregard. Among these duties none is more imperative than that which requires her to succor and relieve those persons who are cast by the perils of the ocean upon her shores. This duty is, it is true, among those that are denominated by writers on public law imperfect, and which confer no right on other nations to exact their performance; nevertheless, if a nation not only habitually and systematically disregards it, but treats such unfortunate persons as if they were the most atrocious criminals, such nations may justly be considered as the common enemy of mankind.

That the civilized nations of the world should for ages have submitted to such treatment by a weak and semi-barbarous people, can only be accounted for on the supposition that, from the remoteness of the country, instances of such treatment were of rare occurrence, and the difficulty of chastising it very great. It can hardly be doubted that if Japan were situated as near the continent of Europe or of America as it is to that of Asia, its government would long since have been either treated as barbarians, or been compelled to respect those usages of civilized states of which it receives the protection.

This government has made two attempts to establish commercial intercourse with Japan. In the year 1832, a Mr. Roberts was appointed a special agent of the government, with authority to negotiate treaties with sundry nations in the east, and among others with Japan, but he died before he arrived at the island.

In 1845, Commodore Biddle was sent with two vessels of war to visit Japan and ascertain whether its ports were accessible. He was cautioned, however, "not to excite a hostile feeling, or a distrust of the government of the United States."

He proceeded to Yedo, but was told that the Japanese could trade with no foreign nations except the Dutch and Chinese, and was peremptorily ordered to leave the island and never to return to it. A personal indignity was even offered to Commodore Biddle, and it is not improbable that the barbarity which a short time afterwards was practised by these people towards the crew of the *Lagoda*, may have been in part occasioned by the forbearance which that excellent

officer felt himself bound under his instructions to exercise towards them. . . .

Recent events—the navigation of the ocean by steam, the acquisition and rapid settlement by this country of a vast territory on the Pacific, the discovery of gold in that region, the rapid communications established across the isthmus which separates the two oceans—have practically brought the countries of the east in closer proximity to our own; although the consequences of these events have scarcely begun to be felt, the intercourse between them has already increased, and no limits can be assigned to its future extension.

The duty of protecting those American citizens who navigate those seas is one that can no longer be deferred. In the year 1851, instructions were accordingly given to Commodore Aulick, then commanding our naval forces in the East Indies to open a negotiation with the government of Japan. It is believed that nothing has been done under these instructions, and the powers conferred on Commodore Aulick are considered as superseded by those now given to Commodore Perry.

The objects sought by this government are—

1. To effect some permanent arrangement for the protection of American seamen and property wrecked on these islands, or driven into their ports by stress of weather.

2. The permission to American vessels to enter one or more of their ports in order to obtain supplies of provisions, water, fuel, &c., or, in case of disasters, to refit so as to enable them to prosecute their voyage.

It is very desirable to have permission to establish a depot for coal, if not on one of the principal islands, at least on some small uninhabited one, of which, it is said there are several in their vicinity.

3. The permission to our vessels to enter one or more of their ports for the purpose of disposing of their cargoes by sale or barter.

As this government has no right to make treaties for, or to redress the grievances of, other nations, whatever concessions may be obtained on either of the above points, need not, of course, apply in terms to the inhabitants or vessels of any other nation. This government, however, does not seek by this expedition to obtain any exclusive commercial advantage for itself, but, on the contrary, desires and expects that whatever benefits may result from it will ultimately be shared by the civilized world. As there can be no doubt that if the ports of the country are once opened to one nation they would soon be opened to all. It is believed that for reasons hereinafter mentioned, any reference in your negotiations to the wrongs or claims of other nations, so far from promoting this object, would tend to defeat it.

The next question is, how are the above mentioned objects to be attained?

It is manifest, from past experience, that arguments or persuasion addressed to this people, unless they be seconded by some imposing manifestation of power, will be utterly unavailing.

You will, therefore be pleased to direct the commander of the squadron to proceed, with his whole force, to such point on the coast of Japan as he may deem most advisable, and there endeavor to open a communication with the government, and if possible, to see the emperor in person, and deliver to him the letter of introduction from the President with which he is charged. He will state that he has been sent across the ocean by the President to deliver that letter to the emperor, and to communicate with his government on matters of importance to the two countries. That the President entertains the most free feeling towards Japan, but has been surprised and grieved to learn, that when any of the people of the United States go, of their own accord, or are thrown by the perils of the sea within the dominions of the emperor, they are treated as if they were his worst enemies. He will refer particularly to the cases of the ships *Morrison*, *Lagoda* and *Lawrence*, above mentioned.

He will inform him of the usages of this country, and of all Christian countries, in regard to shipwrecked persons, and will refer to the case of the Japanese subjects who were recently picked up at sea in distress and carried to California, from whence they have been sent to their own country; and will state that this government desires to obtain from Japan some positive assurance, that persons who may hereafter be shipwrecked on the coast of Japan, or driven by stress of weather into her ports, shall be treated with humanity; and to make arrangements for a more extended commercial intercourse between the two countries. The establishment of this intercourse will be found a difficult, but, perhaps, not an impossible task.

The deep-seated aversion of this people to hold intercourse with the Christian nations is said to be owing chiefly to the indiscreet zeal with which the early missionaries, particularly those of Portugal, endeavored to propagate their religion. The commodore will therefore say, that the government of this country, unlike those of every other Christian country, does not interfere with the religion of its own people, much less with that of other nations. It seems that the fears or the prejudices of the Japanese are very much excited against the English, of whose conquests in the east, and recent invasion of China, they have probably heard. As the Americans speak the same language as the English it is natural that they should confound citizens of the United States with British subjects. Indeed, their barbarous treatment of the crews of the vessels above referred to was

partly occasioned by the suspicion that they were really English. . . .

Commodore Perry will, therefore, explain to them that the United States are connected with no government in Europe. That they inhabit a great country which lies directly between them and Europe and which was discovered by the nations of Europe about the same time that Japan herself was first visited by them; that the portion of this continent lying nearest to Europe was first settled by immigrants from that country, but that its population has rapidly spread through the country until it has reached the Pacific Ocean. That we have now large cities from which, with the aid of steam, Japan can be reached in 20 days. That our commerce with all that portion of the globe is, therefore, rapidly increasing, and that part of the ocean will soon be covered with our vessels. That, therefore, as the United States and Japan are becoming every day nearer and nearer to each other, the President desires to live in peace and friendship with the emperor; but that no friendship can long exist between them unless Japan should change her policy and cease to act towards the people of this country as if they were her enemies. That, however wise this policy may originally have been, it is unwise and impracticable now that intercourse between the two countries is so much more easy and rapid than it formerly was.

If, after having exhausted every argument and every means of persuasion, the commodore should fail to obtain from the government any relaxation of their system of exclusion, or even any assurance of humane treatment of our shipwrecked seamen, he will then change his tone, and inform them in the most unequivocal terms that it is the determination of this government to insist, that hereafter all citizens or vessels of the United States that may be wrecked on their coasts, or driven by stress of weather into their harbors shall, so long as they are compelled to remain there, be treated with humanity; and that if any acts of cruelty should hereafter be practised upon citizens of this country, whether by the government or by the inhabitants of Japan, they will be severely chastised. In case he should succeed in obtaining concessions on any of the points above mentioned, it is desirable that they should be reduced into the form of a treaty, for negotiating which he will be furnished with the requisite powers.

He will also be furnished with copies of the treaties made by this government with China, Siam, and Muscat, which may serve him as precedents in drawing up any treaty he may be able to make. It would be well to have one or more of these translated into the Japanese tongue, which, it is presumed, can be done in China.

He will bear in mind that, as the President has no power to declare war, his mission is necessarily of a pacific character, and will

not resort to force unless in self defence in the protection of the vessels and crews under his command, or to resent an act of personal violence offered to himself, or to one of his officers.

In his intercourse with this people, who are said to be proud and vindictive in character, he should be courteous and conciliatory, but at the same time, firm and decided. He will, therefore, submit with patience and forbearance to acts of discourtesy to which he may be subjected, by a people to whose usages it will not do to test by our standard of propriety, but, at the same time, will be careful to do nothing that may compromit, in their eyes, his own dignity, or that of the country. He will, on the contrary, do everything to impress them with a just sense of the power and greatness of this country and to satisfy them that its past forbearance has been the result, not of timidity, but of a desire to be on friendly terms with them.

It is impossible by any instructions, however minute, to provide for every contingency that may arise in the prosecution of a mission of so peculiar and novel a character. For this reason, as well as on account of the remoteness of the scene of operation, it is proper that the commodore should be invested with large discretionary powers, and should feel assured that any departure from usage, or any error of judgment he may commit will be viewed with indulgence.

The government of Holland has communicated to this government that instructions had been given to the superintendent of their factory at Dezima to promote, by every means in their power, the success of the expedition; and the kindness that has heretofore been shown by that officer towards our countrymen in captivity leaves no room for doubt that he will cheerfully fulfill these instructions.

The commissioner of the United States to China has been directed to prefer certain claims of citizens of the United States against that government. As the presence of the squadron might give some additional weight to the demand, you will please direct its commander (if he finds he can do so without serious delay or inconvenience) to touch at Hong Kong or Macao and remain there as long as he may deem it advisable.

If the squadron should be able, without interfering with the main object for which it is sent, to explore the coasts of Japan and of the adjacent continent and islands, such an exploration would not only add to our stock of geographical knowledge, but might be the means of extending our commercial relations and of securing ports of refuge and supply for our whaling vessels in those remote seas. With this view he will be provided with powers authorizing him to negotiate treaties of amity and navigation with any and all established and independent sovereignties in those regions.

In the event of such a voyage, he will inform himself, as far as practicable, of the population, resources, and natural productions of the country, and procure and preserve specimens of the latter, and the seeds of such plants as may be peculiar to the country.

He will be authorized by this department to draw on the Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., of London, to a limited amount for the payment of guides, interpreters, messengers, &c., and of other expenses incident to his mission; as also for the purchase of such presents as it may be deemed advisable to make to promote the objects of his mission.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. M. CONRAD
Acting Secretary

Hon. J. P. Kennedy
Secretary of the Navy

APPENDIX C

INSTRUCTIONS TO COMMODORE PERRY FROM THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Perry, United States Navy Department, Washington, November 13, 1852.

Sir: So soon as the steam frigate *Mississippi* shall be in all respects ready for sea, you will proceed in her, accompanied by the steamer *Princeton*, to Macao, or Hong Kong, in China, where the vessels of your command will rendezvous. You will touch at such ports on your passage out as you may deem necessary for supplies, etc.

It has been deemed necessary to increase the naval force of the United States in the East India and China seas, for reasons which will be found in the enclosed copy of a communication from the Secretary of State addressed to this department under date of November, 1852.

The force at present there consists of the steam frigate *Susquehanna*, Commander Buchanan, sloop *Plymouth*, Commander Kelly, and sloop *Saratoga*, Commander Walker. The storeship *Supply*, Lieutenant Commanding Sinclair, is on her passage to that station. There will be added to this force, at the earliest day practicable, the ship-of-the-line *Vermont*, Captain Paulding; the steam frigate *Mis-*

sissippi, Captain McCluney; the corvette *Macedonian*, Captain Abbot; the steamer *Princeton*, Commander Lee; the steamer *Alleghany*, Commander Sands; the sloop *Vandalia*, Commander Pope; and the storeship *Southampton*, Lieutenant Commanding Boyle.

With this you will receive a copy of the general instructions given to Commodore John H. Aulick, recently in command of the East India squadron, which you will consider as in full force and applicable to your command. You will also receive herewith copies of other orders addressed to Commodore Aulick, which may require your attention after you reach your station.

The special mission to Japan with which you have been charged by the government will require all your firmness and prudence, in respect to which the department entertains the fullest confidence that they will be adequate for any emergency.

In prosecuting the object of your mission to Japan you are invested with large discretionary powers, and you are authorized to employ dispatch vessels, interpreters, Kroomen or natives, and all other means which you may deem necessary to enable you to bring about the desired results. The suggestions contained in the accompanying letter from the Secretary of State to this department * you will consider as your guide, and follow as the instructions of the government. You will confer with the commissioner of the United States to China as to the course most advisable for you to pursue to give weight to his demands upon the Chinese government for the settlement of claims of citizens of the United States against that government.

Your attention is particularly invited to the exploration of the coasts of Japan and of the adjacent continent and islands. You will cause linear or perspective views to be made of remarkable places, soundings to be taken at the entrances of harbors, rivers &c., in and near shoals, and collect all the hydrographical information necessary for the construction of charts. You will be careful to collect from every reliable source, and particularly from our consular or commercial agents, all the information you can of the social, political, and commercial condition of the countries and places you may visit, especially of new objects of commercial pursuits. To these ends you will call into activity all the various talents and acquisitions of the officers under your command. The results of such labors and of all such researches you will communicate to the department as often and as complete as practicable.

What events will transpire during your absence time alone can develop. The utmost caution and vigilance are enjoined upon all under your command.

* *See* Appendix B, *above*.

The act of March 2, 1837, "To provide for the enlistment of boys for the naval service, and to extend the term of enlistment of seamen," section 2 provides, "That when the time of service of any person enlisted for the navy shall expire while he is on board any of the public vessels of the United States employed on foreign service, it shall be the duty of the commanding officer of the fleet, squadron, or vessel, in which such person may be, to send him to the United States in some public or other vessel, unless his detention shall be essential to the public interests, in which case the said officer may detain him until the vessel in which he shall be serving shall return to the United States," &c.; and section 3 of the same act provides, "That such persons as may be detained after the expiration of their enlistment, under the next preceding section of this act, shall be subject in all respects to the laws and regulations for the government of the navy, until their return to the United States; and all such persons as shall be so detained, and all such as shall voluntarily re-enlist, to serve until the return of the vessel in which they shall be serving, and their regular discharge therefrom in the United States, shall, while so detained, and while so serving under their re-enlistment, receive an addition of one-fourth to their former pay." You will, therefore, should it be essential to the public interests, exercise the power conferred by the act above cited; or should it be found practicable, by new enlistments on the coasts you may visit, to keep up the complements of your vessels, you will send to the United States all persons whose times of service may expire during your cruise. You will, however, in all such cases, be governed by the exigencies of the service.

A subject of great importance to the success of the expedition will present itself to your mind, in relation to communications to the prints and newspapers, touching the movements of your squadron, as well as in relation to all matters connected with the discipline and internal regulations of the vessels composing it. You will, therefore, enjoin upon all under your command to abstain from writing to friends or others upon those subjects. The journals and private notes of the officers and other persons in the expedition must be considered as belonging to the government, until permission shall be received from the Navy Department to publish them.

For any supplies that you may need you will address yourself seasonably to the chief of the appropriate bureau, or take such measures to procure them as will best subserve the objects of your cruise.

Before sailing, you will cause to be sent to the department correct muster-rolls of both vessels, conformably to the 29th article of the act for the better government of the navy of the United States, approved April 23, 1800.

Tendering my best wishes for a successful cruise, and a safe return to your country and friends, for yourself, officers, and the companies of your ships, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JOHN P. KENNEDY

Commodore M. C. Perry

Appointed to command of the U. S. squadron in the East India and China seas, Norfolk, Va.

APPENDIX D

LETTER OF MILLARD FILLMORE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Great and good Friend: I send you this public letter by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, an officer of the highest rank in the navy of the United States, and commander of the squadron now visiting your imperial majesty's dominions.

I have directed Commodore Perry to assure your imperial majesty that I entertain the kindest feelings toward your majesty's person and government, and that I have no other object in sending him to Japan but to propose to your imperial majesty that the United States and Japan should live in friendship and have commercial intercourse with each other.

The Constitution and laws of the United States forbid all interference with the religious or political concerns of other nations. I have particularly charged Commodore Perry to abstain from every act which could possibly disturb the tranquillity of your imperial majesty's dominions.

The United States of America reach from ocean to ocean, and our Territory of Oregon and State of California lie directly opposite to the dominions of your imperial majesty. Our steamships can go from California to Japan in eighteen days.

Our great State of California produces about sixty millions of dollars in gold every year, besides silver, quicksilver, precious stones, and many other valuable articles. Japan is also a rich and fertile country, and produces many very valuable articles. Your imperial majesty's subjects are skilled in many of the arts. I am desirous that

our two countries should trade with each other, for the benefit both of Japan and the United States.

We know that the ancient laws of your imperial majesty's government do not allow of foreign trade, except with the Chinese and the Dutch; but as the state of the world changes and new governments are formed, it seems to be wise, from time to time, to make new laws. There was a time when the ancient laws of your imperial majesty's government were first made.

About the same time America, which is sometimes called the New World, was first discovered and settled by the Europeans. For a long time there were but a few people, and they were poor. They have now become quite numerous; their commerce is very extensive; and they think that if your imperial majesty were so far to change the ancient laws as to allow a free trade between the two countries it would be extremely beneficial to both.

If your imperial majesty is not satisfied that it would be safe altogether to abrogate the ancient laws which forbid foreign trade, they might be suspended for five or ten years so as to try the experiment. If it does not prove as beneficial as was hoped, the ancient laws can be restored. The United States often limit their treaties with foreign States to a few years, and then renew them or not, as they please.

I have directed Commodore Perry to mention another thing to your imperial majesty. Many of our ships pass every year from California to China; and great numbers of our people pursue the whale fishery near the shores of Japan. It sometimes happens, in stormy weather, that one of our ships is wrecked on your imperial majesty's shores. In all such cases we ask, and expect, that our unfortunate people should be treated with kindness, and that their property should be protected, till we can send a vessel and bring them away. We are very much in earnest in this.

Commodore Perry is also directed by me to represent to your imperial majesty that we understand there is a great abundance of coal and provisions in the Empire of Japan. Our steamships, in crossing the great ocean, burn a great deal of coal, and it is not convenient to bring it all the way from America. We wish that our steamships and other vessels should be allowed to stop in Japan and supply themselves with coal, provisions, and water. They will pay for them in money, or anything else your imperial majesty's subjects may prefer; and we request your imperial majesty to appoint a convenient port, in the southern part of the Empire, where our vessels may stop for this purpose. We are very desirous of this.

These are the only objects for which I have sent Commodore Perry, with a powerful squadron, to pay a visit to your imperial

majesty's renowned city of Yedo: friendship, commerce, a supply of coal and provisions, and protection for our shipwrecked people.

We have directed Commodore Perry to beg your imperial majesty's acceptance of a few presents. They are of no great value in themselves; but some of them may serve as specimens of the articles manufactured in the United States, and they are intended as tokens of our sincere and respectful friendship.

May the Almighty have your imperial majesty in His great and holy keeping!

In witness whereof, I have caused the great seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and have subscribed the same with my name, at the city of Washington, in America, the seat of my government, on the thirteenth day of the month of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

[Seal attached] Your good friend,

By the President: MILLARD FILLMORE

EDWARD EVERETT,
Secretary of State

APPENDIX E

LETTER OF COMMODORE PERRY TO THE EMPEROR

United States Steam Frigate Susquehanna,
Off the coast of Japan, July 7, 1853

THE UNDERSIGNED, commander-in-chief of all the naval forces of the United States of America stationed in the East India, China and Japan seas, has been sent by his government to this country, on a friendly mission, with ample powers to negotiate with the government of Japan, touching certain matters which have been fully set forth in the letter of the President of the United States, copies of which, together with copies of the letter of credence of the undersigned, in the English, Dutch, and Chinese languages, are herewith transmitted.

The original of the President's letter, and of the letter of credence, prepared in a manner suited to the exalted station of your imperial majesty, will be presented by the undersigned in person, when it may please your majesty to appoint a day for his reception.

The undersigned has been commanded to state that the President entertains the most friendly feelings toward Japan, but has been surprised and grieved to learn that when any of the people of the United States go, of their own accord, or are thrown by the perils of the sea, within the dominions of your imperial majesty, they are treated as if they were your worst enemies.

The undersigned refers to the cases of the American ships *Morrison, Lagoda,* and *Lawrence.*

With the Americans, as indeed with all Christian people, it is considered a sacred duty to receive with kindness, and to succor and protect all, of whatever nation, who may be cast upon their shores, and such has been the course of the Americans with respect to all Japanese subjects who have fallen under their protection.

The government of the United States desires to obtain from that of Japan some positive assurance that persons who may hereafter be shipwrecked on the coast of Japan, or driven by stress of weather into her ports, shall be treated with humanity.

The undersigned is commanded to explain to the Japanese that the United States are connected with no government in Europe, and that their laws do not interfere with the religion of their own citizens, much less with that of other nations.

That they inhabit a great country which lies directly between Japan and Europe, and which was discovered by the nations of Europe about the same time that Japan herself was first visited by Europeans; that the portion of the American continent lying nearest to Europe was first settled by emigrants from that part of the world; that its population has rapidly spread through the country, until it has reached the shores of the Pacific ocean; that we have now large cities, from which, with the aid of steam-vessels, we can reach Japan in eighteen or twenty days; that our commerce with all this region of the globe is rapidly increasing, and the Japan seas will soon be covered with our vessels.

Therefore, as the United States and Japan are becoming every day nearer and nearer to each other, the President desires to live in peace and friendship with your imperial majesty, but no friendship can long exist, unless Japan ceases to act toward Americans as if they were her enemies.

However wise this policy may originally have been, it is unwise and impracticable now that the intercourse between the two countries is so much more easy and rapid than it formerly was.

The undersigned holds out all these arguments in the hope that the Japanese government will see the necessity of averting unfriendly collision between the two nations, by responding favorably to the propositions of amity, which are now made in all sincerity.

Many of the large ships-of-war destined to visit Japan have not yet arrived in these seas, though they are hourly expected: and the undersigned, as an evidence of his friendly intentions, has brought but four of the smaller ones, designing, should it become necessary, to return to Yedo in the ensuing spring with a much larger force.

But it is expected that the government of your imperial majesty will render such return unnecessary, by acceding at once to the very reasonable and pacific overtures contained in the President's letter, and which will be further explained by the undersigned on the first fitting occasion.

With the most profound respect for your imperial majesty, and entertaining a sincere hope that you may long live to enjoy health and happiness, the undersigned subscribes himself,

M. C. PERRY,

Commander-in-chief of the United States Naval Forces in the East India, China, and Japan seas *

* It should be remarked that the Commodore framed this letter on his letter of instructions from the authorities of the United States.

APPENDIX F

TRANSLATION OF ANSWER TO THE LETTER OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, MARCH 1854

THE RETURN of your excellency, as ambassador of the United States to this Empire, has been expected according to the letter of his Majesty the President, which letter your excellency delivered last year to his Majesty the Emperor of this Empire.

It is quite impossible to give satisfactory answers at once to all the proposals of your government, as it is most positively forbidden by the laws of our Imperial ancestors; but for us to continue attached to the ancient laws, seems to misunderstand the spirit of the age; however, we are governed now by imperative necessity.

At the visit of your excellency last year to this Empire, his Majesty the former Emperor was sick, and is now dead. Subsequently, his Majesty the present Emperor ascended the throne; the many occupations in consequence thereof are not yet finished, and there is no time to settle other business thoroughly. Moreover, his Majesty

the new Emperor, at the succession to the throne, promised to the princess and high officers of the Empire to observe the laws. It is therefore evident that he cannot now bring about any alteration in the ancient laws.

Last autumn, at the departure of the Dutch ship, the superintendent of the Dutch trade in Japan was requested to inform your government of this event, and a reply in writing has been received.

At Nagasaki arrived recently the Russian ambassador to communicate a wish of his government. He has since left the said place, because no answer would be given to any nation that might communicate similar wishes. However, we admit the urgency of, and shall entirely comply with, the proposals of your government concerning coal, wood, water, provisions, and the saving of ships and their crews in distress. After being informed which harbor your excellency selects, that harbor shall be prepared, which preparation it is estimated will take about five years. Meanwhile a commencement can be made with the coal at Nagasaki by the next Japanese first month, (Siogoots,) (16th of February, 1855.)

Having no precedent with respect to coal, we request your excellency to furnish us with an estimate, and upon due consideration this will be complied with, if not in opposition to our laws. What do you understand by provisions, and how much coal?

Finally, anything ships may be in want of that can be furnished from the production of this Empire shall be supplied. The prices of merchandise and articles of barter to be fixed by Kurokawa Kahei and Moriyama Yenosuke. After settling the points before mentioned, the treaty can be concluded and signed at the next interview.

Seals attached by order of the high gentlemen.

MORIYAMA YENOSUKE

APPENDIX G

LETTER OF COMMODORE PERRY TO THE EMPEROR REQUESTING A TREATY

United States Flag-Ship Powhatan,
Yedo Bay, off the town of Yoku-hama, March 1, 1854

Your Excellency: In presenting for the consideration of your highness the accompanying draught of a treaty, which, in all its essential

features, is identical with that at present subsisting between the United States and China, I again venture to urge upon the Imperial government of Japan the importance of establishing a friendly understanding with the nation which I have the honor on this occasion to represent.

It would be needless in me to reiterate the arguments already advanced in support of a measure so fraught with the best interests of the two nations, and so necessary to the peace and prosperity of Japan.

I have in a former communication remarked that the President of the United States entertains the strongest desire, and cherishes a most fervent hope, that the mission which he has intrusted to my charge may result in the accomplishment of a treaty mutually beneficial, and tending to avert, by timely negotiation, the consequences that would otherwise grow out of collisions certain to arise, should the present undefined relations between the two countries much longer continue.

In the increasing number of American ships almost daily passing and repassing the territories of Japan, the President is apprehensive of the occurrence of some further act of hostility towards the unoffending citizens of the United States who may be thrown by misfortune upon your shores, and hence his wish to establish a treaty of friendship, which shall give assurance of the discontinuance of a course of policy, on the part of the Japanese, altogether at variance with the usages of other nations, and no longer to be tolerated by the United States.

As an evidence of the friendly intentions of the President, and to pay the highest honor to his Imperial Majesty, he has sent me in command of a number of ships—to be increased by others which are to follow—not only to bear to his Majesty the letter which I have already presented, but to evince, by every suitable act of kindness, the cordial feelings entertained by him towards Japan.

That there might be sufficient time allowed for a full consideration of the just and reasonable demands of the President, I took upon myself to withdraw the ships in July last from the coast, and have now, after an absence of seven months, returned, in the full expectation of a most satisfactory arrangement.

Another proof of the friendly disposition of the President has been given in his sending for exhibition to the Imperial court three of the magnificent steamers of the United States, of which there are many thousands, large and small, in America; and he has also sent, for presentation to the Emperor, many specimens of the most useful inventions of our country.

Therefore, after all these demonstrations of good will, it would

be strange if the Japanese government did not seize upon this very favorable occasion to secure a friendly intercourse with a people anxious to prevent, by wise and prudent foresight, all causes of future misunderstanding and strife.

It will be observed that there is no western nation so intimately connected with the peace and welfare of Japan as the United States, a part of whose territory lies opposite the Imperial coast, and whose commerce covers the Pacific ocean and Japan seas; not less than five hundred large ships being engaged exclusively in those regions in pursuit of whales, the crews of many of which suffer for want of water and other refreshments; and it would seem nothing more than common humanity to receive those who may seek shelter in the ports of Japan with kindness and hospitality.

The government of China has derived much benefit from its treaty with the United States. The purchase of teas by the Americans during the present year will amount to three million six hundred thousand (3,600,000) taels, and of raw and manufactured silks to nearly three millions (3,000,000) of taels.

Nearly thirty thousand subjects of the Emperor of China have visited America, where they have been kindly received, and permitted by the American laws to engage in whatever occupation best suited them. They have also been allowed to erect temples, and to enjoy in all freedom their religious rites. All have accumulated money, and some have returned to China, after a short absence, with sums varying from 300 to 10,000 taels.

I have adverted to these facts merely to show the advantages that would grow out of such a treaty as I now propose, and to remark again that some amicable arrangement between the two nations has become positively necessary, and for reasons already explained.

Indeed, I shall not dare to return to the United States without carrying with me satisfactory responses to all the proposals of the President, and I must remain until such are placed in my possession.

With the most profound respect,

M. C. PERRY,
Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval Forces East India, China, and Japan seas, and special Ambassador to Japan

His Highness Hayashi-Daigaku-No-Kami, &c., &c.

APPENDIX H

TEXT OF THE FIRST TREATY BETWEEN AMERICA AND JAPAN, MARCH 31, 1854

ARTICLE I. There shall be a perfect, permanent and universal peace, and a sincere and cordial amity, between the United States of America, on the one part, and the Empire of Japan on the other, and between their people, respectively, without exception of persons or places.

ARTICLE II. The port of Simoda, in the principality of Idzu, and the port of Hakodadi, in the principality of Matsmai, are granted by the Japanese as ports for the reception of American ships, where they can be supplied with wood, water, provisions, and coal, and other articles their necessities may require, as far as the Japanese have them. The time for opening the first named port is immediately on signing this treaty; the last named port is to be opened immediately after the same day in the ensuing Japanese year.

Note.—A tariff of prices shall be given by the Japanese officers of the things which they can furnish, payment for which shall be made in gold and silver coin.

ARTICLE III. Whenever ships of the United States are thrown or wrecked on the coast of Japan, the Japanese vessels will assist them, and carry their crews to Simoda or Hakodadi, and hand them over to their countrymen appointed to receive them. Whatever articles the shipwrecked men may have preserved shall likewise be restored, and the expenses incurred in the rescue and support of Americans and Japanese who may thus be thrown upon the shores of either nation are not to be refunded.

ARTICLE IV. Those shipwrecked persons and other citizens of the United States shall be free as in other countries, and not subjected to confinement, but shall be amenable to just laws.

ARTICLE V. Shipwrecked men, and other citizens of the United States, temporarily living at Simoda and Hakodadi, shall not be subject to such restrictions and confinement as the Dutch and Chinese are at Nagasaki; but shall be free at Simoda to go where they please within the limits of seven Japanese miles (or *ri*) from a small island in the harbor of Simoda, marked on the accompanying chart, hereto appended; and shall in like manner be free to go where they please at Hakodadi, within limits to be defined after the visit of the United States squadron to that place.

the money is to be paid to Japanese officers, and the articles delivered by them.

ARTICLE X. The shooting of birds and animals is generally forbidden in Japan, and this law is therefore to be observed by all Americans.

ARTICLE XI. It is hereby agreed that five Japanese *ri*, or miles, be the limit allowed to Americans at Hakodadi, and the requirements contained in Article I, of these Regulations, are hereby made also applicable to that port within that distance.

ARTICLE XII. His Majesty the Emperor of Japan is at liberty to appoint whoever he pleases to receive the ratification of the treaty of Kanagawa, and give an acknowledgment on his part.

It is agreed that nothing herein contained shall in any way affect or modify the stipulations of the treaty of Kanagawa, should that be found to be contrary to these regulations.

In witness whereof, copies of these additional regulations have been signed and sealed in the English and Japanese languages by the respective parties, and a certified translation in the Dutch language, and exchanged by the commissioners of the United States and Japan.

Simoda, Japan, June 17, 1854

M. C. PERRY,
Commander-in-chief of the U. S. Naval Forces, East India, China, and Japan Seas, and Special Envoy to Japan

APPENDIX J

COMPACT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE KINGDOM OF LEW CHEW, SIGNED AT NAHA, JULY 11, 1854

HEREAFTER, whenever citizens of the United States come to Lew Chew, they shall be treated with great courtesy and friendship. Whatever articles these persons ask for, whether from the officers or people, which the country can furnish, shall be sold to them; nor shall the authorities interpose any prohibitory regulations to the people selling; and whatever either party may wish to buy shall be exchanged at reasonable prices.

Whenever ships of the United States shall come into any harbor in Lew Chew they shall be supplied with wood and water at reason-

able prices; but if they wish to get other articles they shall be purchaseable only at Napha.

If ships of the United States are wrecked on Great Lew Chew, or on islands under the jurisdiction of the royal government of Lew Chew, the local authorities shall dispatch persons to assist in saving life and property, and preserve what can be brought ashore till the ships of that nation shall come to take away all that may have been saved; and the expenses incurred in rescuing these unfortunate persons shall be refunded by the nation they belong to.

Whenever persons from ships of the United States come ashore in Lew Chew they shall be at liberty to ramble where they please, without hindrance, or having officials sent to follow them, or to spy what they do; but if they violently go into houses, or trifle with women, or force people to sell them things, or do other such like illegal acts, they shall be arrested by the local officers, but not maltreated, and shall be reported to the captain of the ship to which they belong, for punishment by him.

At Tumai is a burial-ground for the citizens of the United States, where their graves and tombs shall not be molested.

The government of Lew Chew shall appoint skilful pilots, who shall be on the look-out for ships appearing off the island; and if one is seen coming towards Napha they shall go out in good boats beyond the reefs to conduct her in to a secure anchorage; for which service the captain shall pay the pilot five dollars, and the same for going out of the harbor beyond the reefs.

Whenever ships anchor at Napha the local authorities shall furnish them with wood at the rate of three thousand six hundred copper cash per thousand catties; and with water at the rate of six hundred copper cash (43 cents) for one thousand catties, or six barrels full, each containing thirty American gallons.

Signed in the English and Chinese languages, by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, commander-in-chief of the United States naval forces in the East India, China, and Japan seas, and special envoy to Japan, for the United States; and by Sho Fu Fing, superintendent of affairs (Tsu-li-kwan) in Lew Chew, and Ba Rio-si, treasurer of Lew Chew, at Shui, for the government of Lew Chew; and copies exchanged this 11th day of July, 1854, or the reign Hien Fung, 4th year, 6th moon, 17th day, at the town hall of Napha.

APPENDIX K

SOME OF THE PRESENTS DELIVERED BY COMMODORE PERRY IN BEHALF OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MARCH 13, 1854

1 box of arms, containing—
- 5 Hall's rifles,
- 3 Maynard's muskets,
- 12 cavalry swords,
- 6 artillery swords,
- 1 carbine,
- 20 army pistols,

} *Emperor.*

- 2 carbines, cartridge boxes, and belts, containing 120 cartridges.
- 10 Hall's rifles.
- 11 cavalry swords.
- 1 carbine, cartridge box and belts, and 60 cartridges.
- 60 ball cartridges.

1 box books, *Emperor.*
1 box dressing-cases, *Emperor.*
1 box perfumery, 2 packages, *Emperor.*
1 barrel whiskey, *Emperor.*
1 cask wine, *Emperor.*
1 box for distribution.
1 box containing 11 pistols, *for distribution.*
1 box perfumery, *for distribution.*
A quantity of cherry cordials, *distribution.*
A quantity of cherry cordials, *Emperor.*
A number of baskets champaigne, *Emperor.*
A number of baskets champaigne, *commissioners.*
1 box China ware, *commissioners.*
A quantity of maraschino, *commissioners.*
1 telescope, *Emperor.*
Boxes of tea, *Emperor.*
1 box of tea, *commissioners.*
2 telegraph instruments.
3 Francis's life-boats.
1 locomotive and tender, passenger car, and rails complete.
4 volumes Audubon's Birds of America.
3 volumes Audubon's Quadrupeds.

Several clocks.
10 ship's beakers, containing 100 gallons whiskey.
8 baskets Irish potatoes.
3 stoves.
Boxes standard United States balances.
Boxes standard United States bushels.
Boxes standard United States gallon measures.
Boxes standard United States yards.
1 box coast charts.
4 bundles telegraph wires.
1 box gutta percha wires.
4 boxes batteries.
1 box machine paper.
1 box zinc plates.
1 box insulators.
1 box connecting apparatus.
1 box machine weights.
1 box acid.
1 box seed.
Large quantity of agricultural implements, &c., &c., &c.

APPENDIX L

PRESENTS RECEIVED BY THE AMERICANS FROM THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, MARCH 24, 1854

1st. *For the government of the United States of America, from the Emperor—*

1 gold lacquered writing apparatus.
1 gold lacquered paper box.
1 gold lacquered book-case.
1 lacquered writing table.
1 censer of bronze, (cow-shape,) supporting silver flower and stand.
1 set waiters.
1 flower holder and stand.
2 brasiers.
10 pieces fine red pongee.
10 pieces white pongee.

5 pieces flowered crape.
5 pieces red dyed figured crape.

2nd. *From Hayashi, 1st commissioner—*
1 lacquered writing apparatus.
1 lacquered paper box.
1 box of paper.
1 box flowered note paper.
5 boxes stamped note and letter paper.
4 boxes assorted sea-shells, 100 in each.
1 box of branch coral and feather in silver.
1 lacquered chow-chow box.
1 box, set of three, lacquered goblets.
7 boxes cups and spoons and goblet cut from conch shells.

3rd. *From Ido, 2nd commissioner—*
2 boxes lacquered waiters, 4 in all.
2 boxes, containing 20 umbrellas.
1 box 30 coir brooms.

4th. *From Izawa, 3rd commissioner—*
1 piece red pongee.
1 piece white pongee.
8 boxes, 13 dolls.
1 box bamboo woven articles.
2 boxes bamboo stands.

5th. *From Udono, 4th commissioner—*
3 pieces striped crape.
2 boxes porcelain cups.
1 box, 10 jars of soy.

6th. *From Matsusaki, 5th commissioner—*
3 boxes porcelain goblets.
1 box figured matting.
35 bundles oak charcoal.

7th. *From Abe, 1st Imperial councillor—*
14 pieces striped-figured silk (taffeta).

8th-12th. *From each of other 5 Imperial councillors—*
10 pieces striped-figured silk (taffeta).

13th. *From Emperor to Commodore Perry—*
1 lacquered writing apparatus.
1 lacquered paper box.
3 pieces red pongee.
2 pieces white pongee.
2 pieces flowered crape.
3 pieces figured dyed crape.

14th. *From commissioners to Capt. H. A. Adams—*
3 pieces plain red pongee.

2 pieces dyed figured crape.
20 sets lacquered cups and covers.

15th-17th. *From commissioners to Mr. Perry, Mr. Portman, and Mr. S. W. Williams, each—*

2 pieces red pongee.
2 pieces dyed figured crape.
10 sets lacquered cups and covers.

18th-22nd. *From commissioners to Mr. Gay, Mr. Danby, Mr. Draper, Dr. Morrow, and Mr. J. P. Williams—*

1 piece red dyed figured crape.
10 sets lacquered cups and covers.

23rd. *From Emperor to the squadron—*

200 bundles of rice, each 5 Japanese pecks.
300 chickens.

NOTE: The traditional quantity of charcoal was not omitted from the gifts, and four small dogs of a rare breed were sent to the President.

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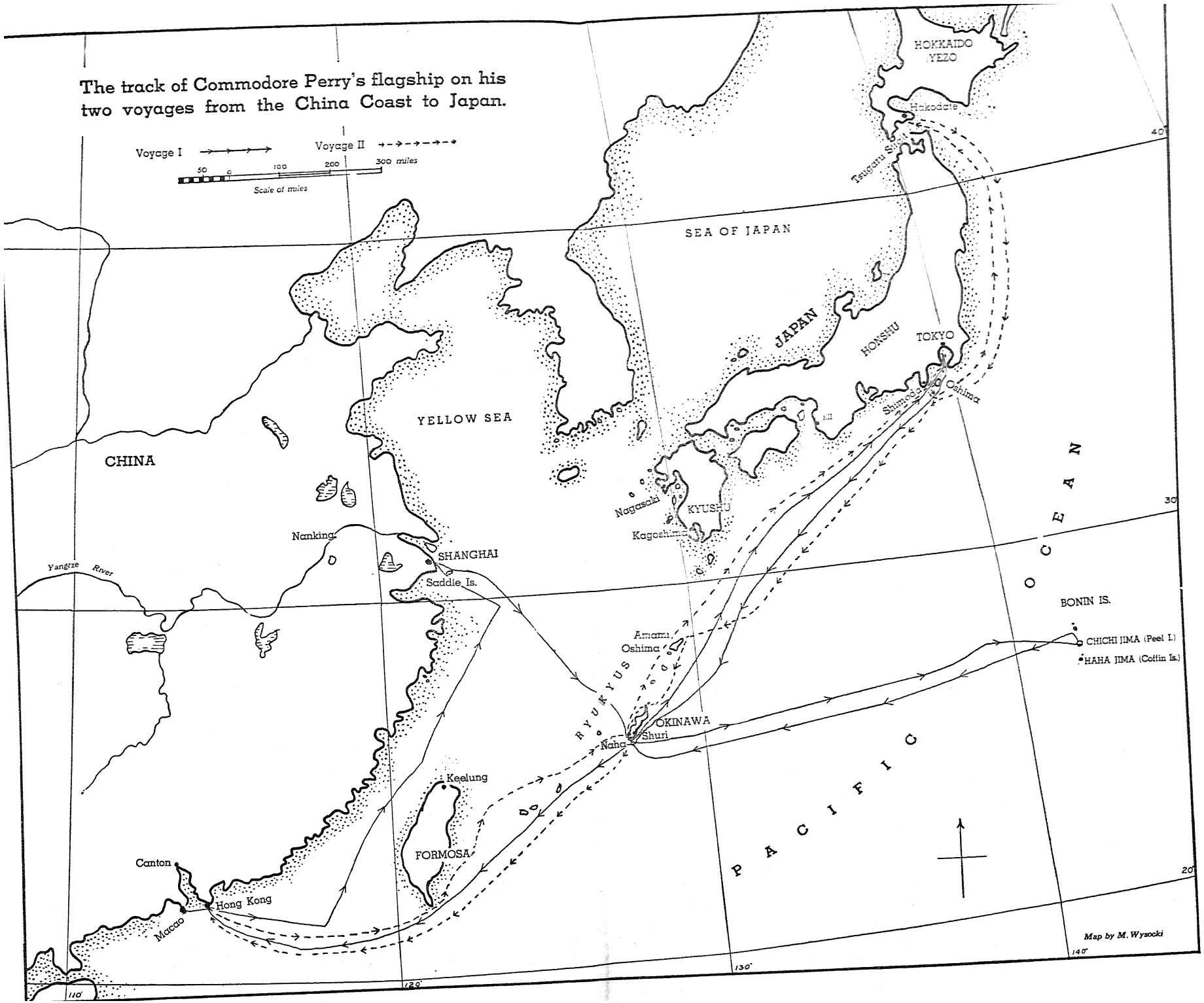
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The track of Commodore Perry's flagship on his two voyages from the China Coast to Japan.
Voyage I
Voyage II
50 0 100 200 300 miles
Scale of miles
HOKKAIDO
YEZO
Hakodate
Tsugaru Str.
SEA OF JAPAN
JAPAN
HONSHU
TOKYO
Shimoda
Oshima
YELLOW SEA
CHINA
Nagasaki
KYUSHU
Kagoshima
Nanking
SHANGHAI
Yangtze River
Saddle Is.
PACIFIC OCEAN
BONIN IS.
CHICHI JIMA (Peel I.)
HAHA JIMA (Coffin Is.)
Amami Oshima
RYUKYUS
OKINAWA
Shuri
Naha
Keelung
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Canton
Hong Kong
Macao
Map by M. Wysocki
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30°
20°
110°
120°
130°
140°

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